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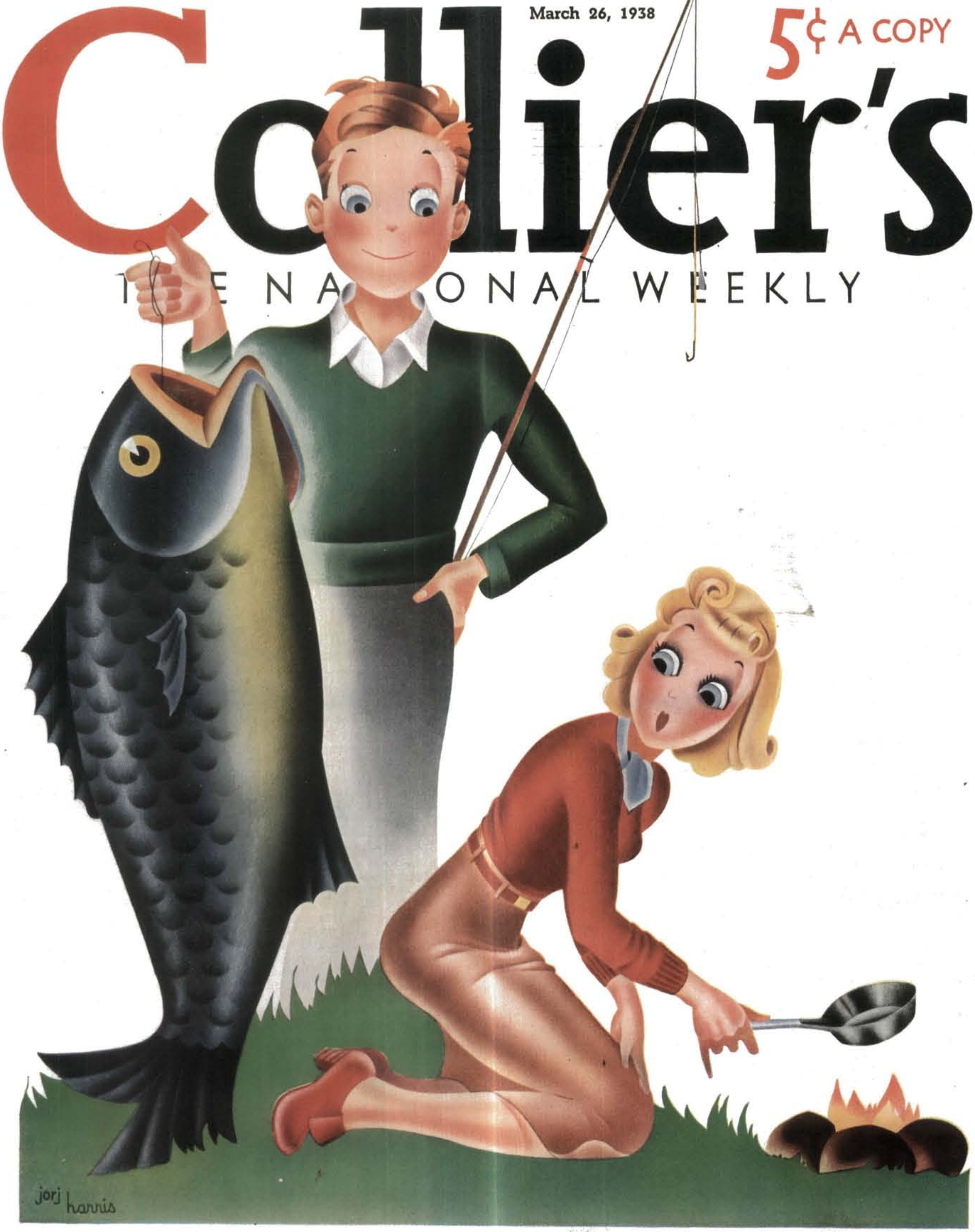
March 26, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Fuss and Feathers — While Our Wil

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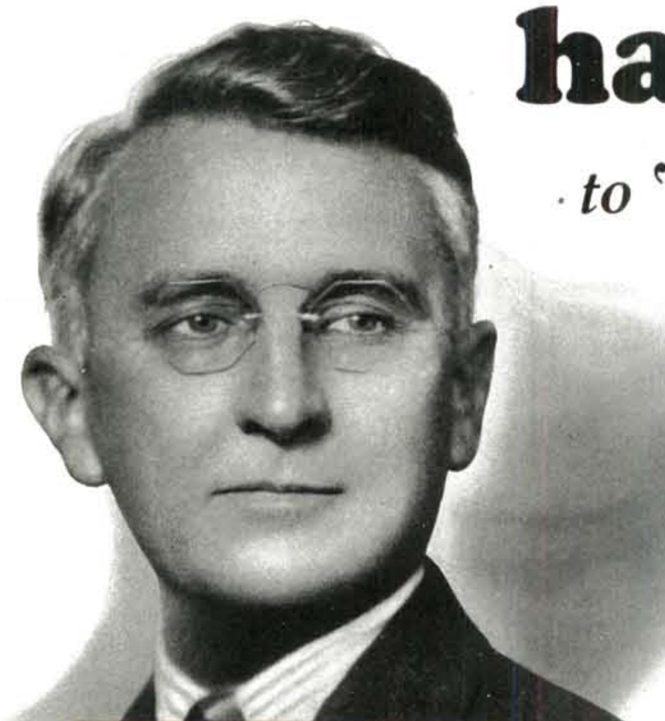
MARCH 26, 1938

Dale Carnegie's Vacumatic has what it takes

to "Win Friends and Influence People"



DALE CARNEGIE

More copies of Dale Carnegie's famous book, "How to Win Friends and Influence People" have been sold during its first year of publication than of any other non-fiction book in a like period in all history. Mr. Carnegie is one of the most widely discussed authors in America today.

During the past 25 years, more than 22,000 business men and women have taken the Dale Carnegie Course in Public Speaking and Personality Development in New York, London and Paris. His book is having a profound effect upon the thinking of this generation.

Full Television ink supply
PARKER

Now you can get its Twin at any nearby Pen counter

A Pen that Never Runs Dry in the Midst of a Big Idea, for it shows the level of ink at all times—shows when to refill —and holds a DOUBLE supply

People who choose the new 1938 Parker Vacumatic are influenced less by the amount they have in their pockets than by what they have above their shoulders.

They have what it takes to tell the difference between pens that are modern in looks alone, and the Pen that is modern in style AND mechanism.

They recognize that Parker's SACLESS Diaphragm filler radically departs from earlier fillers, with or without a rubber ink sac. That it takes Parker's FULL Television Ink Supply—not merely last-drop visibility—to tell how much ink remains in a pen at all times. That this innovation ends the hazard of having a pen run dry at some critical moment.

Parker's new Major and Maxima Vacumatics are restfully slenderized, yet hold 102% more ink than even our famous Duofold because they eliminate 14 old-time parts. Hence they require filling only 3 or 4 times from birthday to birthday.

Go and see this pedigreed Beauty in smartly laminated Pearl—a wholly exclusive and original Style. Try its marvelous Scratch-proof Point of Platinum and Solid Gold, tipped with Osmiridium, twice as costly as ordinary iridium—a Point that is utterly compliant to your hand and brain. The smart ARROW clip identifies the genuine. Look for it today. The Parker Pen Co., New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Factories at Janesville, Wisconsin.

COPR. 1938, PARKER PEN CO.

We recommend Quink, the new Pen-cleaning ink, for fountain pens of all makes. 15¢, 25¢ and up.

PENS
$5.00
$7.50
$8.75
$10

HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE
BY DALE CARNEGIE
Parker
VACUMATIC
P

New Jewel Case in stunning Jet Plastic with Gold trimming, designed for Parker by one of America's leading Silversmiths, included with Parker Vacumatic Pen and Pencil Sets at $8.50, $11.25, $12.75 and $15.

(Less than actual size)

Holds 102% MORE INK THAN OUR FAMOUS DUOFOLD

Parker
VACUMATIC REG. T.M.

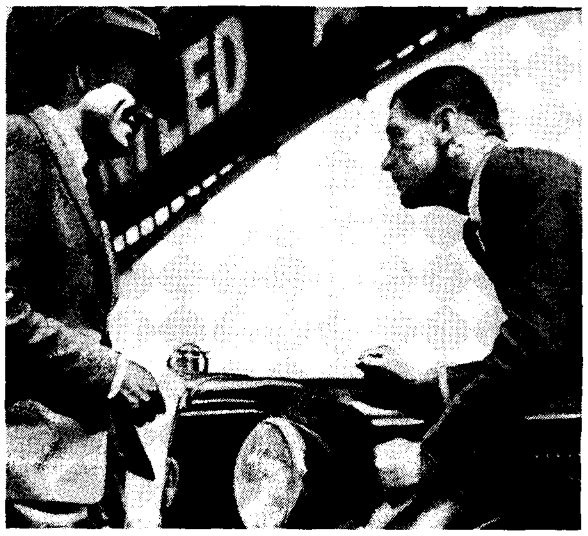
GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

Junior or Juniorette, $5 · Standard or Slender Standard, $7.50 · Major, $8.75
Maxima or Senior Maxima, $10 · *Pencils to match, $3.50, $3.75, $4, $5*

How Car Buyers Can Eat their Cake—and Have it too

PLYMOUTH HAS HIGHEST RESALE VALUE...SAVES YOU MORE MONEY WHILE YOU DRIVE! GO SEE IT!

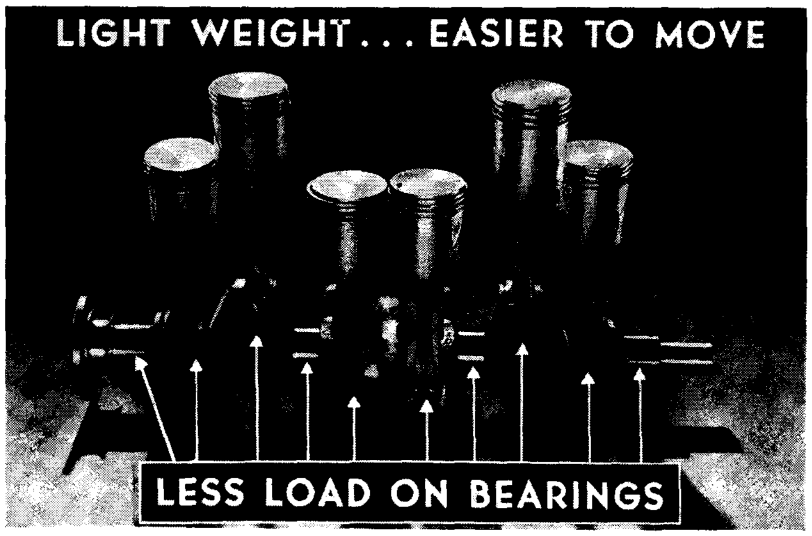
1 **The Old Proverb About the Cake** is simply one way of explaining that Plymouth has an unusually high resale value. You can *eat your cake* when you drive a Plymouth...and *have it too* when you trade it in. You'll find Plymouth is "the car that stands up best."



2 **Used-Car Dealers** put a higher resale value on Plymouth than on any of its competitors. Reason? Better engineering... all-steel body, X-braced frame, hydraulic brakes, full-length water jackets.

3 **Plymouth's Pistons** have *four* rings, instead of the usual three. They hold compression better, longer—help add to Plymouth's big resale value.

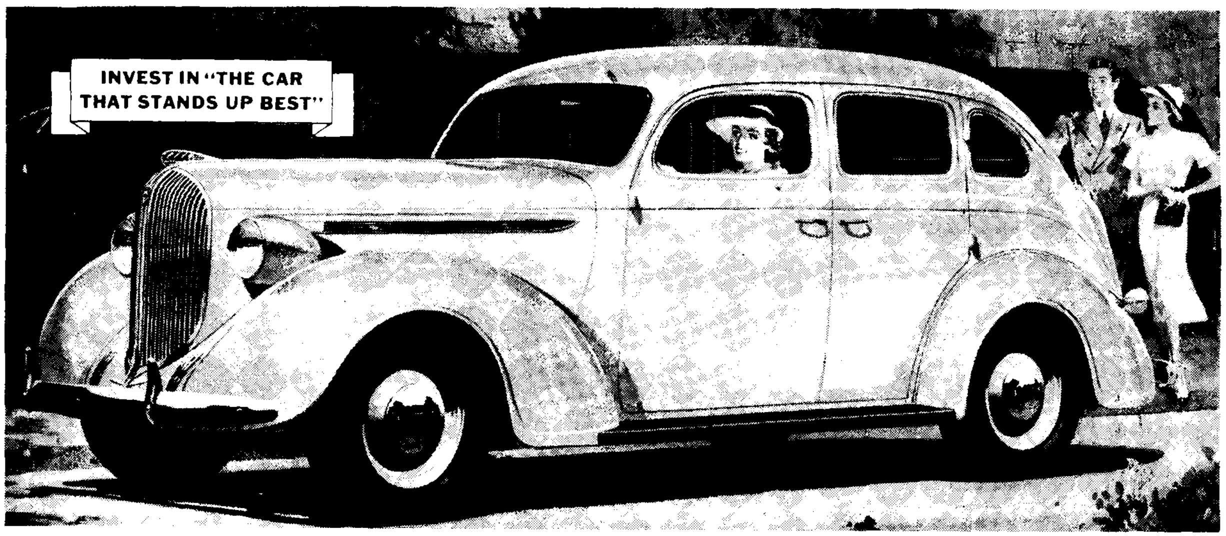
4 **Exhaust Valve Seat Inserts**... another "trade-in" advantage. They resist heat and wear...stand up better... reduce the need for valve-grindings.



5 **Heart of the 6-Cylinder L-Head Engine**—Plymouth's four-bearing crankshaft and aluminum alloy pistons—they give quicker pick-up. You get full-pressure lubrication, silent, chain-driven camshaft, patented Floating Power engine mountings...unusual long-life features.

6 **The Padded Roll** on this seat is part of Plymouth's extra safety. And Plymouth has Safety Glass throughout...plus smooth, sure, *double-action* hydraulic brakes!

7 **Comfort Every Mile.** Plymouth's *big* airplane-type shock-absorbers, "live" rubber body mountings and "radio studio" sound-proofing block out jolts, bumps, road noise, rumble and vibration.



8 **The 1938 Plymouth De Luxe 4-Door Sedan with trunk.** It delivers in Detroit for only $815—other models as low as $645—including Federal taxes. State, local taxes not included. See Plymouth *now*...at any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, THURS., 9-10 P. M., EASTERN STANDARD TIME

GET MOST FOR LOW PRICE

Plymouth Builds Great Cars

WILLIAM L. CHENERY *Editor*
CHARLES COLEBAUGH *Managing Editor*
THOMAS H. BECK *Editorial Director*

Collier's

March 26, 1938

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

THE day Sally Bidwell was to be married in The Wells, Owen Merritt did two things that made history along the edge of the Piute Desert. He let Will Isberg buy him a drink and he talked in secret to Sally. The Wells expected him to kill Isberg or steal his bride or both. It didn't happen that way.

"Man in the Saddle," the new serial by Ernest Haycox, which begins next week, will introduce you to the moving love story that lay at the center of a cattle war.

PRETTY soon there's going to be a statue to Charles Henry Martin put up in Oregon. Grateful businessmen of the Pacific Northwest will see to it. They detect a sympathetic note in the governor's unmeasured language, and his direct action in dealing with labor disputes fills them with glee. In "Goon Squads—Halt!" Richard L. Neuberger presents this vigorous seventy-four-year-old.

THE way May Waters got into trouble was by saving a baby's life. Jake Brennan found out about it. And Jake was a reporter; he wanted the story. How could he know that May was hiding out? "The Hard Way," by Frederick Nebel, is a story that begins with a three-alarm fire and ends in romance.

WHAT'S life like in a "City at War"? How do people act when at any moment a shell may wander in and blow their homes and them to kingdom come? Martha Gellhorn takes you to Madrid to see for yourself. You will meet the men and women and children who have had to devise a way of living under the accumulated strain of prolonged siege.

JIM GAYLE wasn't the kind of man to bring a girl anything but misery. And yet Martha married him twice. The two weddings were fifteen years apart. In the time between Martha nursed a withered hand, a reminder of her husband's strength. People wondered that she had the courage for a "Second Marriage," but, as Octavus Roy Cohen shows, they didn't know the stakes.

THE concentrated fury of that formidable crusader, Mr. Kyle Crichton, is turned upon the recreants of Hollywood. They have merited the worst he can say by plotting to turn Una Merkel into a glamor girl.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS, Margaret Craven, Shepard Barclay, Lawrence G. Blochman, Albert Richard Wetjen and others provide fact and fiction. Watch for them.

This Week

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ERNEST HAYCOX
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Her Young Husband, by Colette. Page 19

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DENVER LINDLEY
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●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. What do you think of these? Page 6

EDITORIAL
Plans for a Party. Page 82

COVER JORJ HARRIS

Any Week

THE newspapers have been a trifle misleading lately. It is quite true that England is in something of a stuttering dither. But the cause is not the European situation, as the daily journals would have you believe. Nor is it the armament race, which, unless we don't know trouble when he see it approaching, is going to bust somebody. And it isn't the Japanese, either.

We may as well stop frittering away your time and tell you exactly why life in Bucks, Hants, Devon, Henley-on-Thames, Herts, Surrey, Dorking, Wattle and Soho is no longer calm and serene. It's Damon Runyon. Mr. Runyon's short stories (we've just received two new ones, good news to everybody except our competitors) are being reprinted in the Evening Standard, London, and while we haven't heard from the king almost everybody else seems to have gone a bit screwy. Bishops and greengrocers, retired brigadiers and costermongers, M. P.'s and grouse-shooting dukes, fish-and-chips peddlers and the cute little rascals who wear monkey jackets and stovepipes on the cricket fields of Eton and Harrow are devoting their English energies to hating and loving Mr. Runyon, who says tersely: "All it means to me is more potatoes."

HEARKEN then to Lord Stanley of Alderley: "I wish to state that I am not a citizen who is ever sick, but since I read Damon Runyon I am very lame in my right leg, which shows how right it is for me to have respect for a doll." And to Mr. Reginald C. W. Jervois of Stewart-road, Harpenden, Herts: "This unadulterated balderdash, this stinking mess of putrefaction, these so-called stories written in a language I blush to see printed as words and sentiments of the English language. . . ." Mrs. Lily Bernice Storey-Butts of Apple Hasty, Claygate, Surrey, implores England to rise ere it is too late. "Think," cries Mrs. Lily Bernice Storey-Butts, "of Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, yea, of Dickens, Macauley, Gibbon, Thackeray and even Wells. Let Parliament act to rid bonny, bonny England of this American cancer. Surely the Defense of the Realm Act can be invoked. Think of our children; what if this vile un-English poison seeps into their tender heads? I pray for England."

BUT Mr. Fred B. Robinson of Milford House, Windsor-road, Slough, dashes forward saying: "Take no notice of the heavy-heads. Ten minutes of Mr. Damon Runyon is worth a week of classical baloney. On to Mindy's." And Mr. St. John Bourke Cashan-Hoopes of Jolly Boating, Kingsgate-by-the-Sea, Kent, lets go with: "Mr. Damon Runyon has jolly well upset us but we can do with a bit of upsetting. It's a pity though that such benefit should come from America. I more than suspect that Mr. Runyon had no little to do with the unfortunate abdication of King Edward VIII, who, as we all know too well, had a solid fortnight of the none-too-sprightly conversation of Mr. Baldwin, a none too salubrious ordeal."

BY DAMON RUNYON

NO ONE knows better than we that we can't stop without telling you that Lady Emmeline Sharples-Boote of Churchfields Barrows, Weybridge, finds Mr. Runyon abominable and that Mr. T. Wedge of somewhere in Dorking has written to his niece in Chicago to come home at once lest by some regrettable accident she should meet some of Mr. Runyon's characters. However, the worst blow fell when one evening Mr. George Nelson Beggs of Green Common Domino, which is not the name of a champion greyhound but a locality in Bursam Bolting, opened his newspaper only to read the following advertisement: "Swell joint for sale, 1,900 potatoes, off Putney Hill. Value more than somewhat." Mr. Beggs took to his bed immediately and it was fully a week before he could muster strength enough to write an indignant letter to the editor.

SO YOU see how it is. We have, as we've told you, several new Runyons to debase England with—after you've read them in this matchless magazine. And while you're waiting impatiently to read them you might give a thought to what Mr. Joe McAleer of Los Angeles, California, says. "Do you think that Dr. Manfred Sakel, about whom J. D. Ratcliff wrote in your article "Minds That Come Back," could be induced to set up shop in Washington and go to work on the United States Senate?"

HAPPIER the way they are. W. D.

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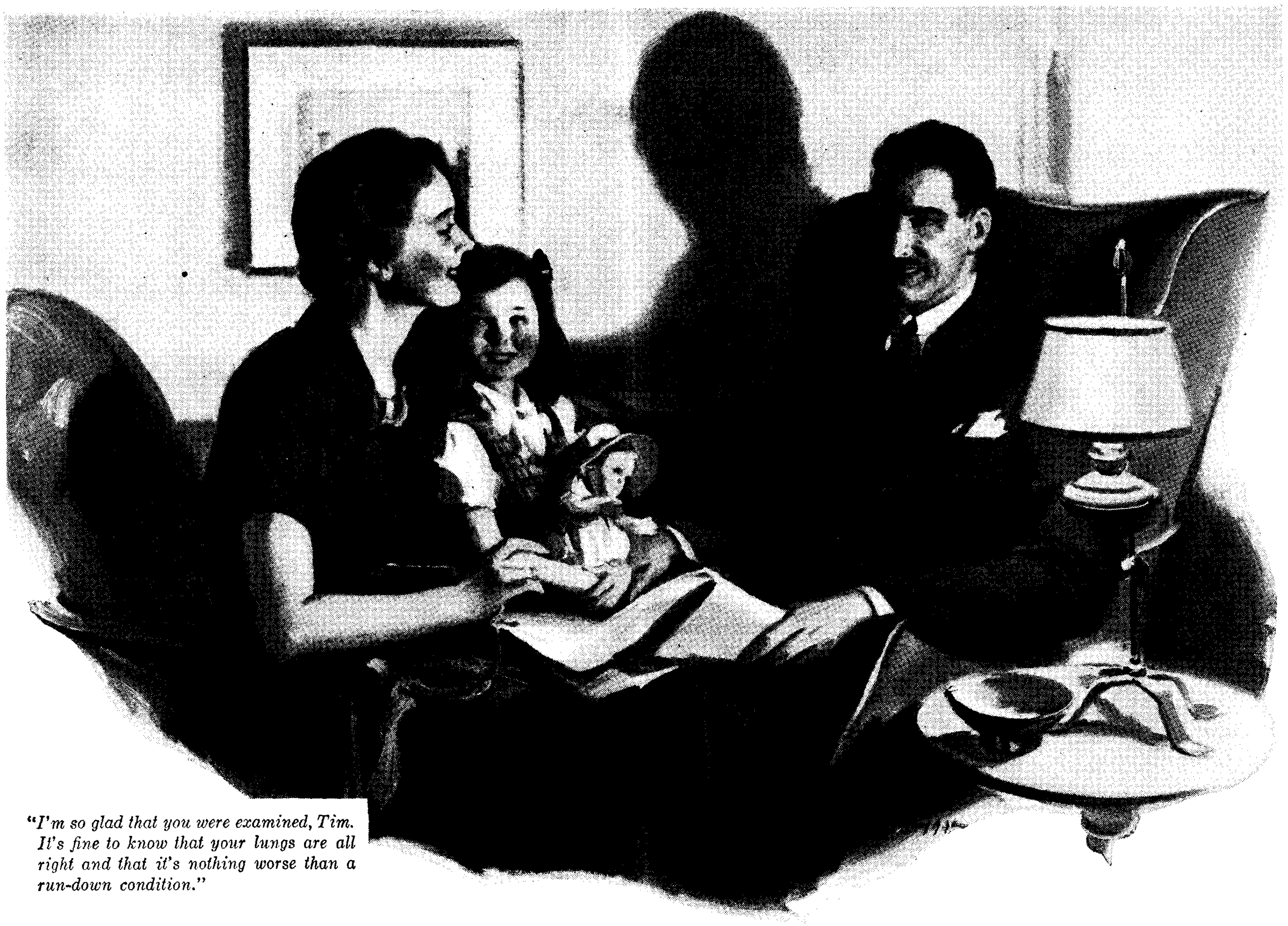

"I'm so glad that you were examined, Tim. It's fine to know that your lungs are all right and that it's nothing worse than a run-down condition."

Tuberculosis—undiscovered

is a constant danger

IN its early stages—and sometimes even when more advanced—tuberculosis may be totally unsuspected. Many older persons who really have tuberculosis think they suffer from nothing worse than a persistent "cough," "husky throat," "asthma," or a run-down condition. They do not realize that they may unknowingly spread the germs of tuberculosis among the people with whom they mingle freely. Children are in special danger.

Tuberculosis is not hereditary, but it is contagious and is communicated from one person to another. There is only one way to contract tuberculosis and that is through infection, directly or indirectly, from another case. That is why it is important to discover tuberculosis if it exists within the circle of a family—including the servants.

Has any member of your household one or more of the most frequent first symptoms of tuberculosis? These are—loss of weight without apparent reason—a cough that hangs on—fatigue: an unexplained feeling of tiredness, weakness, listlessness—pains in the chest.

If anyone in your home has any of these symptoms, consult your doctor at once. Should he advise tuberculin tests or X-ray chest examinations, don't wait. Early discovery is the best road to early recovery.

Not all the people in the first stages of tuberculosis show the early symptoms. This is especially true of younger persons. More than one-fourth of them reveal no symptoms until the disease has made unmistakable progress. Physical examinations occasionally lead the doctor to suspect the presence of early tuberculosis. If there is any doubt, X-ray pictures will tell whether or not the suspicion is correct.

Tuberculosis, in its first stages, can usually be stopped with proper treatment. Even in more advanced stages, with the aid of modern methods, thousands of persons are now being restored to health.

You can do a great deal to keep tuberculosis from being a problem in your own home. Send for the Metropolitan's free booklet "Tuberculosis." It tells about methods of guarding your family against this disease which still causes about 65,000 deaths a year in the United States—more of them between the ages of 15 and 45 than from any other disease. Address Booklet Department 438-C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board* · ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. · LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

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TOOTH POWDER + LIQUID = TOOTH PASTE

THE SALTMARSH FROG . . . *photograph by the American Museum of Natural History, New York,* has no teeth in the lower jaw. The teeth in the upper jaw are not used for chewing, serve merely to hold the prey while it is being swallowed. Man's 32 permanent teeth, adapted to a wide diet, serve his biting needs for life only if properly cared for. One good precaution: brush twice a day with Listerine Tooth Paste.

NOW TRY TOOTH POWDER *in Paste form*

IT'S smart to try new things every so often. If you don't, you may never know what improvements are being made, and may fail to get the benefits of progress.

For example, take tooth paste. Specifically, take *Listerine* Tooth Paste.

It cleans your teeth just like *powder*, because it actually *is* powder in the more modern, more convenient form of dental paste.

Just as your dentist adds liquid to his powders and makes them into a paste when he cleans your teeth, we also "cream" fine dental powders into a paste.

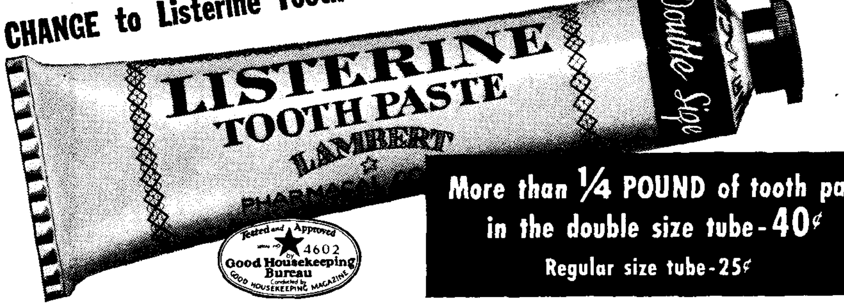
Thus the brightening, cleansing power is retained, and new economy and convenience are added. The cream comes out easily and evenly on the brush, in the exact quantity desired. There is no dentifrice wasted down the drain, no mess on the hands.

See how Listerine Tooth Paste brightens your teeth and brings them glistening highlights. And while you are brushing, note the full-bodied, refreshing flavor. Then remember, this dentifrice is absolutely safe even for a baby's enamel. There is no pumice, no grit, no harmful abrasives of any kind in its famous formula.

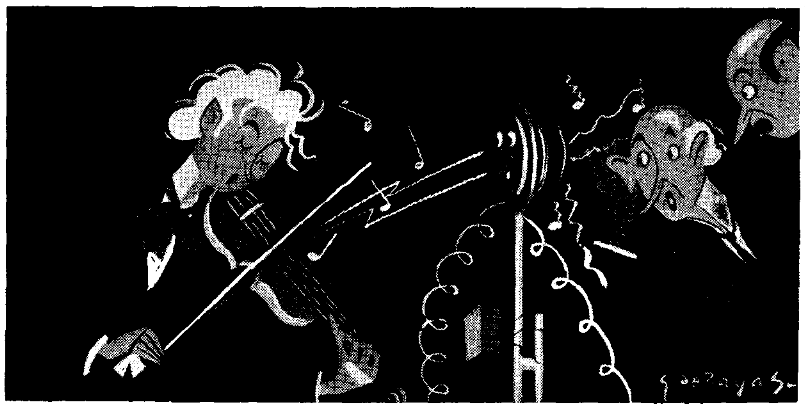
Your best buy, at any drug counter, is the big double-size tube, which contains more than one-quarter of a pound of tooth paste and never costs more than 40¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

CHANGE to Listerine Tooth Paste—It's a change for the better!



More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube-40¢
Regular size tube-25¢



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Two new electrical devices, the chromatic stroboscope and the resonoscope, precisely measure the pitch of musical sounds, thus showing the musician, singer and instrument tuner the degree of flatness or sharpness of each note, information that cannot be determined by the ear alone, with its numerous and natural idiosyncrasies.—*By Gurney Williams, New York City.*

The world's foremost "family city" is Kufow, China, where Confucius, or Kung-fu-tse, was born and died. During the past 2,500 years, Kufow has been the home of all his descendants. Tens of thousands are buried around him in the famous Kung Cemetery and more than 50,000 living members of the family are inhabitants of the city today, representing virtually its entire population.

In 18th-century Scotland, pious persons used to punctuate their conversation with "ejaculatory prayers," or spontaneous exclamations to God, considering these better than long prayers because they rose to Heaven before Satan had a chance to spoil them. Eventually the custom died because these holy expletives began to sound out of place in shops, offices, stables and saloons.

Many primitive people still believe that a man's soul leaves his body when he is asleep and that he will die if it does not return before he awakens. Consequently it is considered a crime, sometimes even comparable to murder, to cover a sleeper's face, as this confuses his soul. A soul has no time to search for its body, especially when it is late getting home.

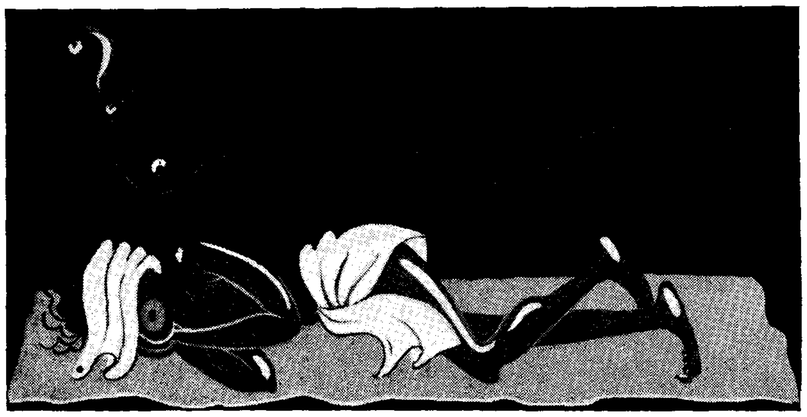
In 1916 a German raiding ship passed the inspection of the British blockade in the North Sea and, in the next seven months, sunk ten of the Allies' vessels. It was disguised as a Norwegian sailing ship and every detail was Norwegian, including its cargo, language and clothing of the crew, furniture, photographs, ship's papers, logbook and flag. It even carried the name of a real Norwegian ship that was due to arrive at the blockade in a few hours.

"Boss" Tweed, who controlled the administration in New York City in the 1860's and looted its treasury of about $200,000,000, was also famed for his mass production of voters. On one occasion, with the aid of a corrupt judge, in twenty days he naturalized 60,000 immigrants, few of whom knew the nature of the oath or a word of the English language.

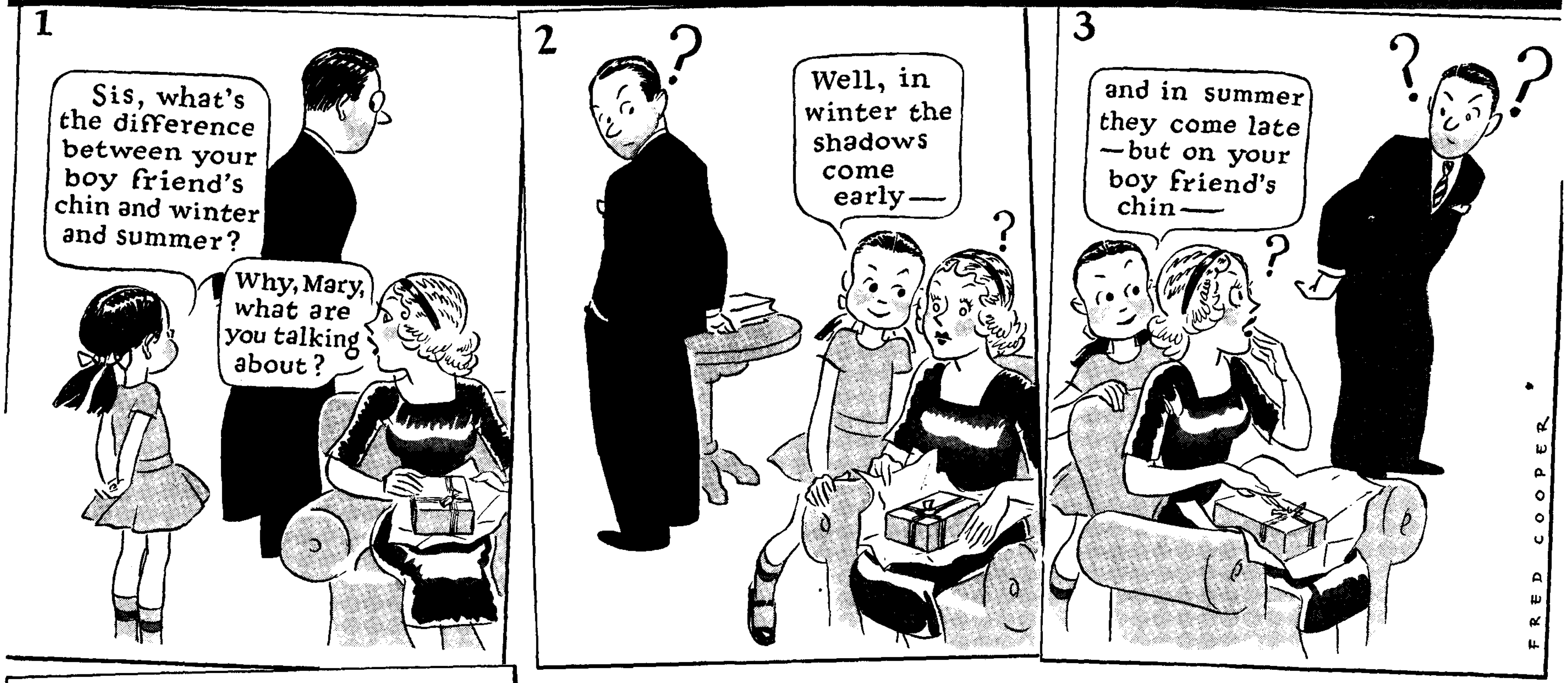
One of the largest railroad "plants" in the world is operated by the Burlington Route at Galesburg, Illinois. Among its features are machine and repair shops, ice stations, coal bunkers, a steel-car factory, a stores warehouse, a tie-preserving plant and a switchyard, along whose 206 miles of trackage cars are often switched at the rate of one every 14 seconds. —*By Earnest Elmo Calkins, New York City.*

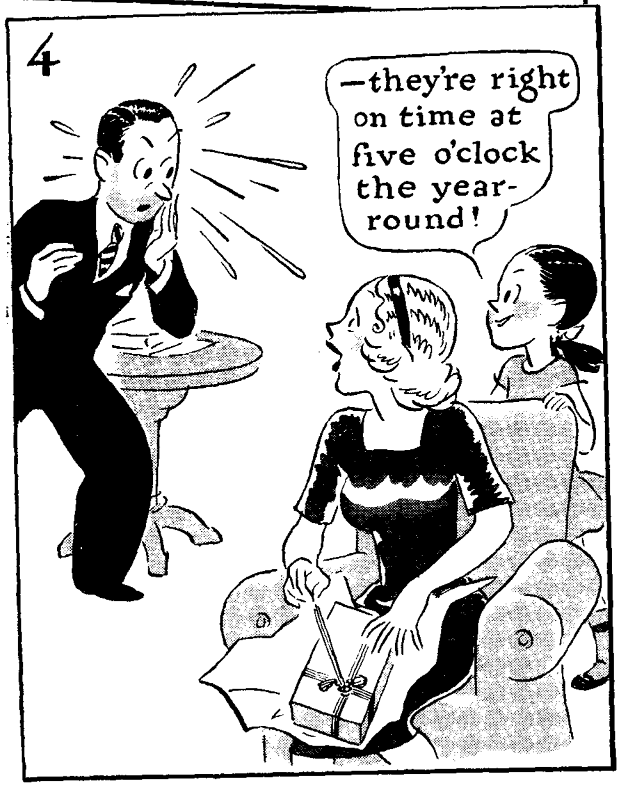
Many Chinese characters or words, when translated into English, describe objects with a picturesque clarity. As examples, soda water is angry water; a razor is a scrape-face knife; an elevator is a rise-descend machine; a railroad engine is a fire cart, and a match is a self-come light.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



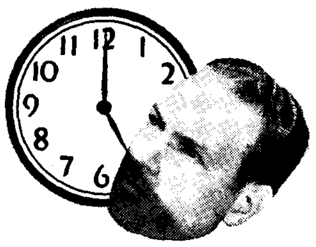
SO HE LEARNED ABOUT "5 O'clock Shadow" FROM HER!


1
Sis, what's the difference between your boy friend's chin and winter and summer?
Why, Mary, what are you talking about?
2
?
Well, in winter the shadows come early—
?
3
and in summer they come late—but on your boy friend's chin—
? ?
?
FRED COOPER


4
—they're right on time at five o'clock the year-round!

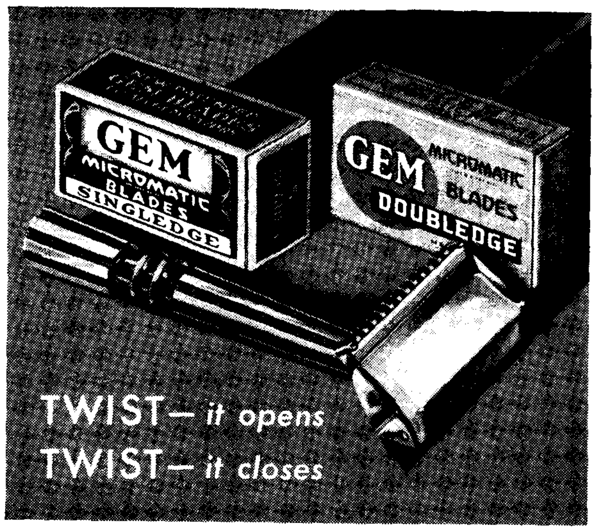
5

THERE'S ONE SURE WAY TO AVOID "5 O'CLOCK SHADOW"


11 12 1 2 10 9 8 7 6

That's by shaving with a Gem Micromatic Razor and genuine Gem Blades!

Gem Razor's scientifically built bevel head gets the beard at the base; the 50% thicker Gem Blade, stropped 4840 times to super-sharpness, gets *every* bit of *every* whisker! Stay clean all day the Gem way!


GEM MICROMATIC BLADES SINGLEDGE
GEM MICROMATIC BLADES DOUBLEDGE
TWIST—it opens
TWIST—it closes

●

$1.00 will buy a Gem Micromatic Razor with 5 Gem Blades, handsomely cased, at your dealer's. OR send coupon at right with 25¢ for special proof offer.

GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR *and* BLADES

FOR PERFECT SHAVES—USE A GEM IN A GEM!

SPECIAL "PROOF" OFFER

Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corp.
Dept. C52, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me special "Proof" set containing 1 single- and 1 double-edge Gem Blade AND THE REGULATION CHROME-PLATED GEM RAZOR. Here's my quarter (stamps or coin).

PRINT NAME ____________
STREET ____________
CITY ____________ STATE ____________

(If you live in Canada, write Mutual Sales Co., 436 Wellington St., W., Toronto, 2, Canada)

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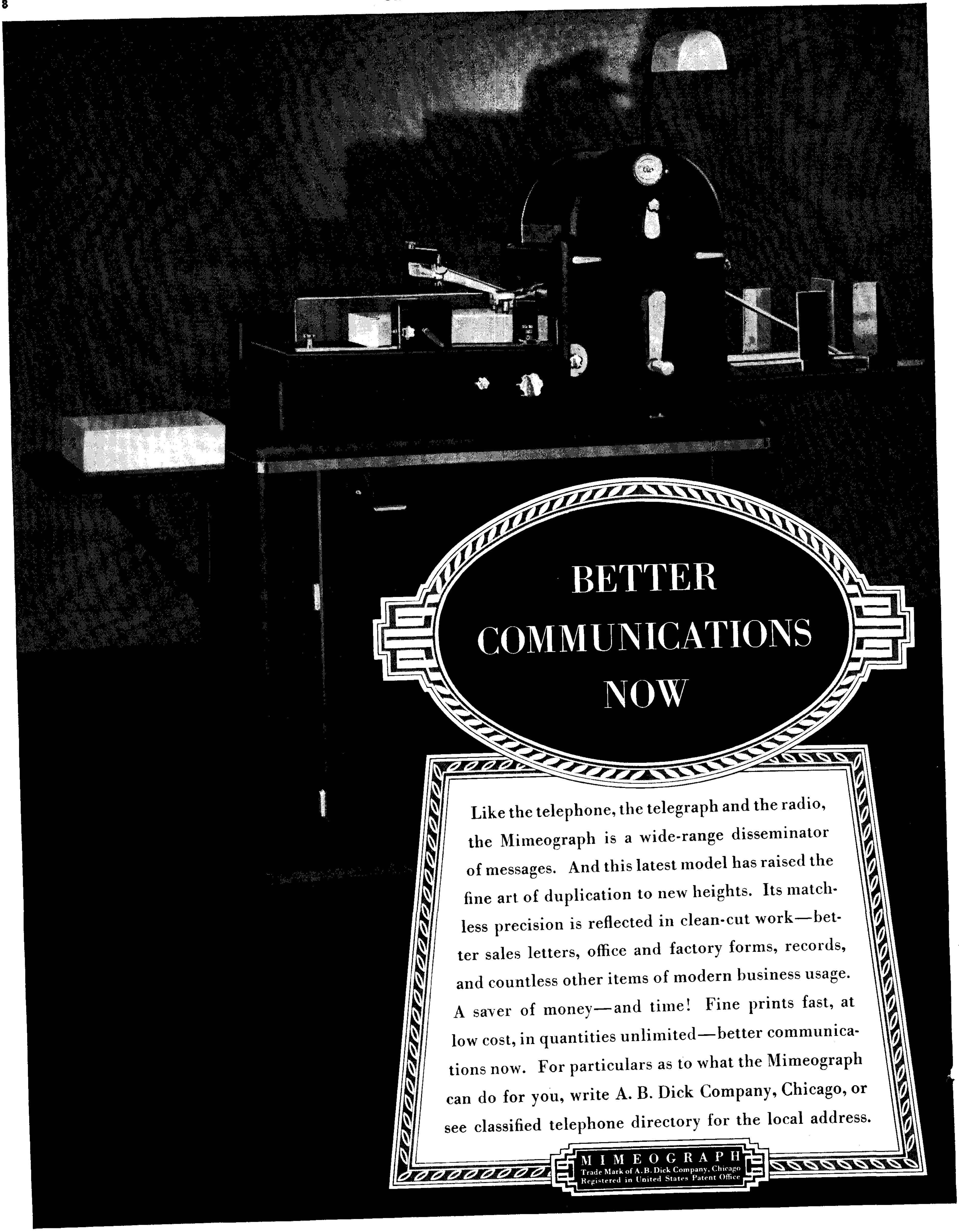

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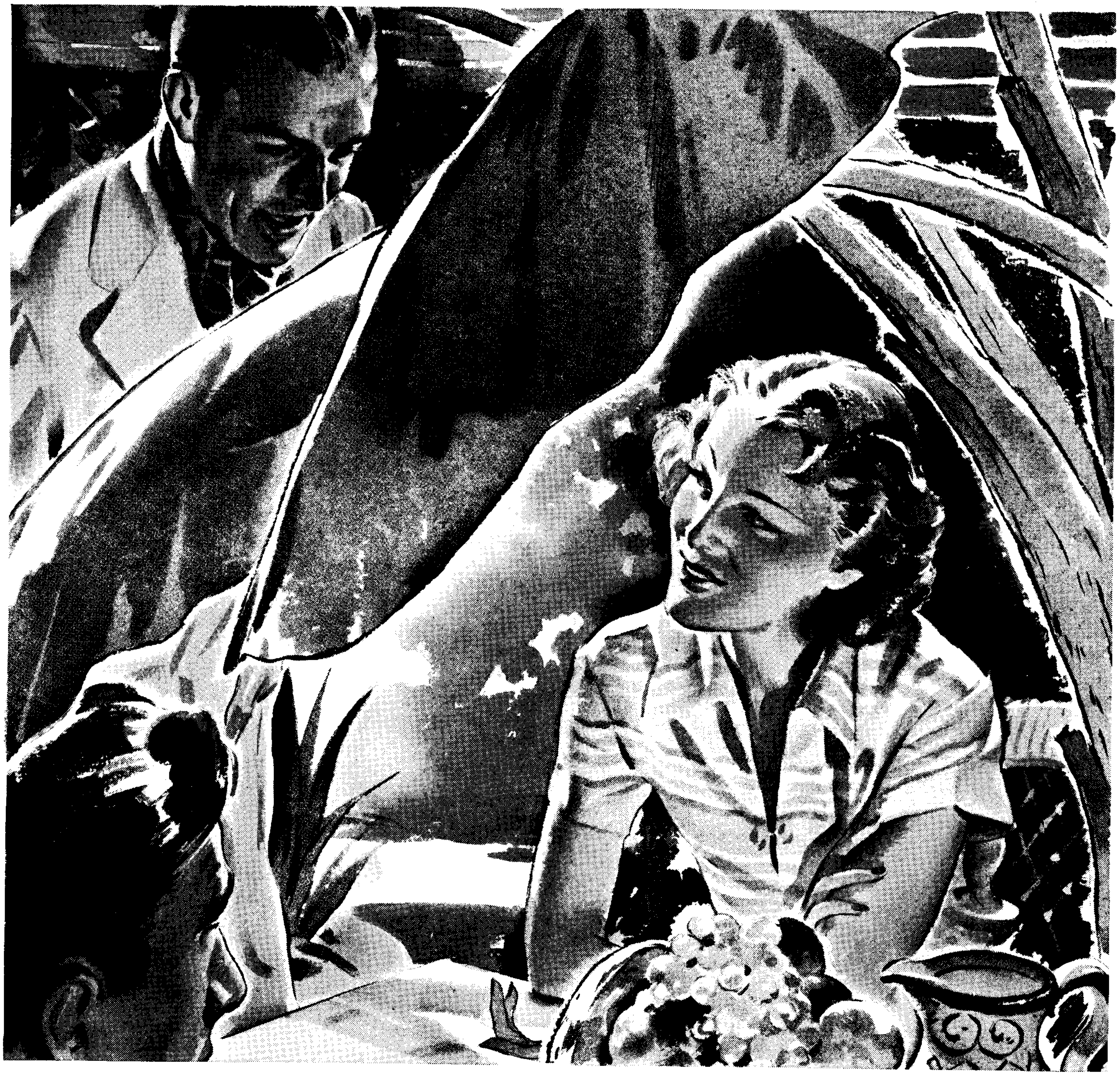


When I came down he was alone at breakfast with Lynn. "Your cousin," she greeted me, "is amenable. I have almost convinced him of the authenticity of the bullfight"

The Place of Bulls

By Harry Sylvester

DRIVING down, he was all right until we got to Mexico. Then, from the time we crossed the bridge at Laredo he thought Mexico was a joke and I began to remember that he had always been a wise guy. The idea of buying gasoline by the liter—he called it "by the quart"; of getting thirty-six dollars Mexican for ten of ours at the little money-changing booths near the bridge; of buying cigarettes for four and five cents American; and the light weight and dull color of the silver money were all things that he found funny.

"Hell," he said, "with those mountains for a backdrop, the whole thing is like a musical comedy about some Latin Graustark."

I let it go, although I had once had a similar feeling of unreality about the country; it had passed quickly and I thought that was what would happen to him. Maybe it was the mountains we saw after we crossed the Rio Grande, they looking like they were cut out of cardboard for a child's play, but he never did get over that first feeling about Mexico, for we could always see mountains while we were there, even that last day.

We came into Monterrey by evening but there was still enough light to read the large signs on the bull rings in the northern part of the city, the one for the *novilleros* or novices, where some boys were killed every season, and the one where the best pros fought just before the big season in Mexico City. The big rings looked like the cycling velodromes you see at Coney Island or in New Jersey, but the words on the side were different. There are no good fights during the summer and the big letters were faded, but in the thin, clear light that the surrounding mountains held as in a cup with the city at its bottom you could read *Plaza de Toros*.

My cousin stopped the car and began to laugh. "That's really funny," he said. "It's the legend of the whole silly country—the Place of Bull."

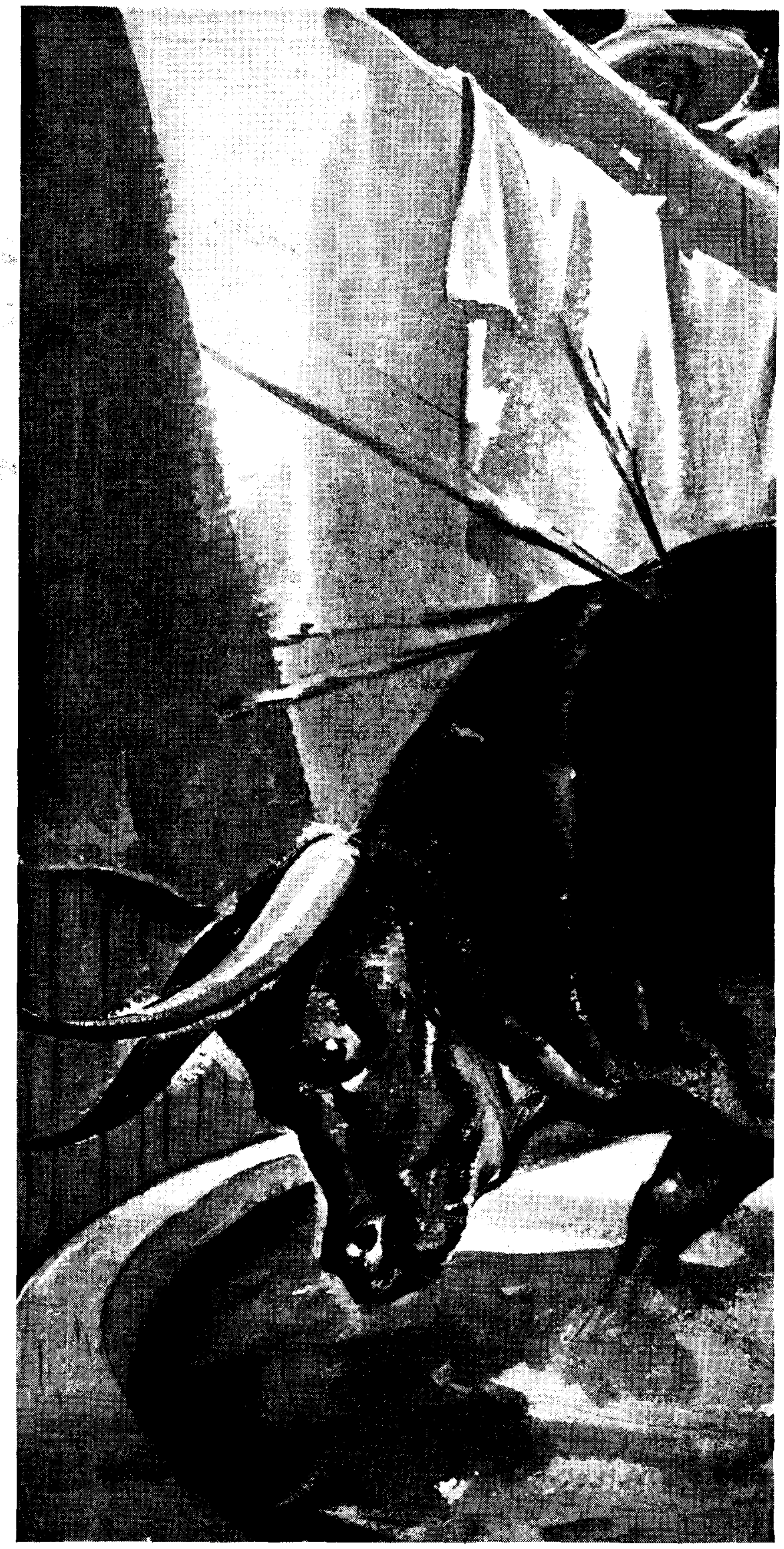
"The Place of Bulls," I said, annoyed for some obscure reason. "Do you have to make out your Spanish is even worse than it is in order to make a bad joke?"

He kept on laughing. "The Place of Bull. They ought to have it on those fake silver dollars, under the eagle."

It was that way, then, all the while we were in Mexico: the Indians along the side of the road as we got farther south, spinning cotton with their teeth and a spindle as they walked; the faded pastel masonry of the towns and the ruined, empty churches and convents, with always the saw-toothed mountains against the sky, remained unreal to him, because he had always had his own reality since he had been a boy and it was dark and cynical enough to question any other reality.

That first night in Monterrey we stayed in a small hotel opening on a tiled courtyard. I could not sleep well, for any little noise echoed and boomed in it; and because my cousin, Peter Lyden, had resumed today an old aspect of himself, I thought of him and of his earlier life. Although few people liked him and I myself had never been too in-

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



timate with him, what I knew of him seemed always an excuse for his cynicism, even for his occasional bad taste. It is perhaps why I have written this, and if it is not a justification of him perhaps it does excuse him to some extent. Not that he needs apologies now; he made his own final, complete, unanswerable apology in the bull ring at Monterrey.

THE thing that had principally made him what he was happened when we were boys. I sat with him in a divorce court when we were both quite young, while various details of his parents' private lives were made public. The details are not interesting, except in the tabloid-newspaper sense of what is interesting; but after it was all over—it only lasted a day—he went outside and I stood by feeling foolish while he was quite sick.

I saw him very little after that until we were undergraduates. Some aunt, unrelated to me, and a series of not-too-devoted servants brought him up in the Middle West and, I suppose, made the best of what was by then a bad job. We were in the same class at college, where he rapidly became known as a wise guy. Somewhere he had learned to box, so that he did not suffer much physically, but he had no friends and I remember being embarrassed when someone discovered we were cousins. He believed in nothing, in no person but himself and his own abilities. He played football simply because the rest of us thought it a difficult thing to make the team; then when he had made it, he did not bother to play in his senior year.

This was heresy to us at the time, and his explanation that he did not see any sense in playing for a coach or a school that he did not particularly care about seemed inadequate. He enjoyed fulfilling the requirements for honor societies, then refusing their public invitations to join them, and he never dated the same girl more than two or three times; sometimes, this was doubtless the girl's choice in the matter.

AFTER we were graduated I hardly ever saw him. He had a part in two or three pictures, but Hollywood was scarcely a place to take him to its heart. He had a small income and there was a house in Vermont, where he began to spend most of his time, hunting and fishing in season, becoming a reasonably good skier.

I had been to Mexico twice, sent down by the commercial designers I worked for to talk to an American client of theirs who had large holdings in Mexico, about the designs and type to be used in marketing his product. When I was to go a third time, Pete Lyden was in the city and asked if he might come along. Even if I had disliked him, there would have been no easy way to refuse, and until we reached Mexico he had seemed quieter and more mature.

From Monterrey it took us a day and a half to reach Mexico City. My client, John Hawthorne, was not at his office, but word had been left there for me to go to his home. I drove south along the Avenue of the Insurgents and we passed Rivera's huge statue of Obregon, carved out of reddish stone, gross but impressive.

"It looks like some of the papier-mâché stuff they use out in Hollywood," Pete said.

"What do you want to convince you of reality here?" I said. "A revolution?"

"Even that wouldn't," he said. "Not one of those Latin-American revolutions where no one gets killed except a few stray dogs and some old lady selling oranges."

We were abreast the statue by now and I could see three Indians, father, mother and daughter, asleep at the foot of it, but if Pete saw them he did not speak.

A servant let us into the big house near the southern edge of the city, and presently a young woman came out to greet us, her clothes so startlingly American and of such fresh fashion and design that it was a surprise, although her coloring and her bright, closely gathered hair made her obviously from the States.

"I'm Lynn Hawthorne," she said. "My father isn't here but he asked me to make you welcome. He thinks it will be best if you stay with us while you're down here."

"That's very kind of him," I said, and introduced Pete.

THE shock of her presence did not wear off and I think that finally we saw, with the curious reluctance of young men who think they are old in the knowledge of women, that although she was quite young, about twenty, she was also quite beautiful.

In the room the servant took us to, Pete said: "Did you know she was going to be here?"

"I knew Hawthorne had a daughter but I'd never met her; she's been away at school or something. The mother's dead. If I'd known the daughter was here and like she is, you don't think I'd have brought you along, do you?"

He didn't laugh. His quiet even became disturbing and lasted until we were half through dinner, when John Hawthorne came in, a tall heavy-set man whom not even a generation in Mexico had been able to make suave or less intense. His voice boomed in the high-ceilinged room and he seemed to fill it, so that for a moment we did not notice the younger, darker and slenderer man who had come in with him and who greeted Lynn Hawthorne as her father talked to us.

"You're too early for the bullfight season, Eddie," Hawthorne said to me, "but we'll show you around. I bet you know of this fellow. Hey, Luis, meet some more *nortamericanos*."

The younger man bowed. His name was Luis Garcia y Carbajal. I did not remember him or the name. Erect and slender but not tall, his smooth features and skin were those of a young man, almost as young as Lynn, six or eight years younger than Pete or myself; but one had a strange feeling of antagonism for him; some part of him, his carriage, his eyes, something less tangible, perhaps, seemed to make him older than any of us, even John Hawthorne. That this was so, through no conscious effort, made it the more annoying to me and I knew that Pete must sense it more than I did.

Lynn said: "Luis is just back from South America. He had one of the best seasons that anyone has had there in years."

We said something polite and I thought Garcia might be a salesman for machinery or an overseer on a plantation.

"You know, Luis," John Hawthorne said, "I feel damn' flattered you called on me the first day you were in the city."

"It is simply that you have such excellent cooks, Señor Hawthorne," Garcia said.

"Well, why don't you eat here while you're resting and waiting for the season to start?" Hawthorne told him.

"I will not be resting too much," Garcia said. "We could not fight in Spain this summer because of the trouble, so we fought later than usual in Lima and will begin earlier here. I have not done much this summer, though."

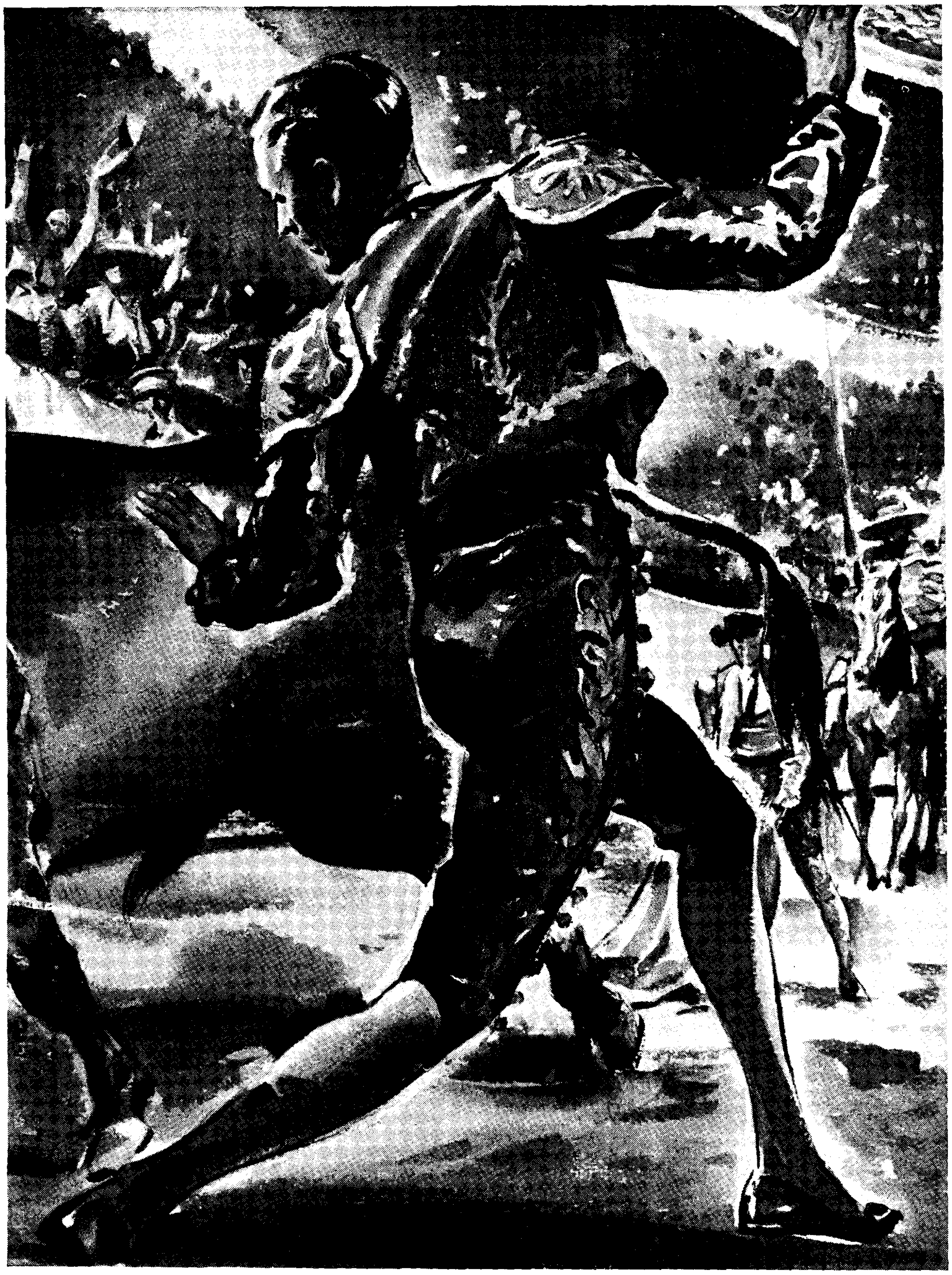
"Why didn't you come back to Mexico sooner?" Hawthorne said. "It's been your country since you were a boy."

Garcia shrugged. "I was in the hospital."

Lynn said something broken and surprised. "You mean you were hurt in the ring this year?" Hawthorne said. "I didn't see it in the papers. Must have been when I was up to San Anton'."

"It was my first bad *cornada*," Garcia said. "Before it was only in the calf. We all get them there."

The room had become quiet. I had seen a few bullfights but did not remember his name. Like most Americans I did not like the idea of the bullfight, but at the actual fight always forgot that I was supposed to dislike it. The idea of having a *torero* at table with us surprised us into quiet. Then Pete said: "Do the *toreadors* really get hurt? I thought the bull didn't stand a chance and couldn't really hurt you if he did get you down?"



The emotion inspired in me by Garcia's work, daring, precise and beautiful, choked in my throat, and I wanted to shout but couldn't

John Hawthorne made a noise or two but could not quite speak. Luis Garcia smiled, almost slyly, at the table. "There are many misconceptions prevalent," he said, managing the long English words rather well. "The main one is that we are called *toreadors*. That is simply a name that the composer of a bad opera coined because it fitted into the—what is it?—meter of his lines better than *torero* did."

Garcia stopped speaking. Because he didn't answer Pete's question directly, the rebuke hurt more and in the candlelight I could see Pete flush. He did not speak and I could not remember any other time he had been at loss for an answer.

Someone began to talk of casual things and we went out on a terrace, but Pete went to bed early. When I came down the next morning he was alone at breakfast with Lynn. "Your cousin," she greeted me, "is amenable. I have almost convinced him of the authenticity of the bullfight."

"You must be very persuasive," I said.

"Thanks for the send-off," Pete said.

"Well, aren't you difficult to convince of anything?" I said. "Or have you been kidding us all your life?"

"Here we were enjoying breakfast," he said, "and you had to come along."

"I'll go if it'll help you any."

"Stay," Lynn said. "Tell me how you liked Luis Garcia."

"He seemed young for his business," I said. "What is he, a *novillero?*"

"He's a full matador," she said; "one of the last to take the *alternativa* in Madrid before the trouble."

"He wasn't wearing any pigtail," I said.

"Only a few of the old-timers still wear it," she said. "A lot of the traditional things are gone. They pad the horses and they'll arrest you for throwing bottles at a bad fighter. But the actual fight itself is still a beautiful thing to watch."

"I've seen a few," I said.

"I've got to be shown," Pete said.

SHE smiled at him. "Don't you believe me when I tell you that it's better than a ballet when a good fighter passes a bull with the cape or muleta, and that even some of the good ones are killed every year? Luis had two ribs broken and his lung pierced in Lima this spring."

"I believe you," Pete said without looking at her. "They're probably out of shape or drunk or something when they get hurt. Any pretty good American athlete ought to be able to do as well with a little practice."

"See some of them before you make up your mind," she said. She was not irritated by him; she was not annoyed. If he had noticed these things he might have been saved.

In the days that followed I was usually busy with John Hawthorne at his office, while Lynn and Pete were apparently always together. We did not see much of Garcia. He dined at the Hawthornes' several times and then left for the northern provinces for the early season. When Garcia was at the house, Lynn was always gay and light in her conversation, while with Pete, when Garcia was not there, she was quiet as he was quiet. He did not seem to notice this, and when Garcia was present, Pete usually went to his room early.

WHEN Garcia finally went north to Sonora and Nueva Leone, Pete's sullenness disappeared and there was left in him only a new and surprising quietness, which lasted until we took him to a *novillada* to see the novice bullfighters.

They were pretty bad, even for *novilleros,* and the bulls were too big for them, so that they killed the bulls badly, through the neck and running, instead of between the shoulders and standing still. And one bull they couldn't kill and the steers had to be brought in to take that bull out while the crowd booed and threw cushions at the fighters and cheered the bull.

It was a bad performance all around although none of the *toreros* were hurt; they were too cautious. It was the sort of thing to fit in perfectly with Pete's preconceived idea of bullfighting and he came out of the ring laughing. We explained that it was a bad fight as a sand-lot ball game might be a bad game.

"I could have done better myself," he said, and I had an old sick memory of the way he had been and knew then how much he had changed just since meeting Lynn.

"They were pretty bad," I told him, "but it's just as well you saw a bad one first. You'll appreciate a good one when you see it."

"I've seen enough," he said. "Like the rest of the country it's just an act."

The next Monday night we were at dinner, when a small package came for Lynn. A curious, pointed, hairy, flat object was in it—the ear of a bull.

"Luis sent it from Sonora," she said. "He fought there yesterday. They must have given him a triumph."

"You can see him fight in Monterrey on the way north, Eddie," John Hawthorne said to me. "That's where you'll have to see him, too, young lady," he said to Lynn. "I won't have you late for school again this year waiting until the season opens here."

I woke in the night and Pete was standing at the foot of my bed. In the light from the hall his face was tired.

"You awake?" he said.

"What's the matter?"

"She's very lovely." His voice was clear but his movements were slow as though he were drunk or very tired.

"She seems to be," I said. "If you didn't keep her so busy I might have a chance to find out."

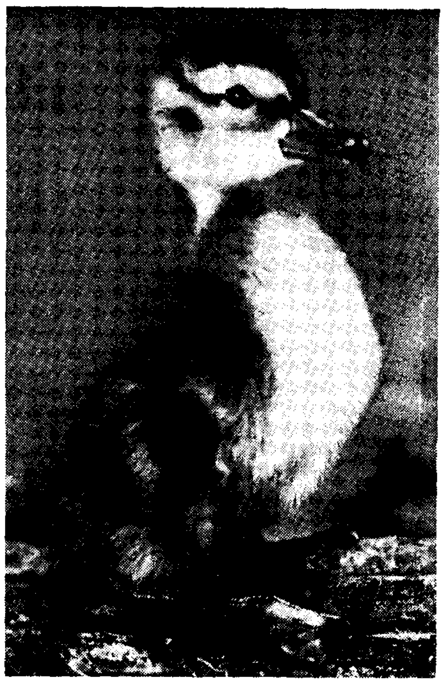
"You've known me a long time," he

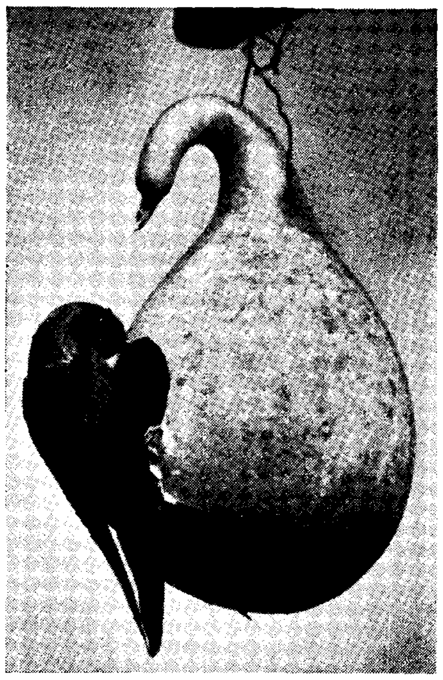
(Continued on page 25)

Fuss and Feathers

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

This, by presidential proclamation, is wild-life restoration week. Stanch your tears at the plight of our furred and feathered friends and see what it means, in a practical way, to Farmer Brown and Hunter Jones


WILLIAM L. FINLEY


S. A. GRIMES

Top, a pin-tail duckling. Natural prey for a host of enemies at this stage, he will grow into a fine game bird with a little sensible conservation. Below, a purple marten who'll pay for his gourd home in insects destroyed

YOU could see these men meant business. They stood in an ominous semicircle at the edge of the highway, their guns held in readiness, their eyes fixed on an impenetrable thicket of brambles, half-hidden in the early-morning mists. As we halted our car at the roadside and hurried toward them, ready to help, we heard still another car brake to a halt behind us, and several more men—grim-faced customers in rough coats and hobnailed boots, all of them carrying guns—leaped out and clattered past us along the hard cement to join the waiting posse. We pushed our way into the midst of the silent group, and peered dubiously at the thicket.

"Wouldn't go no nearer, brother," one of the men warned us in a low voice, "lessen you want to get shot."

We stepped back quickly, and stole an admiring glance at the calm but determined faces around us. These men were small-town merchants, for the most part, local farmers, garage owners, country doctors—average peace-loving American husbands and fathers—but in the face of this emergency they showed no sign of faltering, no trace of fear. Their common purpose had united them as one, and they stood shoulder to shoulder, like the embattled farmers at Lexington, ready for whatever might burst forth from that ominous thicket. We shivered apprehensively. Would it be a kidnaper, we wondered, or a bank robber, or an attacker of little girls? Already, from the other side of the swamp, we could hear shouting and the approaching barking of dogs. The man beside us gripped his gun tighter. "Be ready to shoot any minute now," he muttered.

"What at?" we whispered.

"Dunno for certain," he replied, "but Jeb Libbey thinks he seen a cock pheasant cross the road and run in here an hour ago. . . ."

Our Unhappy Hunting Grounds

Ridiculous, you say? Of course. Unsporting? Perhaps. Exaggerated? Not a bit—not if you have visited a public shooting area on opening day in any of our populous Eastern states. But at least, you ask, can't these sportsmen find some other spot where there is a little less congestion and a little more sport? The answer to that one is written in black and white. You can read it more and more plainly each year, in the signs along the highways—"No Hunting or Trespassing!" "Private Property: Keep Out!" "Shooting or Fishing Prohibited Under Penalty of the Law"—which tell the story graphically today, mile after mile, acre after acre, farm after posted farm.

Ask the average hunter what has happened. Not the wealthy sportsman, the big guy with a private shooting preserve or fishing stream, who can afford to travel a thousand miles to Canada or Mexico for his sport. Ask Joe Bilks, the little guy who has a gun and an old station wagon and a couple of days off a year, and who wants a little outdoor recreation and sport. Ask any member of that anonymous group of fifteen million citizens who purchase hunting and fishing licenses in America each year in an effort to satisfy certain deep-seated atavistic tendencies they have inherited from their forebears; though Joe would only shake his head blankly if you put it to him that way. He doesn't know anything about the anthropological explanation that man is primarily a hunting animal—witness the eyes set in the front of his head, like the leopard or the wolf—and that he still expresses this thwarted hunting instinct in some form or other today, if only in stalking game with a camera, in bargain hunting in a department store, in reading detective stories, or in following the latest crime news in the papers. All Joe knows is that he likes to get out with a rod in the spring, or a shotgun in the fall, the way his old man did before him.

"Only," Joe inquires plaintively, "where's a fellow going to go?" He flips a lank hand at the posting signs that dot the surrounding landscape, and spits over the side of his car. "The Smith farm is closed to all hunters. The Jones place has been bought by a wealthy sportsman from the city. The Robinson place is leased by a gun club—members only, hundred bucks a year. Either I sneak onto somebody's farm and run a chance of getting shot, or else I go to one of them public shooting grounds and make *sure* of getting shot." Joe spits again dejectedly. "Sure, they tell me that the game belongs to me, but today it's all on Farmer Brown's land. Game is public property, the lawbooks say, but how is the public going to get at it?"

Joe Bilks tosses his shotgun into the back seat, wheels his car around, and heads back home in disgust.

"The way it's getting to be in this country nowadays," he adds over his shoulder, "the only thing left to hunt any more is a place to go hunting."

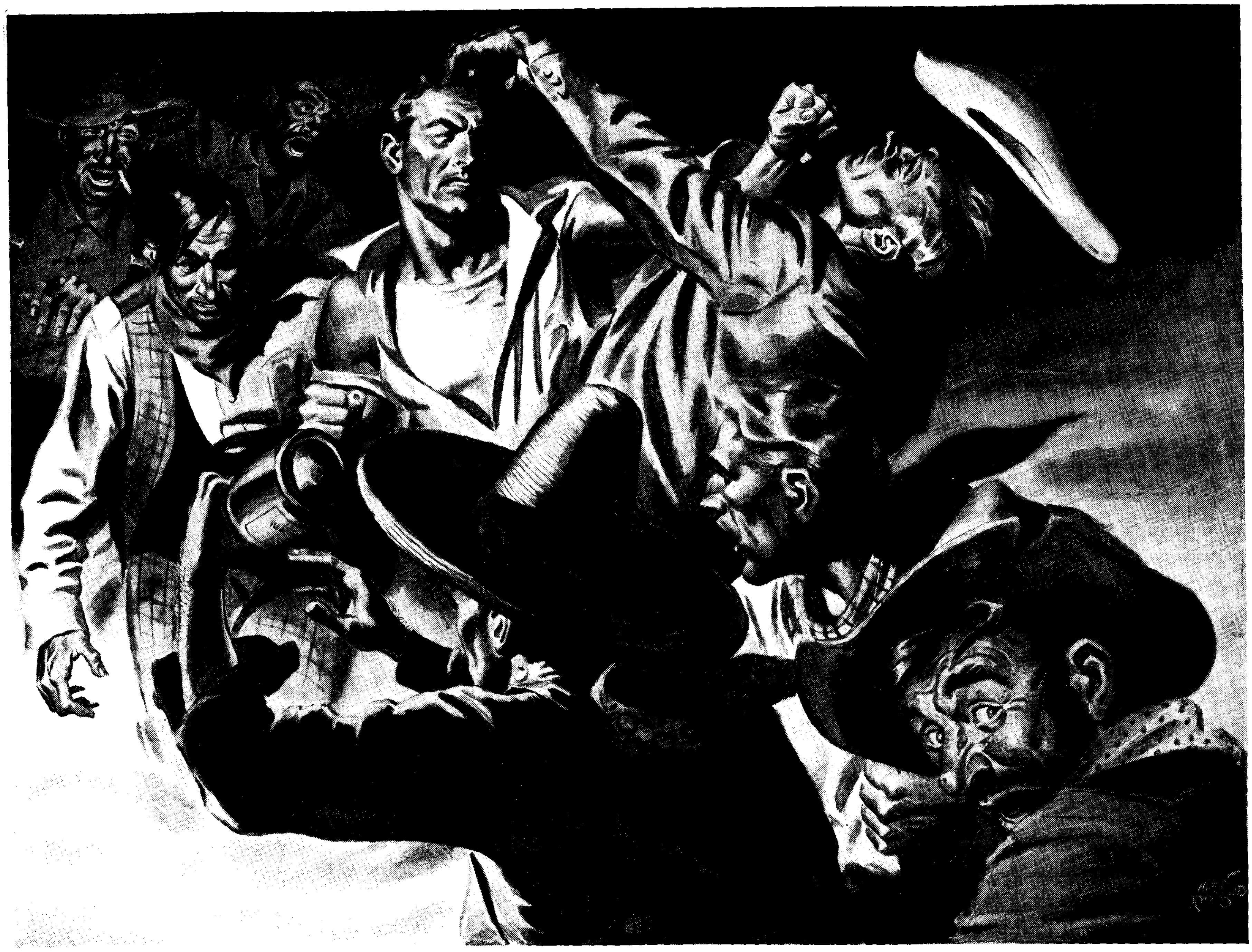
Things have a way of happening fast in this country; but this whole thing has happened so fast that very few sportsmen have fully realized it yet. At the rate we are going, as has been said, another generation would see the United States as barren of wild life as the Gobi Desert.

There are still old-timers alive, for

WILLIAM L. FINLEY

Mamma Deer can take much better care of this spotted fawn than you can—if you give her a place to raise it

(Continued on page 74)



He drove against Randolph, carrying the man through this wild-turning crowd, hitting him and throwing him off his feet

Grasshopper Dance

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX RAYMOND

The crops were burned ruins, then the grasshoppers came to finish the destruction. They lay a foot deep in the furrows. "The only way to lick a grasshopper," said young Dan Gay, "is to outdance the critter"

HERE and there on the prairie's flatness a few houses made blurred shapes beneath a brass-colored atmosphere that got thicker and thicker on the horizon, like the sullen boil-up of fire smoke. Sitting on the load of wood, Dan Gay saw that only he and his horses ventured abroad in the blistered loneliness of the day. There was no heat like this heat. It sucked the moisture out of his bones and burned against his skin in the way acid burns.

It was a relief to see Ivan Goerisch's house two hundred yards ahead. Dan Gay slanted his hat against the lower strike of the sun and stepped down to the tongue, never trying to push his horses faster. When they drew abreast the house he said, "Whoa," gently and dropped to the dirt. There was trouble here, and he knew at once what the trouble was; for Ivan Goerisch stood at the well in the middle of the yard, holding rope and bucket in his great arms. He looked up to the approaching Dan Gay. "Dry," he said. "I been afraid of that."

Sweat streaked down his face; it plastered his shirt against the massive arch of his chest. He was a huge young man, with power enough in his arms to wrestle a horse, but his eyes were mild blue and his cheeks pink as a girl's cheeks, and his voice was small and shy. "Well, you're pretty thirsty. I got a little in the bucket on the porch."

Dan Gay went to the porch and took enough water to dampen his throat. The two of them sat in the false shade a short time while Dan Gay built himself a smoke. He felt no extra heat from the lighted match when he touched it to his cigarette. "So I guess it's really warm."

"Dan," said Ivan Goerisch, showing trouble in his eyes, "it is another bad year. How long can a man hang on?"

"Long as there's seed for another year. You're going to the dance tomorrow?"

The increased pink of Ivan's cheeks betrayed him and he could not meet Dan Gay's glance. "Listen. You're going by that way. You tell her I got no heart for dancin'."

Dan Gay rose and strolled back to his wagon, the big German tramping behind, trying to express himself. "What have I got to offer a woman? I should not be serious with Clara Brecht."

Dan Gay swung up to the wagon. A broken pane of glass in the yard burned like fire. Sand lay in rippled rows against the side of the barn and the glare of the day pressed against his eyeballs. He grinned at Ivan Goerisch. "I'll say you'll be coming by, around eight. Tch—Fanny, Duke!"

He adjusted the straw-stack seat and considered this smoky land with a deep, personal resentment. Dry winter and dry spring had turned into this; and all things lay burned and eroded and ruined beneath the incredible sun. Goerisch's eighty acres of wheat made a stunted stand, the grain tops already turned black, and elsewhere as here men stood on the edge of their fields and saw disaster. He pulled the brim of his hat down, and pulled his shoulders forward, as though to present a lesser target to the sun. One more mile brought him to Emero Dulaney's place and here he went in with a bucket and drew water for his horses. Emero came from the house, tall and faded and made gaunt

(Continued on page 76)

Sunset Voyage

By Lawrence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

ACCUSED of being a Japanese agent, P. G. Bonner, a wealthy American silk importer, dies under mysterious circumstances. A few days later, Glen Larkin, a newspaper syndicate correspondent, sails from San Francisco on a Japanese boat: the Kumo-maru. Among his fellow passengers is Bonner's daughter, Dorothy, who, following her father's death, had disappeared. Larkin has orders to watch the girl and, if possible, weave a sensational "story" about her.

No sooner has the ship passed the Golden Gate than Larkin's luggage is broken into, searched. His cabin-mate, General Rodriguez, is robbed and almost killed by an unidentified assailant. He himself is set upon on a dark deck, and knocked unconscious. It is obvious that some of those aboard are engaged in decidedly unusual machinations.

Unknown to Larkin, General Rodriguez and a Mr. Shima are deep in some sort of plot, revolving around a contract (having to do with the sale of vanadium to the Japanese government) which, following the attack upon him, Rodriguez cannot find. Mr. Shima is inclined to believe that the general has double-crossed him, sold out to someone—possibly the Chinese government.

Another interesting item is unknown to the correspondent: Dorothy Bonner and Charles Frayle (who is on the Kumo-maru and who, as Larkin is aware, is on the verge of marrying the young heiress) possess a copy of the stolen contract. . . .

Seeing much of Dorothy, Larkin falls in love with her. The girl likes him, trusts him. Believing that he is in financial straits, she gives him a sealed envelope—which, she says, contains a simple contract—and tells him that if, upon his arrival in Japan, he will deliver it to the Naval Ministry, she will pay him five thousand dollars!

Larkin, on the trail of a great story, accepts the offer. He takes the envelope to his cabin, opens it. It does not contain a contract—it is filled with specifications for the construction of a remarkable new antiaircraft gun!

Charles Frayle has at least one enemy on board: Dorothy Bonner's brother, Arthur—the black sheep of the Bonner family, with an ugly criminal record. Arthur, an ex-convict, has been unable to get a passport; he is on the Kumo-maru as a stowaway. In the course of a brief secret interview with Dorothy, he tells her that she must *not* marry Frayle. Then, a few hours later, he is found dead. The victim of an accident—or a killer? Larkin, like some of the other passengers, wonders. He is present at the funeral services. Looking over the crowd, he can find no one who looks as though he might be a murderer.

V

A QUEER humming sound arose from the steerage passengers, scarcely audible at first, then swelling to a great crescendo like the song of swarming bees. The droning chant dropped again to near silence, except for one shrill falsetto voice that persisted above the others.

George Willowby bustled over to Larkin, puffing furiously on his pipe.

"I say, Larkin," he asked, "what's this disgraceful singing for? Do they think this is some gala festival?"

Before Larkin could reply, an annoyingly cultured voice behind him said: "They're chanting the *Indo*."

Larkin looked over his shoulder at the elegant Mr. Shima.

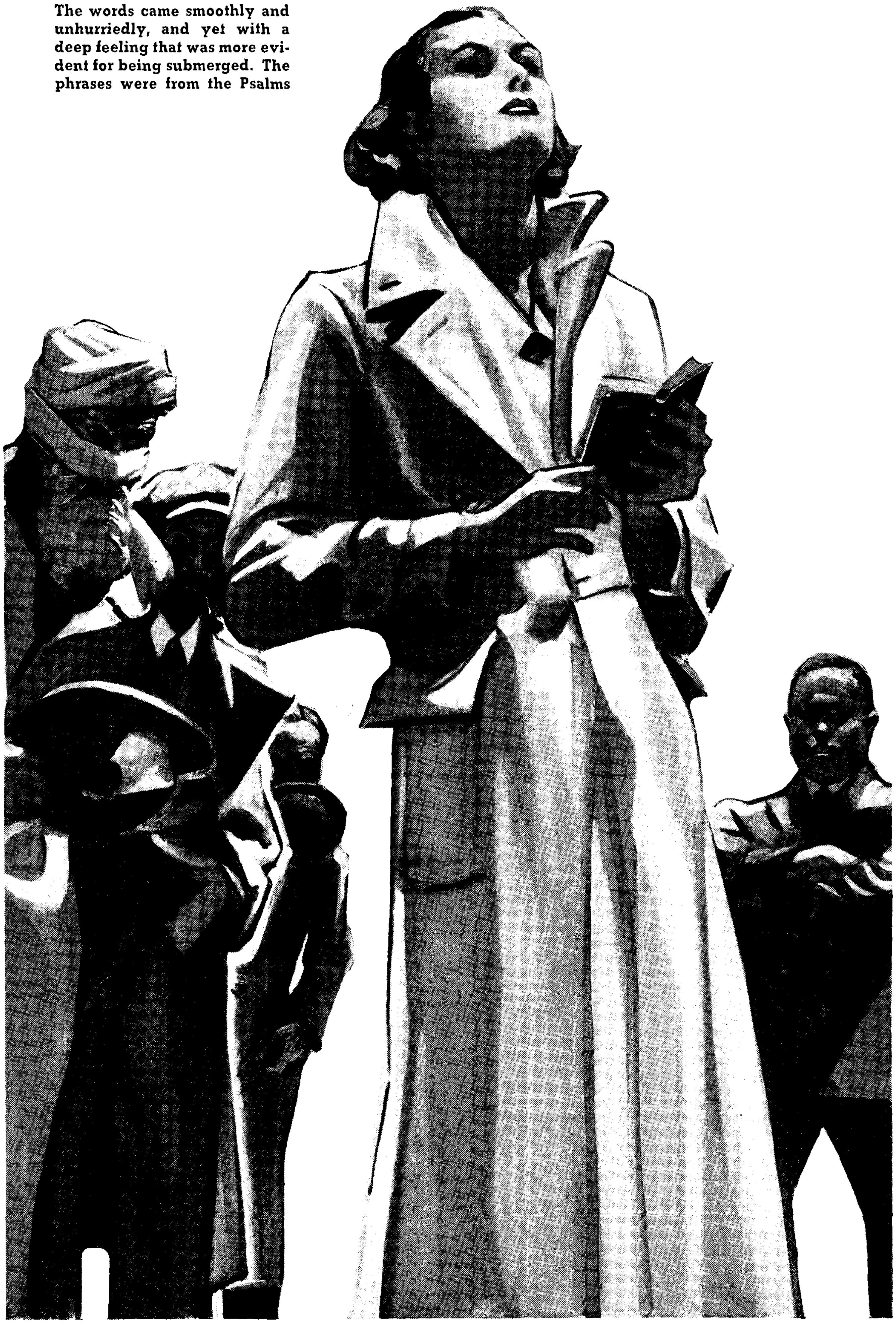
"Something Japanese, I take it," Willowby grunted.

"Buddhist," said Mr. Shima. "A prayer for the safe departure of the soul for the next world. Rather touching, isn't it? After all, they don't know the dead man . . ."

"Rather indecent, I should say," declared Willowby. "Very likely they'll be burning incense next."

"Very likely they will, if they *have* any," said Mr. Shima. "It usually follows the *Indō*."

"But the dead man's a European. Why these rites in a foreign language? Can't they give him a Christian burial—even if he was a rogue and a stowaway?"



The words came smoothly and unhurriedly, and yet with a deep feeling that was more evident for being submerged. The phrases were from the Psalms

"In Japan," said Mr. Shima with a superior smile, "we are told that the Lord understands all languages and discerns the truth in all creeds. Nevertheless, I do believe the captain has asked the European passengers if one of them would like to read Christian services. Didn't he ask you, Mr. Willowby?"

"Unfortunately," said Willowby, "I don't possess a Bible."

Mr. Shima nodded knowingly. He said: "Mr. Larkin, too, has the face of a man who does not travel with a Bible."

"I'm not a great believer in the efficacy of prayer," Larkin admitted, "although in these parlous times I guess a good prayer is just as much protection as a passport."

"Here is the captain," said Mr. Shima. "Perhaps he has found a good Christian after all."

THE diminutive Japanese commander stalked past Larkin with bantam strides, went directly to the improvised bier at the taffrail. The ship's engines stopped, and a strange, thick silence fell heavily upon ears attuned to days and nights of constant, throbbing rhythm. The hull slid through the water with diminished momentum. The wake flattened out and lost the white fringes that edged the turquoise streak trailing far behind. The blood-red disk of the Japanese flag disappeared as the white folds drooped at half-mast.

Larkin was watching the captain and did not see Dorothy Bonner until she passed him. She moved like an automaton. Her body was stiffly erect, as though resigned to the determined direction of her daintily shod feet toward the canvas bundle that rested on the wooden trestles. She looked straight in front of her with eyes that glowed with the fire of inner struggle. Her right hand gripped tightly a small book, scarcely larger than a cigarette case, bound in ornately tooled leather.

Almost before she had stopped walking, she was reading from the tiny book. Her head was high, and she seemed to be looking beyond the page, beyond the improvised bier. Her voice was resonant with rich, contralto undertones, as though she were striving hard to keep it under control. The words came smoothly and unhurriedly almost in a monotone, and yet with a deep feeling that was even more evident for being submerged. The phrases were from the Psalms:

"I am forgotten as a dead man out of mind: I am like a useless vessel."

Larkin watched the reactions of the crowd. The Japanese were listening in solemn, respectful incomprehension. The bandaged General Rodriguez crossed himself.

"For I have heard the slander of many: fear was on every side: while they took counsel together against me, they devised to take away my life. . . ."

The girl's voice rose a vibrant half tone, as though in emphasis. William Cuttle was looking at her queerly, his eyes small with secretive, laborious cerebration as they peered over the rim of the derby hat pressed against the lower half of his face.

"Deliver me from the hand of mine enemies and from them that persecute me. . . ."

THE girl read on. She was an arresting figure, motionless except for her lips. Even if she were silent, they would all be watching her, though perhaps without reverence. The murderer must be looking at her without reverence, even now. Others, too. William Cuttle, for instance. And Charles Frayle, who was moving through the crowd with short, almost imperceptible steps, to be closer to her. . . .

"Let the lying lips be put to silence; which speak grievous things proudly and contemptuously against the righteous. . . ."

Proudly and contemptuously. That almost described the way Frayle was looking at Dorothy, but not quite. He seemed to be listening to her with every nerve in his body. His strange blue eyes were intense, his gaze greedy, possessive, jealous, as though he were resentful of the girl's attention to the dead. It was almost an obscene gaze. . . .

"Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord."

Dorothy Bonner closed the leather covers of the small book, took a step forward, hesitated, laid it gently upon the canvas-wrapped form on the planks, turned away quickly.

"Amen," murmured George Willowby beside Larkin.

Captain Fujiwara said something in Japanese. Two seamen raised one of the trestles. The body of Arthur Bonner shivered, seemed to hesitate, then slid rapidly downward, disappeared. After an eternal moment, there was a faint splash.

The ship was still drifting forward slowly, her momentum almost gone. Then the decks trembled, as the engines leaped into action again. Once more the wake boiled out behind the shuddering stern. Beyond the newly churned furrow, a convex patch of wet canvas floated, bobbing once before it vanished. White sea birds swooped down, screaming shrilly, to wreathe the spot with quarreling wings.

The deck resounded to the scrape and clatter of a hundred wooden sandals as the steerage passengers trooped back to their quarters between decks. The dark quartet of garishly pretty girls from second cabin passed, giggling. An engineer, who had been waiting impatiently in the background, handed Captain Fujiwara his report on coal consumption. George Willowby said to Mr. Shima: "Leaves a rather disagreeable taste in one's mouth, doesn't it? How would you like a spot of Chilean brandy to remove it?" William Cuttle was using his elbows to clear a path for himself through the slowly moving stream of Orientals who had paid homage to death but seemed reluctant to return to the business of living. Life was resuming—but sluggishly. The reek of murder still clung to the ship, like the haunting, sulphurous smell that persisted between decks.

Larkin hung back, waiting for Dorothy Bonner. He saw her coming directly toward him, walking rapidly.

Larkin took the girl's hand in both of his. "Bravely done," he said. "Where did you stumble on the text?"

"The Book of Psalms." The girl's voice was no longer steady. "He gave it to me for my thirteenth birthday. I don't know how I happened to have it with me. I hadn't opened it in years. . . ."

"You managed to open it to an appropriate page," said Larkin. "Or was that just a coincidence? 'They devised to take away my life. . . .' "

BEFORE the girl could answer Larkin, Charles Frayle strode unceremoniously between them, put a proprietary arm around Dorothy's shoulders.

"Sorry," Frayle said to Larkin in tones that were not at all apologetic. "I've got to talk to Miss Bonner."

"I was talking to Mr. Larkin," said the girl, trying to draw away from Frayle.

"What's the matter, puss? You've been avoiding me all day."

"You know very well what's the matter."

"Yes, of course," said Frayle. "But that's all over now. You were properly respectful and charmingly grief-stricken. Now let's go along and see the purser about that cabin."

"We won't have to see about the cabin," said Dorothy. "We're going back to our original plan. We'll have to wait until Yokohama."

"What's come over you, Light of my Life?"

"Arthur was murdered," said Dorothy, looking very hard at Larkin.

"Really?" Frayle smiled with his dimples. Larkin noticed that there was a small cut on his right cheek, and that he had applied talcum powder in an unsuccessful effort to conceal a livid, crescent-shaped discoloration under his right eye. "I've always thought it would be an excellent idea, and doubtless there are others who thought so too. However, I'm afraid the end of the prodigal wasn't quite so romantic. He just bumped his head. Where did you get the idea he was murdered?"

"Mrs. Greeve," said Dorothy.

Frayle's dimples vanished. He said: "I suppose she saw the murder committed."

"She saw something," Dorothy declared.

"She probably saw it double," Frayle suggested. "When I saw our gaudy Mother Mackerel last night, she was higher than a kite."

"She's fairly sober now," said Dorothy. "And she's been doing and saying some very strange things."

"Why don't the three of us call on Mrs. Greeve?" Larkin asked. "She might be amused by Mr. Frayle's black eye."

"You have got a

(Continued on page 54)

The Bell from China

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

That suave detective, James Lee, goes after another killer who fails to leave his card

FANG MAN was fat, and his smile was worth big money to the Gold Tiger Company. Casual customers who visited the store on Gamblers' Alley in San Francisco believed that Fang Man owned the Gold Tiger outfit. As a matter of fact, he owned three shares, of eighty, but he wore the mantle of authority in a manner that gave reason for the public's error.

Most of the stock in the Gold Tiger was the common merchandise of Chinatown, but enough good stuff drifted in from China to make the place good hunting for collectors of the best things in Chinese art. Mr. Arnold Fisher, a director of the Pacific Art League, was one of Fang Man's most constant visitors. A recognized authority on design and color, Mr. Fisher's hobby was Chinese art. As a collector his activities were limited by a very modest income but he had a genius for engineering contributions to the Art League's collection and not many of the finer things that turned up in Fang Man's importations escaped him.

Wealthy old girls and boys, observing the distinguished artist's sincere conniption fits at the sight of a really fine piece of jade or bronze or pottery, would often buy it forthwith to save Mr. Fisher's life. Mr. Fisher would accept the purchase for the Art League's collection and go to dinner with his glowing patron, ushered to the door of the Gold Tiger by the beaming Fang Man and the full company of cackling clerks that staffed the pungent shop.

Eight clerks, a cashier and Fang Man. Rent and salaries. A lot of overhead—but nobody ever gave that a thought because the Gold Tiger was seemingly big enough to support ten or fifteen people, China fashion, and the public knew nothing at all about the seventy-seven shares in the enterprise that were held by Fang Man's various partners. The Gold Tiger shares were worth five thousand dollars apiece and that was something else the public did not know. The annual dividend, the division of the profits in the first days of the First Moon—but that can wait while Fang Man introduces Arnold Fisher to James Lee: "Mistah Lee—Mistah Filly-shah. Him good man."

Fisher held out his hand. "I'm Arnold Fisher," he said, "of the Art League."

"I'm glad to meet you," James Lee said. "I know your Color Harmony—good book."

"Thank you. Are you a collector, Mr. Lee? Chinese art, I mean?"

"Him gup-ment man," the smiling Fang explained. "Large G-man. Good job fo' China man. Big money, him ketchum."

Lee frowned at Fang. "I have some early bronzes, and some jade," he said to Fisher. "Then there are some clay figures, too."

"Have you seen the Art League collection?"

"Yes. Some fine things there."

"Have you seen the bell and the two caldrons of the Chou Dynasty that we got last month?"

"No. I must see them."

"Perfect things!" Fisher's enthusiasm was manifest. "Magnificent stuff! The bell has a long inscription. Seventy or eighty characters. Can you translate the Chou inscriptions, Mr. Lee?"

"Without much difficulty."

"The reason I ask is that Dr. Call, of the university, is away for six months. He always does that work for us."

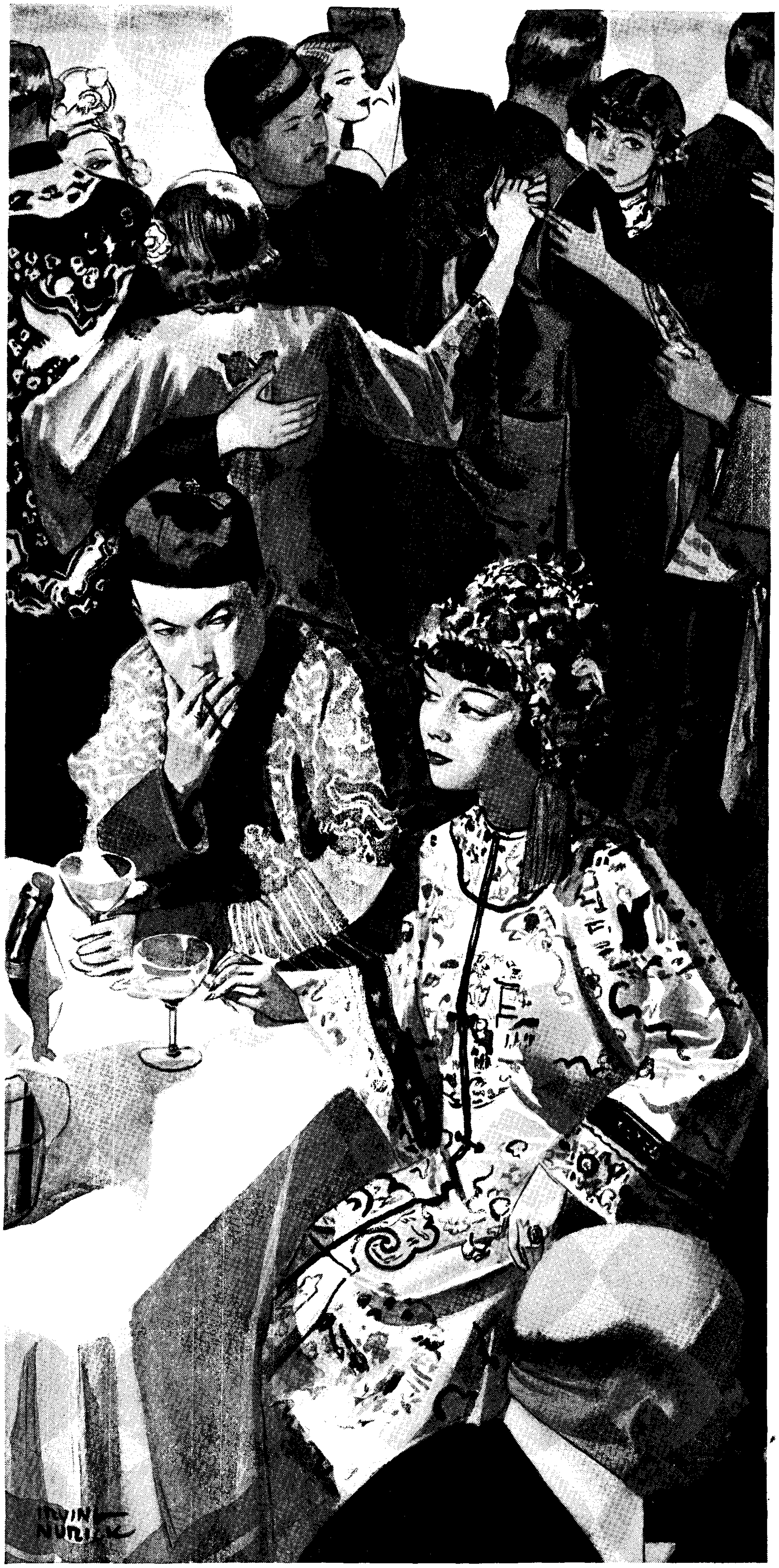
"No better man for the job," James Lee said. "He's the final authority."

"I'm awfully anxious to have the bell inscription worked out. Do you suppose you could find time to give us a general idea about it—date the bell, perhaps?"

"I think so. I'll be glad to try it. You know, of course, that there are fifty people in San Francisco who can work out those Chou inscriptions?"

"I know—and they'd give me fifty different translations. Some of them literally

(Continued on page 28)



Vera Hagardt asked, "Did you complete your translation of the inscription?"

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY VALENTINO SARRA

Center-Field Lightning

By Kyle Crichton

Speak of center field and you think of Tris Speaker. There's never been anybody like the Gray Eagle. Here's what he thinks of today's game and players

THE trouble with the old-timers is that they don't stick up for themselves. They're too humble. In their hearts they know that there will never be another shortstop like Old Honus Wagner or another center fielder as great as Tris Speaker and yet old "Spoke" himself will sit for hours and talk about Joe DiMaggio. This is supposed to be the sporting thing to do and is part of the same nonsense that prompts Glenn Warner to say that Ernie Nevers and Dave Smukler were better than Jim Thorpe. Let it be said once and for all that there was never a football player who could remotely approach Jim Thorpe or a center fielder who could touch Tris Speaker. There never was one and there never can be one as long as the lively ball is retained in baseball because a center fielder now is a gentleman who stands out in the pasture at a point where he may easily be seen by a spectator with a telescope and catches fly balls. That isn't center fielding as the good Gray Eagle known as Speaker used to do it.

The difference may best be explained by using Eddie Collins as an example. The Boston Red Sox outfield of Speaker, Harry Hooper and Duffy Lewis was famous for trapping short flies and making monkeys out of base runners. With two or three on base, they would let a short fly drop, pick it up, peg it to the proper base and, by the time the runners had got done scurrying about like beheaded roosters, there would be two out and the rally would be over. Speaker came in on a short one against the Philadelphia Athletics and the usual confusion ended with Collins being tagged severely in the ribs by Heinie Wagner about three feet off second base. But Collins was not one to be defeated so readily and the resultant yowls disturbed people in distant Brookline. According to the rules an infield fly is one that can be handled by an infielder, no matter where it may be. This is to keep an outfielder from chasing a high fly in behind the pitcher's box and murdering the opposition. Collins contended that the ball in question was an infield fly regardless of the fact that it was caught by Mr. Speaker.

"A center fielder, my eye!" howled Mr. Collins. "He's your fifth infielder and you know it damned well!"

As to the contention that with the lively ball the days of the fielder who could play close in are over, Mr. Speaker modestly demurs. What good is an outfielder, he says, who plays with his back pinned up against a fence? He leaves an area as big as a bull ring in front of him for hits to drop and he can't possibly go back and get anything because of the fence.

"It's true that the ball is livelier," he says, "but any good outfielder can go back for a drive even when it's hard hit. By playing a few steps up, he can grab balls that are now falling safe."

He particularly feels that this is true about Joe DiMaggio, for whom he has the greatest admiration. Last year when the Yanks were playing in Chicago, DiMaggio hunted up Speaker, who was working on a baseball broadcasting program as a commentator, and asked his advice about playing this position. Tris suggested that he play in a few steps closer to the infield and see how it worked. That afternoon Joe took two balls off his instep that would otherwise have dropped safe and went back to the right center fence to grab a long

(Continued on page 41)

Give Me People

Introducing the director of Stage Door, Gregory LaCava, who has come to the top of his profession along a roundabout road. His troubles and triumph spring from his hatred of everything that's phony

By Quentin Reynolds

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

"WE'VE taken it thirty times and it's still bad," LaCava grumbled. Andrea Leeds was discouraged. This was her first chance really to do something on the screen. Here she was in what everyone in Hollywood knew was going to be a great picture, and she wasn't able to put her big scene across. She had studied the part well, she had obeyed LaCava in everything and now he said the scene was bad.

"I'm sorry," the youngster said very humbly, "I've tried, Mr. LaCava."

He shook his head impatiently. "I know you have. It isn't your fault. It's mine. The scene lacks something and I don't know what it is. Look now, you're walking up those stairs. Do you know the significance of walking up a stairway *in a dream?* It's the one interpretation that most of the psychiatrists agree on. You want to go home. You want to go back to where you came from —that is, your subconscious mind does. Now you are insane. Insanity is merely a desire to escape reality. Both of these urges must show as you go slowly up those stairs."

"I know," Andrea Leeds said, a little puzzled, "but how can I show those two things?"

LaCava looked at her. "I wish I knew, youngster. I wish I knew. Remember, you are insane. When you get to the top of the stairs you keep on going, though it doesn't show on the screen. You keep going until you get to the roof and then you leap to your death. All this must show in your face and in your actions and I don't know how to tell you to do it. It isn't your fault," he added, "it's mine."

Then, discouraged, LaCava called work off for the day. It was Saturday afternoon and all the next day he brooded about the scene. It was the climax of Stage Door and if the scene wasn't good the picture wasn't good. LaCava is a student of psychiatry. Once he was a patient. He was helped greatly and he became an enthusiast. He made it a hobby and today he knows as much about mental diseases as any layman living. In Stage Door, Andrea Leeds has lost her big chance to star. She is starving, hopeless, discouraged. Finally on the opening night of the show she cracks up and climbs those long stairs to her death. Yet as she climbed she was only a pretty girl going upstairs. Something was wrong and LaCava couldn't figure it out.

Andrea Found the Answer

On Monday young Andrea appeared on the set. "May I try that scene again?" she asked LaCava. "I think I've got it."

"Well, it won't hurt to try," he smiled, pleased at the kid's enthusiasm but not expecting much.

The lights and the camera were arranged. She took her place and then LaCava called "Action." Andrea began to climb the stairs slowly. Her eyes were bright and a little eager. She was going home. But her body was listless; a bit clumsy as she walked up the stairs. She raised her arm and it fell heavily on the rail of the stairs; fell heavily as a shovelful of dirt falls on a coffin in a grave. LaCava drew a sharp breath. The kid had it. She climbed to the top of the stairs and you knew somehow that there was no real co-ordination between her mind and her body. The scene ended and LaCava rushed to the rather apprehensive girl.

"You've got it!" he cried, "you've got it. That one take is enough. It's what I've been dreaming of and seeing for weeks but couldn't explain. What gave you the idea?"

"I spent all yesterday at the Patten State Insane Asylum," she said simply. "I watched the insane people. I watched their hands and their arms. They move differently from other people. Their eyes show one thing and their actions show another."

"That's the best scene in the picture," LaCava said. "Kid, you're all right."

Well, the picture opened several months ago and all over you heard about the stairway scene. It is one of the most gripping, moving sequences ever shown in any picture. Watching it, you somehow know that the unhappy girl is on her way to commit suicide although nothing is said about it. You feel it and you want to rush to the kid and help her. Yet—on the screen all you see is a girl walking upstairs. That's how Gregory LaCava, at present Hollywood's No. 1 director, works. He'll labor over one scene such as that for weeks in an effort to get it exactly right—then he'll shoot twenty pages of dialogue in an afternoon.

Stage Door was a great picture not because of any great story. There really wasn't much of a story in Stage Door. Any hack writer could have thrown the plot together in three days. But when Andrea Leeds walked up those stairs you believed it. When Hepburn became a human question box in her first rehearsal for the big play you chuckled and you said to yourself, "I knew she'd be like that." When Ginger Rogers borrowed Hepburn's ermine coat even though she hated her, you said, "Just like a cheap little night-club performer." These were living people up there on the screen and never did one of them do an unbelievable thing.

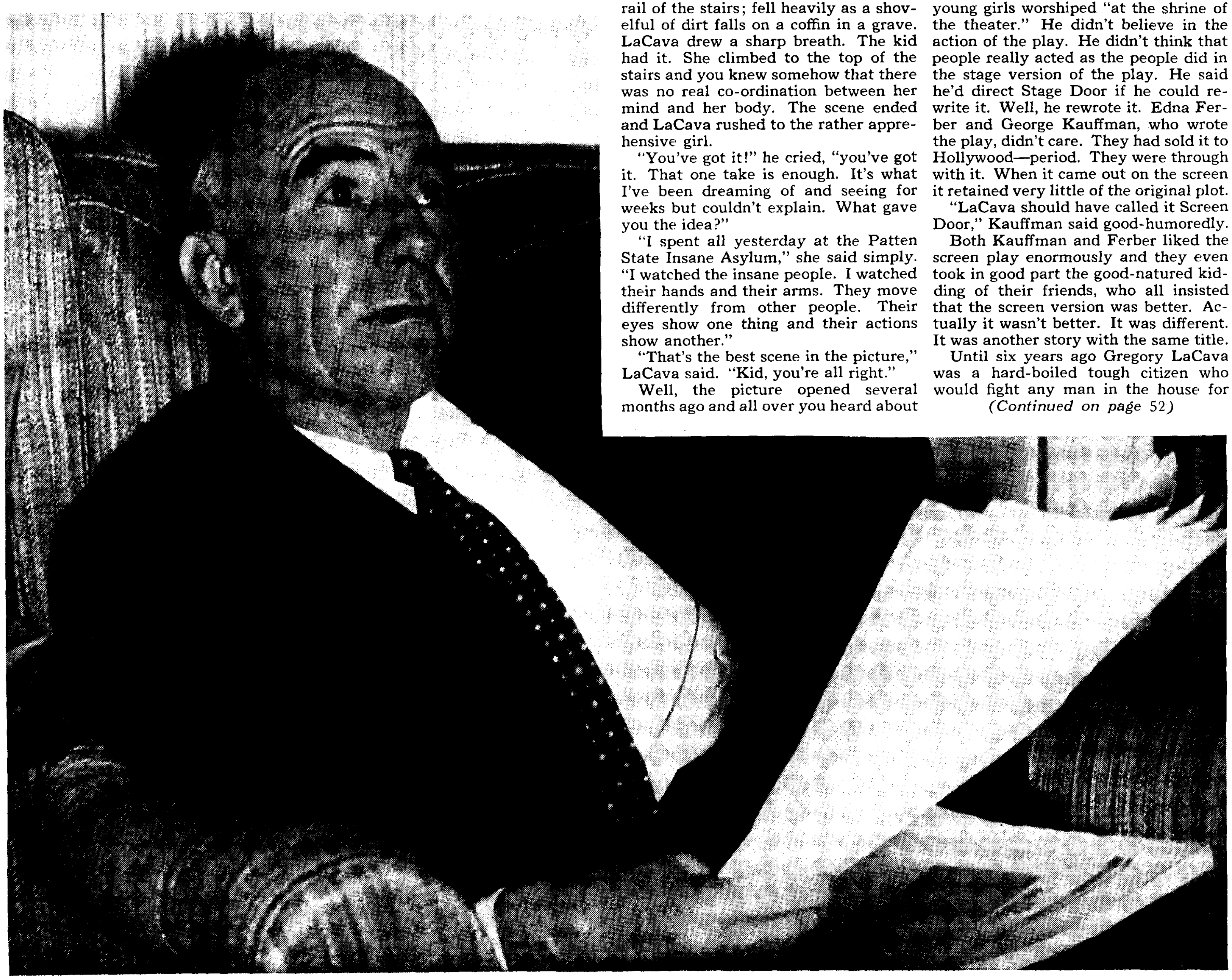
LaCava isn't much interested in plot —as plot. He is interested in the way people behave under ordinary and extraordinary conditions. When he accepted the assignment to do Stage Door he read the script and didn't like it. He didn't believe that even stage-struck young girls worshiped "at the shrine of the theater." He didn't believe in the action of the play. He didn't think that people really acted as the people did in the stage version of the play. He said he'd direct Stage Door if he could rewrite it. Well, he rewrote it. Edna Ferber and George Kauffman, who wrote the play, didn't care. They had sold it to Hollywood—period. They were through with it. When it came out on the screen it retained very little of the original plot.

"LaCava should have called it Screen Door," Kauffman said good-humoredly.

Both Kauffman and Ferber liked the screen play enormously and they even took in good part the good-natured kidding of their friends, who all insisted that the screen version was better. Actually it wasn't better. It was different. It was another story with the same title.

Until six years ago Gregory LaCava was a hard-boiled tough citizen who would fight any man in the house for

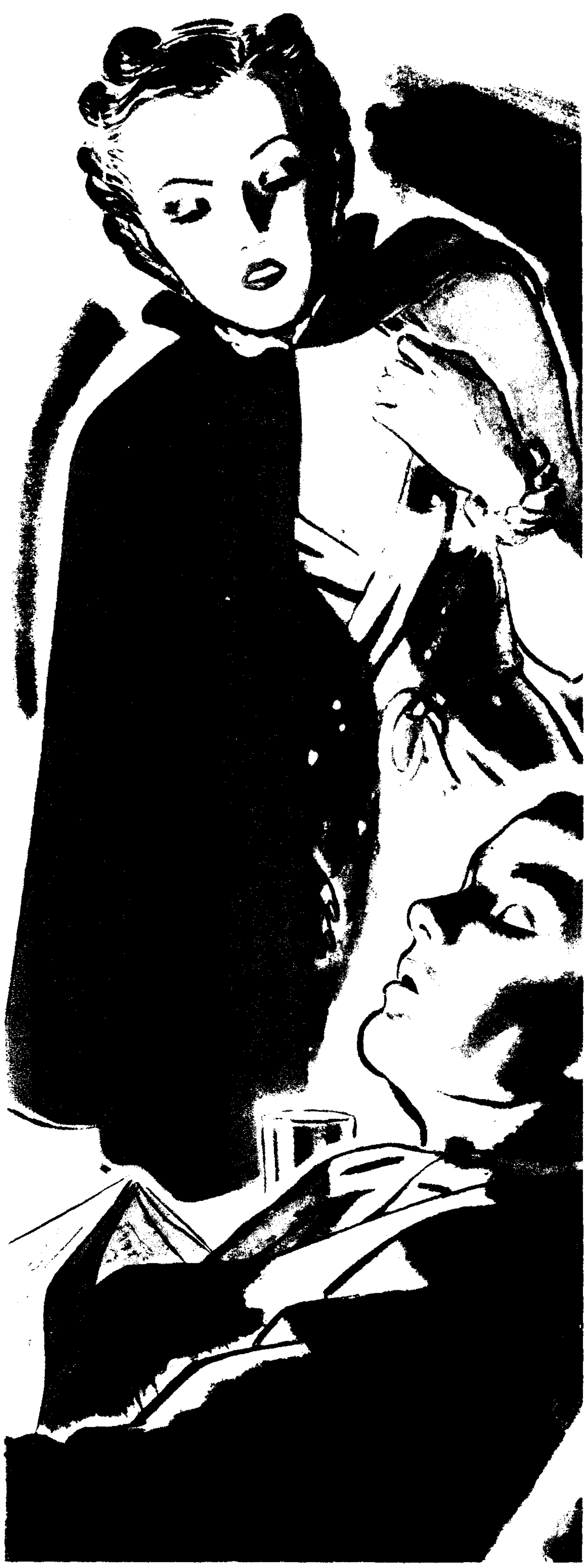
(Continued on page 52)



Her Young Husband

By Colette

TRANSLATED BY DENVER LINDLEY ● ILLUSTRATED BY LEONARD DOVE



"Just another old man," Madame Vasco murmured

TUESDAY we're invited to the Schlumbergers' cocktail party, six till nine. Wednesday we're going to have a picnic at Thoronet. Sunday evening, of course, the servants will be out. Teobaldo will stay to look after the dogs. . . . Oh, I knew there was something I wanted to ask you: Shall we accept for the artists' party tonight? Costumes, you know, made from whatever you can pick up after you get there—newspapers, kitchen aprons, wrapping paper and towels, that sort of thing."

Paul Vasco made no reply. He lay on his back on the wide double bed, his bronzed arms flung out amid the rose linen and lace. A hand, whose firm authority he knew well, passed like a comb through the disorder of his damp, blond hair, and he decided the time had come when he had to open his eyes.

"Ah, there are my two sapphires!" his wife said tenderly.

She was sitting up beside him, holding on her lap a lemon-wood breakfast tray with rose-colored china. The Paris morning papers were scattered on the bed; at the foot the white cat, which was deaf, was playing with a pale blue twig of plumbago picked by Paul along the path that led down to the sea. A sky that was almost white, the sky of summer mornings on the shore of the Mediterranean, filled the window. Paul Vasco steeled himself, as he did every morning, to look at his wife and, as always, he was amazed.

SHE was tall, slender, well-proportioned and glowing with health. Her hair, dyed a light chestnut, was brushed back from her forehead and tied with a ribbon whose color matched the shade of her dressing gown. The summer sun had tanned her like a young woman, but around her neck and at the corners of her eyes there were tiny creases into which the tan could not reach. "She's wonderful," he thought. "Even I can't believe she's fifty-two. And, of course, she doesn't believe it herself."

He closed his eyes again in the comfortable laziness that followed his morning plunge and a run on the beach.

"You haven't answered me about tonight, sleepyhead, beautiful sleepyhead."

It was not his intention to answer but to gain time, to wait motionless for the moment when his wife, summoned by the demands of her imperious beauty, would leave him for a period of an hour and a half.

Finally he gave up. "Whatever you like," he sighed and snapped his fingers to indicate that he wanted a cigarette. Madeleine lighted one and put it between his lips.

"You might say," he drawled, "that the only thing I brought you was my mouth."

"Who asks you for anything more?" Madeleine said quickly.

With a look of frank tenderness, she gazed at that mouth whose smile and youthful freshness had persuaded her into this absurd marriage six months after the death of her first husband. She had snatched this handsome but penniless young man from a minor clerkship. By good luck he had turned out to be a very decent fellow. For him she had given up her half-mourning, dyed her gray hair and from the chrysalis of widowhood had emerged as a strong and beautiful woman, very much in love and so determined to be happy that she dazzled her husband, twenty years her junior.

For two years they had returned, for the months from January to May, "to the Riviera," as Paul liked to say, not being as yet blasé about the luxurious life on their southern estate with its paths of rose-colored sand, its wistarias and marble terraces. The amused smiles of her friends soon faded, for Madame Paul Vasco had a brisk way of outfacing them and an even brisker way of refusing to let her husband take her arm as they climbed the casino stairs. Paul followed her, waited on her and found her young.

But life was never so sweet for him as when he was within the bounds of their own property. He felt at home there and quickly developed a taste for laying out gardens and discussing with the head gardener the best colors for the flower beds.

"Shall we go out?" Madeleine used to ask after their siesta.

"Yes," Paul would shout enthusiastically. "Let's go to Fréjus! I need seven hundred slips of geranium."

"But Teobaldo can get them with the station wagon."

Then he would pout and Madeleine would look at his mouth.

"What a child! All right, get the car."

For she always gave in to him, fearing he would become bored. It was a fear that hung constantly in her mind. Mentally a little dull and very proud of his physical beauty, Paul was never bored when he was lying half-naked in the sun or tossing the medicine ball with the trainer who came out from Cannes.

One evening Madeleine, dressed to go to the ballet in a long, black silk dress trimmed with monkey fur, and fidgeting with impatience, had been amazed to see Paul emerge from the cellar covered with dust and cobwebs. Under each arm he carried an ancient bottle.

"Where have you been?"

"Can't you see?" he said. "It was high time someone straightened out our wine cellar."

Madeleine raised her carefully plucked eyebrows.

"And so that's the reason we're to miss the Monte Carlo ballet?"

He seemed suddenly to wake up, looked blankly at the new dress, at his wife and at a dazzling new jewel she wore at her breast. Then he dashed upstairs, shouting, "Give me five minutes!"

She had remained alone, strolling up and down the terrace in the breeze that ruffled the green and blue of the sea and heralded the end of the day. She had yawned and had admitted to herself that she longed for champagne and delicious food and bright lights—and also for new faces. . . .

AS SOON as his wife closed the door of her dressing room, Paul Vasco sat up on the rumpled bed and sighed gently. He was not a cynic and accepted with good grace the luck that came his way. His wife's frivolous energy did not frighten him very much, for there was nothing hectic about it; it was rather a reasoned determination to be happy on the part of a woman who realized what she had missed because her first husband had been old.

He prepared to dress, swearing solemnly to himself that he would not attend the artists' party.

At dinner that evening he asked her cautiously what costume she was planning. Madeleine replied excitedly that the rules of the game forbade them to bring anything at all with them. She thought of using a crocheted bedspread promised by Luc-Albert Moreau and for Paul she had in mind a lampshade tied around his waist, with perhaps the addition of a woven-straw chair cover.

"But we're to go in evening clothes," she added.

He made no objection, but as soon as he was alone he put on a comfortable dressing gown and bedroom slippers, sat down in front of an open fire, which brought the blood to his cheeks, and—to brace himself for the coming shock—began to read the local paper. Presently he fell asleep.

Toward midnight a spangled train glided over the steps of the staircase with the delicate, rustling noise of a snake's scales. Madeleine, preceding this steel-gray, flashing train, entered the room. A red velvet cape, flung back on her shoulders, set off her sleek, imperious, high-held head. She caught sight of her husband asleep in his chair. His head was thrown back, and the light from the open fire caressed his chubby chin and the two surly lines that framed his pouting, childlike mouth. An empty glass beside him showed that he had had his hot milk. The deaf cat slept at his feet on the scattered newspapers.

Madeleine Vasco pressed her bracelets against herself to keep them from tinkling and bent over him. Where had she seen a picture like this before—the dressing gown, the bedroom slippers, the household cat, the empty glass, but above all the sudden sleepiness that betrayed the weakness of a man? The image of the late Monsieur Perrin, her first husband, came between her and Paul Vasco and she stepped back quickly. In a mirror in front of her a tall woman in scarlet and gray, thin because that was the thing to be, erect because she willed it, looked her in the eye and smiled through crimson lips. Madame Vasco took a last look at the sleeper and murmured bluntly: "Just another old man."

With two fingers she picked up the train of her gown and swept out without turning around.

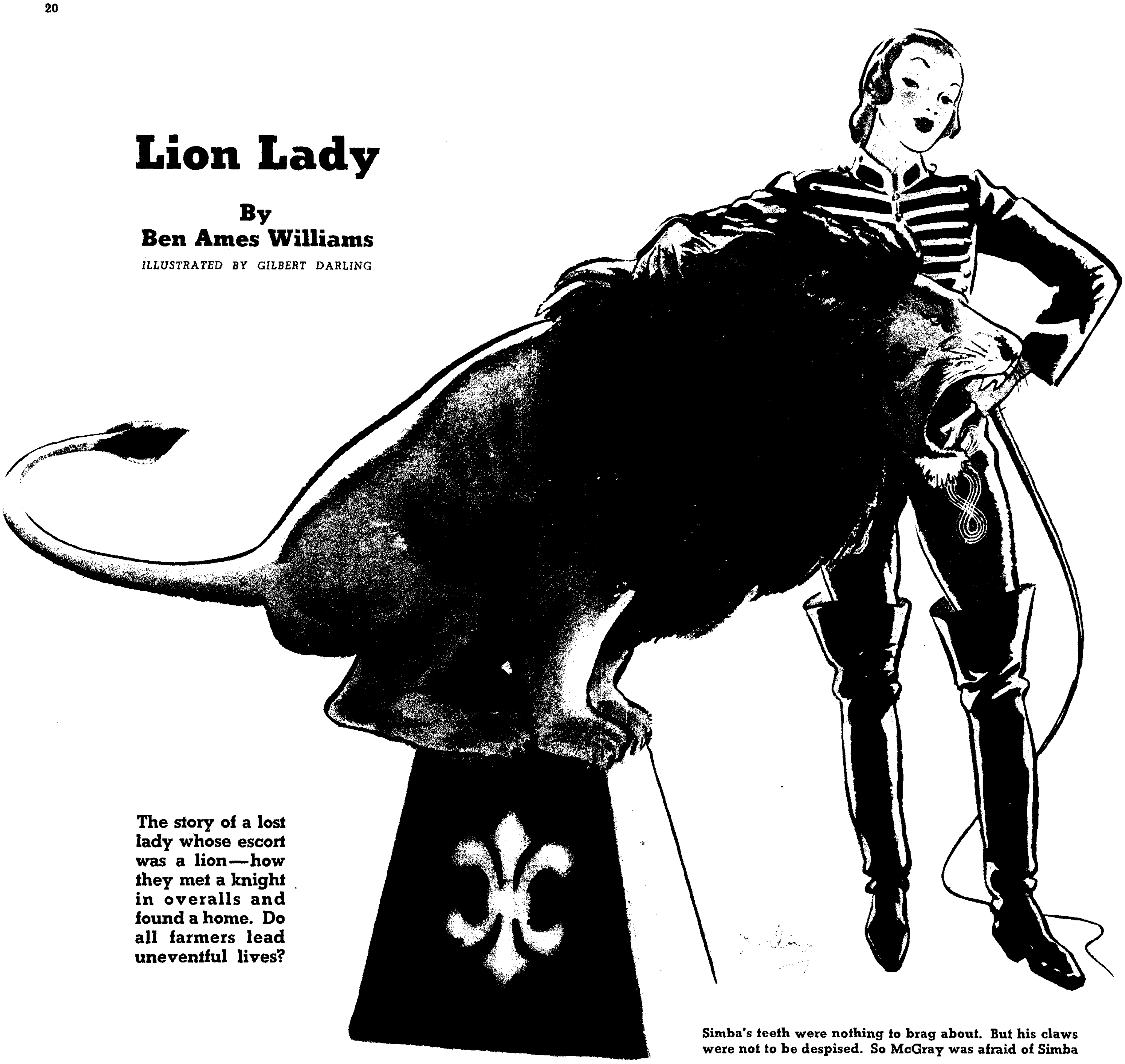
A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Lion Lady

By
Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The story of a lost lady whose escort was a lion—how they met a knight in overalls and found a home. Do all farmers lead uneventful lives?



Simba's teeth were nothing to brag about. But his claws were not to be despised. So McGray was afraid of Simba

BESS MARS drove through Fraternity village just before sunrise. Her car was a decrepit roadster. It towed a trailer, and in a shabby gilt cage on the trailer an ancient lion tried to sleep. The sides of the cage, since the morning was hot, were open so that old Simba was exposed to every eye; but there was no one stirring in the village. The car and trailer rumbled across the bridge and began to climb.

The girl at the wheel was sleepy and tired and hungry and she was afraid. She was not afraid of Simba. She had been on intimate and friendly terms with the old lion since she was a child. No one was afraid of Simba except McGray, the owner of the circus. Mrs. Mars long before she died had trained Simba, when she chirruped in a certain way, to glare at McGray, and crouch, and switch his tail and growl ferociously. McGray knew perfectly well that Simba was as harmless as a big cat weighing three hundred pounds or so can be; and Simba's teeth were nothing to brag about. But his claws were not to be despised, and a lion is, after all, a lion.

So McGray was afraid of Simba; but Bess Mars was afraid of McGray. When Mrs. Mars died, Bess inherited Simba, and her mother's breeches and coats, and nothing else at all. Her mother's costumes were too large for her, but she cut them down as well as she could and took over the act. She intended to stay on with the circus only till she could save enough money to get away, but McGray, even before Mrs. Mars died, had realized appreciatively that Bess was no longer a child, so he took care that she saved nothing. The circus was the only world she knew, so she stayed. She survived the first season, but this year had been harder. McGray put the pressure on. Once or twice, when he was drunk, she slept for safety's sake in the cage with Simba.

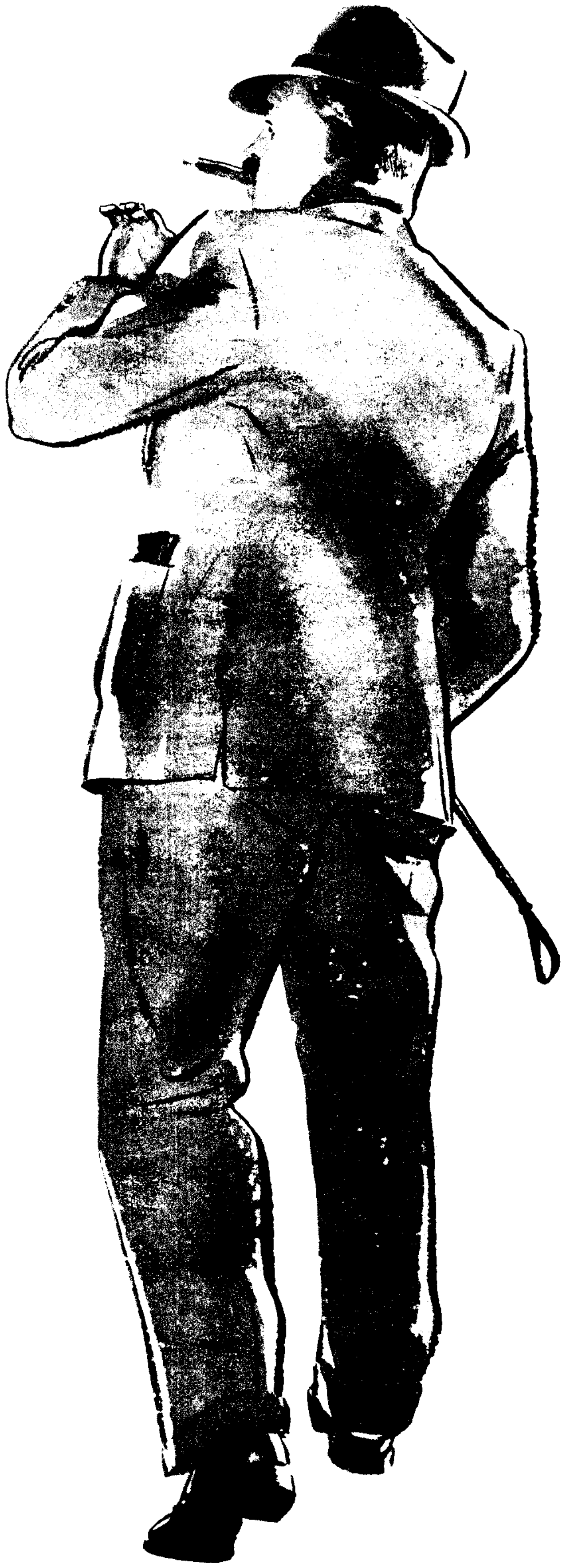
McGray had been drunk last night at Monroe, urging Bess to let someone else drive her car and Simba's trailer to Union in the morning.

"You can ride down with me," he argued. "We'll stop and have breakfast somewhere on the road, the two of us. Some fun, eh?"

Bess did not think it would be fun to breakfast with McGray, but a direct refusal might anger him. So she pretended to agree; but she took advantage of McGray's preoccupation with the business of getting the circus caravan under way to set out alone. McGray was somewhere behind her, would come after her; so at Brooks she took a side road to let him go by.

Waiting for the caravan to pass, she thought drearily: "If I just keep going down this road, he can't ever find me." But that obviously was not true. A girl towing a lion on a trailer is easily traced across a rural countryside.

Also, Bess had only a little more than enough gas to bring her to Union, and she had no money at all, and Simba would have to be fed somehow, and she herself was hungry. She was almost always hungry. So when the last truck passed, she fell hopelessly in behind it and followed on; but she lagged to escape the dust, and when she drove out of Fraternity village and came to a fork in the road, the caravan was far



ahead. She took at random the right-hand way.

She suspected at once that this was a mistake, for the road proved to be bumpy and rutted and increasingly steep. But below her on her left lay the lovely valley. She paid too much attention to that beauty and not enough to the road, and on a curve the trailer lurched into the ditch and jolted hard on a boulder embedded there. Bess was thrown forward against the wheel, her breath driven out of her by the blow. She leaned out and saw what had happened, and she said—having had the advantage of a circus training—what no lady would have said under any circumstances.

Simba whined, uneasy because his cage was tilted so precariously. Bess got out and blocked the wheels with stones, found a stout rail and propped the cage to prevent its overturning, soothed the troubled nerves of the old lion, and then sat down on the stone wall to watch the pleasant coming of the day. McGray would send someone back presently to find her. Meanwhile, there was nothing she could do alone. She lay down on the pasture turf below the wall, her eyes half closed, warm in the morning sun. After a while her eyes closed altogether, and she slept, curled in a ball, her cheek on her hand.

Simba growled and woke her. She sat up and looked around. On the road below the cage, behind it, a car had stopped and a young man in overalls and a blue shirt was getting out. A farmer. She rubbed her eyes and yawned and said: "Hi, Rube!"

"Morning, sister. Trouble?"

She drawled derisively: "No, I just live here."

The farmer grinned. "I was watching the circus go by," he said, and he chuckled. "Say, that was quite a sight! Yes, sir, nothing like it ever drove past my farm before. But I was watching for you and the lion, and when you didn't come, I started out to look for you. I see where you'd turned up this road, see your tracks in a puddle, so I come this way and here you be."

He was so patently pleased with himself that she hated him. "So what?" she demanded.

HE INSPECTED the trailer. "You've broke your ex," he decided. Simba growled a warning at this man so near his cage, and the farmer said calmly to the old lion: "Easy, boy. Nobody's going to hurt you."

She resented the fact that he was not afraid of Simba. She said: "He'll take the arm off you if you get too close."

"Shucks, he's just worried on account of the way his cage is tipped sidewise."

"Wise guy, eh?" She stared at him, eyes narrowing a little in groping recollection. "Didn't I see you catching the act yesterday?"

"Why, yes, sister, I was up to Monroe," the young man assented. "I knew you were going to be in Union today so I told 'em to come this road past my farm. It's the shortest way. But yo're on the wrong road. Guess you'll have to wait till they send help." He asked, a little shyly: "Say, you had breakfast?"

Breakfast? She stood up; and she became conscious of the fact that her suit was badly rumpled, that she had neglected to remove her make-up after the performance, that there was sleep in her eyes. This rube looked as though he had swum in a lake or something. His overalls were clean, and so was his shirt. For him to be so clean when she was so rumpled and begrimed was almost insulting. She said defiantly: "Who wants to know?"

"My house is right down below here," he told her. "I could give you some eggs and toast and coffee. Got some honey, too. Or milk. Or a dish of blueberries."

She wanted those eggs, terribly. And honey. And blueberries. But her mother had warned her that she must never let a man know she wanted anything. She looked at the wrecked trailer. "How about a spare axle?" she asked, deriding him.

He jerked his head to the southward. "They'll be back and take care of that. I thought you might want to eat while yo're waiting."

"I can't leave him," she said, looking at Simba. "He's scared if I leave him alone."

"Bring him along if you've a mind to. I can give him a pan of milk."

"Don't be silly! We can't move the trailer. The axle's broken."

"Guess he'll follow you, won't he?"

SHE looked at this young man in a hot wrath. He was not impressed by her bravery in taming the king of beasts! And she suddenly wished to impress him. She chirruped to Simba in that particular way and the lion roused obediently, crouched, switched his tail and looked for McGray. Not seeing McGray, he did not growl. Nevertheless Bess said: "Look out, he'll jump at you."

"I've got a tow rope in my car," the young farmer suggested. "We can lead him between us." He went to bring the rope. He said, "I guess he wouldn't run away, unless something scared him; and there's nothing to scare him. I haven't got a dog." She was biting her lip with rage. He said: "I'll put a bowline round his neck, so it won't slip and choke him." He spoke to Simba: "Easy, old boy. How'd you like a pan of milk?"

Bess Mars said: "You crazy fool!" But—eggs! Honey! Blueberries! She unlocked the door of the cage and persuaded Simba to come out. She knotted her fingers in his mane, stroking his flank reassuringly.

"Never mind the rope," she decided. "You keep back from him. He's afraid of you."

"Sure," the young man assented. He tossed the rope back in his car. "We'll go down across the pasture," he said. "The cows are still in the barn."

"What about your car? You'll have to leave it."

"It won't run away," he assured her. "Come along."

They descended the open slope, and the sun was golden on them. Bess Mars was little and slender and tired and soiled with dust. Simba beside her moved sedately, muscles sliding under tawny skin. The young man walked six feet away, on the lion's other side.

"What's your name?" she said, after a time.

"Lee Capples."

"Mine's Bess Mars."

"Pleased to meet you." He grinned in a shy way. "I've be'n kind of wanting to make your acquaintance ever since I see you in Fairfield."

"Where's that?"

"Over Skowhegan way. I most generally go to Lakewood every Saturday all summer to the theater; but I see the circus tents, so I stopped in. Stayed for the night show, too." He blushed under his bronze. "You saw me when you came into the cage. You said, 'Hi, Rube,' just the same as you did back up there. And I said, 'Evening, sister!' "

He seemed disappointed that she had forgotten. She laughed in a dry amusement. "My fatal beauty knocked you for a loop right off?"

He shook his head, grinning. "No, sister, I didn't get a good look at you right off. You had your head in this old lion's mouth first time I saw you. And this old lion here was looking down your backbone at me and kind of blinking like he was bored."

Before she could choose a sufficiently crushing rejoinder, they reached the fence at the foot of the pasture.

"Look out for that bob wire," he told her. "Wait a minute till I hold it up so the old boy can slip through."

Between them they eased Simba through the wires, and in his own dooryard a moment later Lee said: "You and him go in the kitchen and make yourselves to home while I turn the cows out. There's a box stall in the barn you can put him in, after they're out."

He opened the kitchen door. Simba was nervous about that door, but Bess reassured him. Lee followed them in. He said: "Guess I'll feed him first, make him feel at home." He went to the buttery and brought a great flat pan of milk set to rise the night before, the cream a tawny blanket across its surface. He put it on the floor.

"Help yourself, old boy," he said to Simba. "Come and get it."

SIMBA growled at him doubtfully. Lee squatted by the cream, speaking in soft persuasions, pushing the pan of milk nearer the lion. Bess watched, incredulous. The old lion left her side and moved cautiously forward; and at first tentatively and then with a sort of gusto began to eat. The sound of his lapping filled the kitchen.

"I'll go turn the cows out," Lee said. "If you want to wash up, here's a clean towel. There's hot water in the tank on the end of the stove and cold water in the bucket in the sink. There's the soap. Sing out when yo're ready. I'll hear you."

He went out through the shed. When he was surely gone, Bess began to cry. She told herself: "Don't be a damned fool!" Here was cold water, hot water, a hand basin half as big as a dishpan, soap. She slipped off her coat. Her waist was all front and no back. She took it off; and after a moment's hesitation she loosened the snaps on her skirt and stepped out of it. Her slip was gray from hurried and inadequate launderings; there was a run in one of her rolled stockings; her shoes were scuffed and broken. She said under her breath wrathfully:

"He's so darned clean!"

Simba finished the milk and licked his chops and prowled around the kitchen hopefully. There was a patent garbage pail with a lid actuated by a pedal under the sink. He liked the smell of it, and whined and looked at her in eloquent appeal. She investigated. There was a T-bone in the garbage pail. The steak must have been an inch and a half thick, and there was plenty of meat still on the tail.

She said resentfully: "This rube lives high!" She tried to remember the last time she had eaten a T-bone steak. She was hungry enough to eat the meat off the tail of this cold bone; and she gave the big bone to Simba with a sense of sacrifice.

She started to ease her slip off her thin shoulders, and then suddenly went to draw the sash curtains across the windows of the kitchen. She had never bothered much about privacy in the circus, but she wanted to be private now. The kettle sang on the stove. She filled the big basin and bathed deliciously, splashing water over the

(Continued on page 38)

Castle Sinister

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

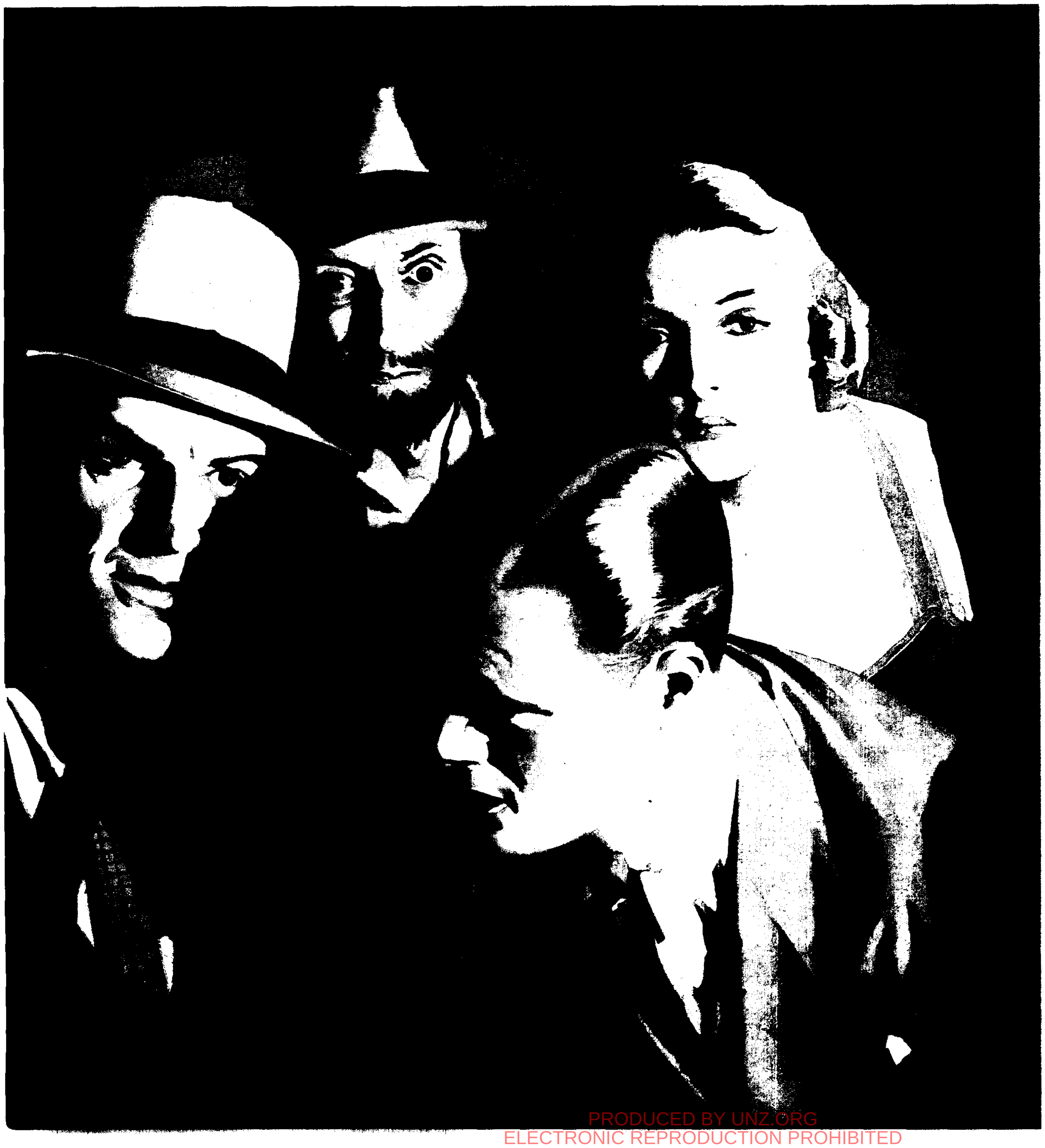
JOHN THORNE, an authority on Americana, is looking for a Federalist dining room—to be installed in a New York museum. He thinks he may find the room he wants in Lord Robert Budge's "palace," a Federalist-style structure, built in the 1790's on lonely Smith Island, near the Cape Cod village of Southdown. He goes to Southdown, takes a room at an inn.

Finding his way to the old house, he is amazed when a girl, obviously terrified, meets him at the door, informs him that she has just bought the place, orders him to go away at once! Further surprises await him. Accompanied by a number of gunmen, one Tom Gaffney (a notorious figure in the underworld) arrives, covers Thorne with an automatic, tells him that he is a prisoner. A few moments later, one of Gaffney's men—"Dutchy" Ziegler—is killed in a gun battle near the house.

The unexpected arrival of a G-man—the mysterious "Mr. Jacks"—who arrests Gaffney, enables Thorne to make his escape. He is accompanied by the girl, Doris Brooke, who explains her presence by saying that, greatly indebted to Gaffney because of a favor he had once done her, she had yielded to his plea that she buy the house (with his money) and move into it. Professing to know nothing of what is transpiring, she agrees with Thorne that they must leave the island. Then "Bugs" Tonelli—a criminal who is wanted on many charges—arrives, captures them. And presently they learn that they are in a serious predicament:

Tonelli and Gaffney are both looking for a suitcase, containing $350,000, which "Dutchy" Ziegler had hidden in the cellar of Lord Robert Budge's house. The money, once intended for a liquor-running job, belongs to Gaffney. But Tonelli has decided to steal it, *if he can find it.* Now that Ziegler is dead, however, only one man is in a position to find it, for the cellar has, seemingly, been altered. The one person who may, possibly, find it is Thorne; for he has sketches and plans covering the entire house.

Covering Thorne and the girl with an automatic, Tonelli forces them to accompany him to the "palace." By resorting to a clever stratagem, he gets rid of the G-man. He succeeds in disarming Gaffney—by threatening to shoot Doris Brooke, if Gaffney does not throw his guns away. After which, Thorne promises to show Tonelli the old cellar (reached by a secret entrance), *if he will let the girl go.* Tonelli refuses and makes Thorne lead the way to the cellar entrance; Doris, Gaffney and Tonelli follow. Arrived—"Take that lantern, Gaffney," Tonelli orders, "and walk down. You go behind him, Thorne. Clean up quick!"



"Cut out your shoving," said Tonelli. "Is there anything there, or ain't there?"

Conclusion

THE cellar stairs creaked noisily. The yellow glow of Mr. Gaffney's lantern made a soft circle in the cool, damp gloom, showing walls of rough-hewn field stone and a brick arch supporting a great chimney.

"Now," said Tonelli, "get your book and look and see where that tunnel ran."

John Thorne drew out his notebook while Mr. Gaffney held the lantern. The cellar was a huge one, running under the entire structure of Lord Robert Budge's palace. There were five arches holding up chimneys, and granite pillars were supporting the floors. There was a ghostly smell of liquor in the cellar, telling as plainly as writing that cases had been stored there off the boats. There was room there for thousands of cases.

"Get going," said Tonelli, "get going!"

"Mr. Gaffney had better take the sledge," John Thorne said, "and I'll take the lantern. That is, if you don't mind, Launcelot."

There is a time when dread leaves every situation, and it had left it for John Thorne quite a while ago.

"Cracking wise, ain't you?" Tonelli's voice came to him raspingly through the darkness. "I ain't forgetting one of your cracks, smarty. Take the lantern and give Gaffney the hammer and shut your yap."

John Thorne took the lantern and walked forward slowly. In spite of himself he was interested. He moved the lantern so that he could see the walls. The brick and the stonework were excellent, almost as good as new; it was a fine, dry cellar with heavy hand-hewn oak sills, and the beams above his head showed very little trace of rotting. There was no real need to consult his notebook, because his memory was sufficiently accurate to have placed the salient features of the cellar in his mind. It was narrow under the kitchen wing but at the end of six paces it opened out. The chimney arches and the construction above him indicated the particular room under which he was walking. He was moving beneath the dining room toward the front of the house with Mr. Gaffney and Tonelli and Doris Brooke walking gloomily behind.

HE TURNED to the left when he passed the dining room and walked under the front hall. He knew that he had an opportunity to take his time and that Tonelli would not disturb him. He wanted to see why Lord Budge's study was three feet short. He learned when he saw the base of the chimney. The other chimneys stood on arches, but the base of the chimney beneath Lord Budge's study was a mass of solid brick, an unnecessary waste of good material. He raised his lantern and examined the mortar in the courses.

"Hey," Tonelli's voice came behind him, "quit stalling, Thorne. That's a chimney. You said the tunnel was in the wall."

"I want to get my bearings," John Thorne said. He hoped that his voice was casual enough not to betray excitement, because he had seen exactly what he wished to see. There was a rectangle of bricks at the chimney base that were different from the rest. The courses had been laid more roughly and the mortar was different. There had been a small door in the base of that chimney once, which had been bricked up. It was too large for a cleanout for ashes, even if anyone had thought of such a system in that period. That bricked-in door could have served only one purpose, an exit from Lord Robert Budge's study. He was aware as he was looking of a strong, dank odor near the chimney, and then there was a series of squeaks and a rustle of wings.

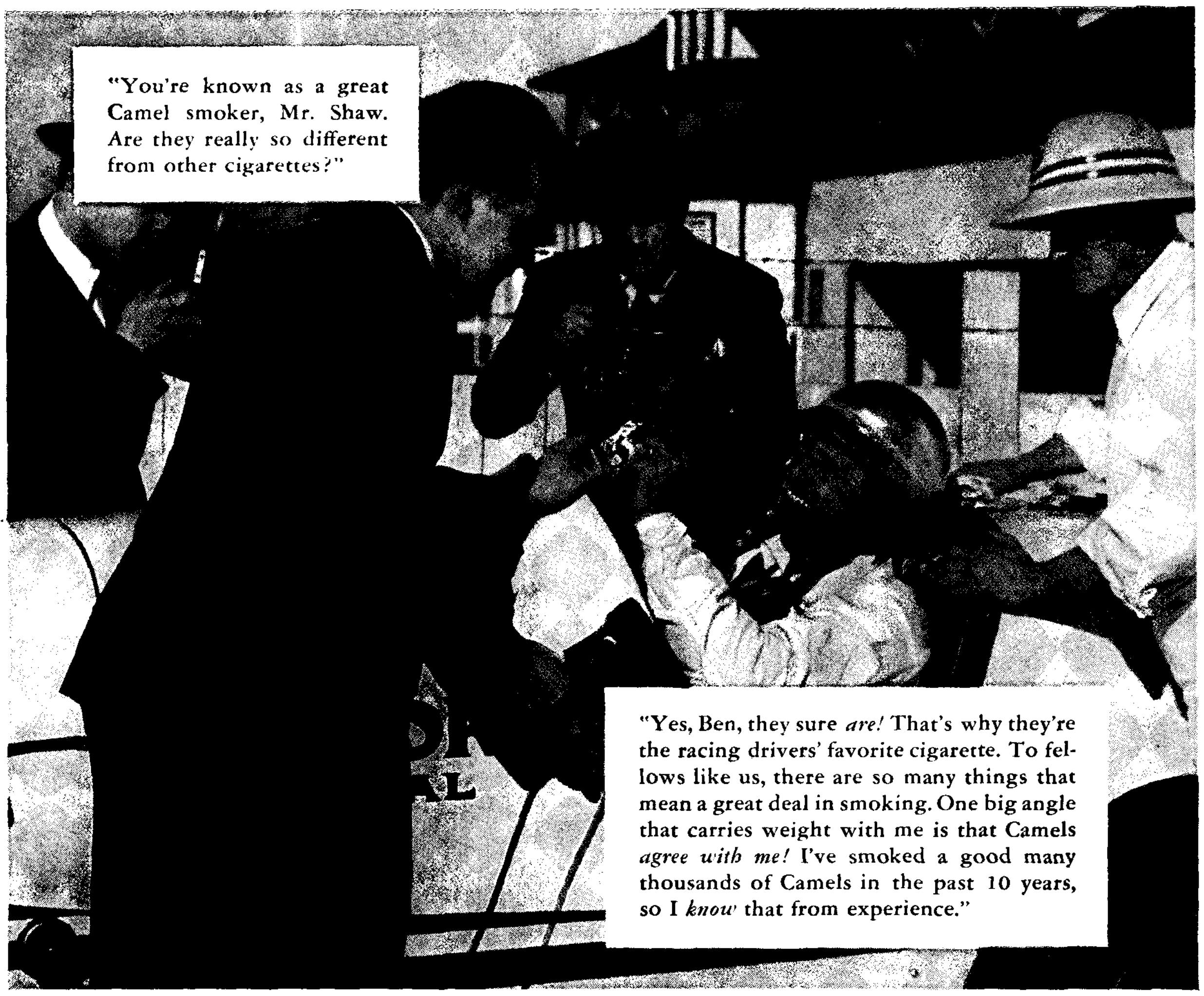
(Continued on page 67)

"I'll tell you the difference I have found in cigarettes!"

SAYS

WILBUR SHAW

record-smashing auto driver to BEN E. WILBUR, *radio announcer*



"You're known as a great Camel smoker, Mr. Shaw. Are they really so different from other cigarettes?"

"Yes, Ben, they sure *are!* That's why they're the racing drivers' favorite cigarette. To fellows like us, there are so many things that mean a great deal in smoking. One big angle that carries weight with me is that Camels *agree with me!* I've smoked a good many thousands of Camels in the past 10 years, so I *know* that from experience."

"ON THE AIR" after his victory in the 500-mile Indianapolis race, Wilbur Shaw said: "This is the happiest day of my life—outside my wedding day." Then reached for a Camel. "I like a Camel first thing after a race," he says, pointing out another difference he finds between Camels and other cigarettes. "Yes, sir, I get a grand 'lift' with a Camel, just when I need it."

"Camel is the cigarette that *agrees* with me—the cigarette that lets me enjoy smoking to the full!"

MEMORIAL DAY is when Shaw races. Most of the rest of the year, you'll find him "noodling" out a tough problem in automotive design. He gets in a good bit of Camel smoking, doing it. "Camel's the mild cigarette," he says, "extra gentle to my throat."

SHAW AND COTTON HENNING, famous racing car builder, agree on how important healthy nerves are. And Shaw says: "I'd hate to think what might happen if my nerves weren't O. K. The fact that Camels don't get on my nerves scores a big hit with me."

"IT'S YOUR MOVE, Cathleen," says Wilbur to Mrs. Shaw, his checkers partner. His own move is to light up a Camel—"for digestion's sake." "You know, a meal doesn't seem complete to me," he adds, "without a few Camels to help my digestion along."

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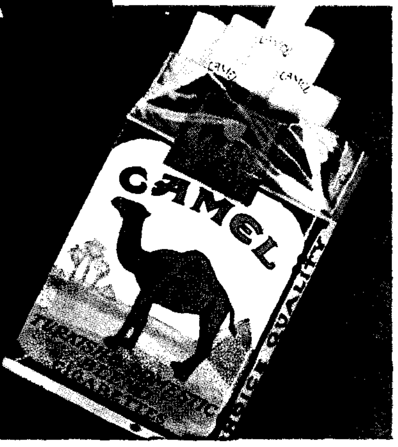
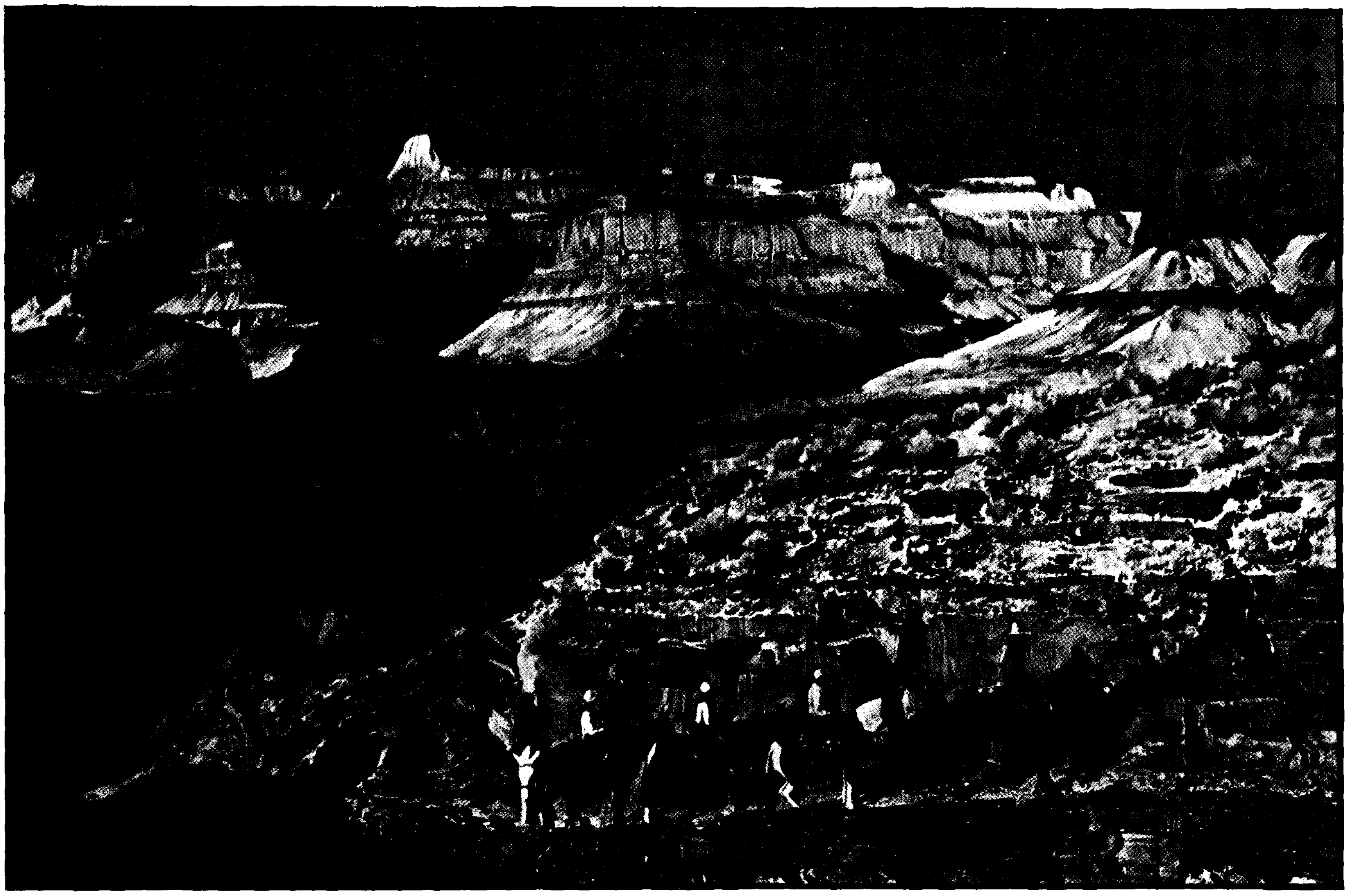
Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic.



ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER → "Camels agree with me"



GRAND CANYON FROM THE SOUTH RIM

PAINTED BY OUR PARTNER..MOTHER NATURE

Perhaps we do Mother Nature an injustice when we say she is our partner. It is nearer the truth to say she is the head of the firm.

Nature, you see, actually makes BUDWEISER . . . every golden drop of it. She is the one who produces the exquisite barley, pearly rice and aromatic hops for which we pay the farmer premium prices. She is the expert that sprouts the barley, seasons the malt and mellows the brew with slow fermentation and thorough aging.

All we can do is create conditions under which Nature works best. We give to our silent partner every facility and all of the skill that the rich experience of three generations can provide—and she gives you BUDWEISER.

* * * *

Mother Nature works her wonders leisurely. Why not follow her example and, as we journey through life, take time to live by the way? Into this scheme for good living BUDWEISER *fits superbly, because it inspires good fellowship and kindly thoughts.*

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The Place of Bulls

Continued from page 11

said, disregarding my attempt to be light. "Have I ever been this way before?"

"I don't know what you mean," I said, stalling for time.

"No one has ever been able to upset me like this."

"You've concealed it pretty well until now. What's so tragic about it? Does she love you?"

"She says she's never loved anyone, so that she doesn't know whether she loves me or not. She admires Garcia."

"That business of not knowing whether she loves you or not—or saying it—is kind of a kid's trick," I said.

He did not answer and I thought I had angered him. "What does she see in someone like Garcia?" he said after a moment.

"I WON'T argue it with you now," I said, "although as a matter of fact he's of good family and born in Spain. Lynn just has the tendency of the young of either sex to hero worship. Which is something quite different from what she may feel for you or whomever she eventually marries."

"I don't like it," he said indistinctly.

"Don't lose any sleep over it. She's young and neither you nor anyone else is going to hurry her."

He moved away uncertainly, saying indistinctly, as though to himself: "I wouldn't care if it wasn't such a faked, trumped-up game he was good at."

The next day he borrowed my car and we didn't see him until three days later, but we did hear from some Americans who came to dinner that they had seen him at a rodeo in Acuitlapan, a village to the south, where he had gone into the improvised ring with the natives and helped fight a half-breed bull. He had done some good amateur cape work with a borrowed scarf.

We kidded him about it when he returned and he said: "It was a snap. I think I'll stay down here. I ought to be a full matador in two months at the most." He was laughing a little, but I had known him so long I could almost believe he was serious.

We left for the north a few days later. Lynn and her father came with us. We planned to see Garcia fight in Monterrey, then go on to San Antonio; from there Lynn would take a train for school and her father would fly back while we drove on to New York.

We got to Monterrey on Sunday just in time for the fight. The crowd was like the crowd outside a ball park in the States, with the sun strong and white and most of the crowd in shirt sleeves.

There were big posters near by of oil paintings of fighting bulls; and the throwaways had Garcia's picture on them and said that Luis Garcia y Carbajal, *el Maestro del Muleta*, and Antonio Gomez, *el Indian*, would fight that day, *mano y mano*—meaning competing against each other in the excellence of their work—against six selected bulls.

We were in the front seats, with only the runway between us and the *barrera* enclosing the ring. The band struck up a march and the crowd began to yell and the *cuadrilla* came marching out from shadow into sunlight, the light catching the metal braid on the suits of the fighters, they with their right arms swinging free, their left arms caught in the formal capes, their heads up, and following them the *banderilleros* and mounted *picadors*.

The rest of the *cuadrilla* scattered and Garcia and *el Indian* made the circuit of the ring, bowing and smiling while the crowd's roaring followed them around.

"You'd think they were getting ready to do something," Pete said, but no one answered him. Before us, Garcia paused and, hanging his formal cape over the *barrera*, made the formal dedication of the first bull to the president of the fight; then, looking at Lynn, dedicated it personally to her and tossed his small, black tricorn hat up to her. "Tonight," Garcia said, "we will walk in the square as is the custom of the young people here on Sunday." He seemed to include us all.

He moved farther along the *barrera*, to where the carefully folded cerise and yellow fighting capes hung over it, and near them, the sword case. Fighting the first bull meant that if things went well he would also fight the third and fifth, while the Indian would fight the second, fourth and sixth. As Garcia took a fighting cape and shook its folds out, then swung it once in a practice pass, we saw that his face had become quite grave.

THEN there was a roar and we saw the first bull charging out of a runway to the left, across the ring. Garcia walked toward the bull and the bull charged and Garcia passed him easily and gracefully with the cape. It was a big, black bull, fast and quick on its feet, and it turned and recharged as Garcia dropped to his knees and took the charge that way, his back to the *barrera* with the bull charging the cerise side of the cape, passing close to Garcia, and the crowd already roaring at the good cape work.

"Son," John Hawthorne kept saying, "you're seeing something."

Garcia went on, sculpturing with the cape so that, as he pivoted with the passing of the bull, the cape swirled up and out from him like the skirt of a ballerina and wrapped itself around his waist as he completed the pass. Then the horses came out with their padded armor and one horse was knocked over and the picador fell with one leg caught in the stirrup and the bull would have had him if Garcia had not come in and made the *quite* with the cape.

The bugles sounded for the fight to go into its second third, the placing of the *banderillas* by the *banderilleros*. "So far," Peter said, "it's like Carmen, but I like the ballet in Carmen better than Garcia's dancing."

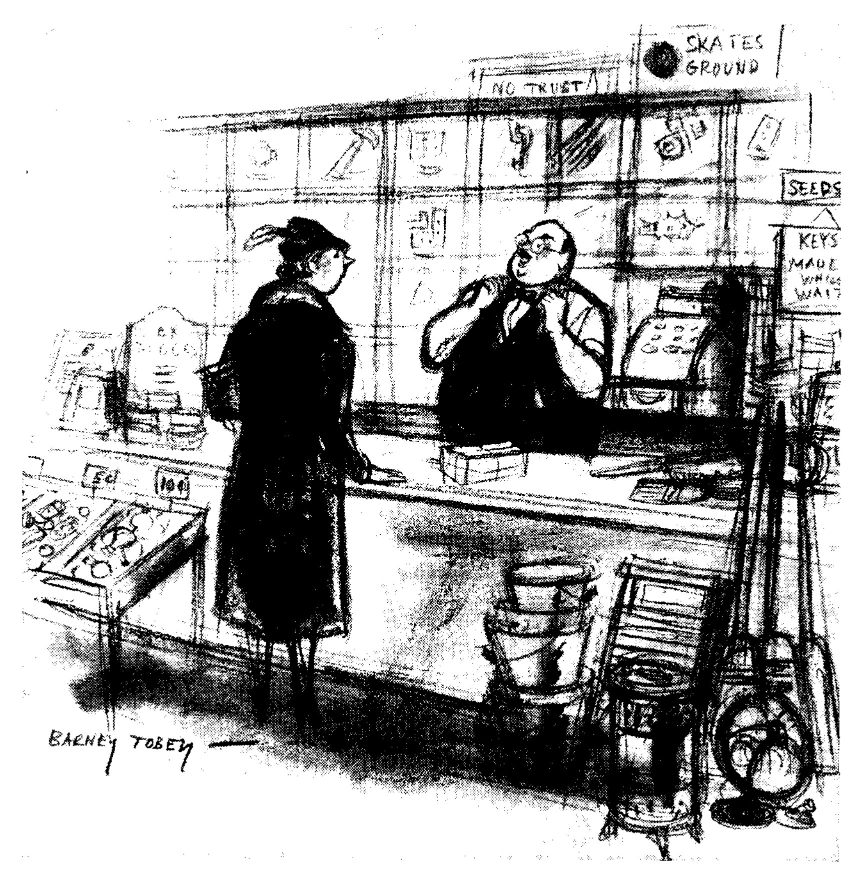
"Now, Peter," Lynn said and put her hand on his arm but continued to watch the ring.

"Why don't you stop?" I said to him. "I suppose everyone here but you is being kidded?"

I didn't hear his answer if he made one, for the crowd was yelling again when it saw that Garcia was going to place the *banderillas* himself. He walked out, faced the bull and spoke to it, and the bull charged while Garcia waited, straight and slender, his arms high, his belly sucked in. Then the arms dropped, Garcia slipping to the right after feinting the bull into hooking toward the left, and the bull came snorting past him, the two sticks now dangling from the hump.

GARCIA did it again, nearer to us, and afterward turned to look at us. We were clapping with the others, but Garcia's face changed, darkening, and I saw that Pete was laughing as at something ridiculously funny. Garcia broke the next pair of *banderillas*, so that instead of being over two feet long, they were only six or eight inches long. He wrapped paper around the broken ends to protect his hands, and again cited the bull. He went across the bull's charge this time, running, placing the short sticks firmly, near the others.

Now he broke a fourth pair off short, talking to his men so that they placed the bull, with their capes, facing the *barrera* at an angle just a couple of yards from it. Then Garcia turned his back to the *barrera*, crouching so that his heels were caught in the vaulting step low on the *barrera*, and facing the bull. It was an almost impossible position and the crowd, seeing the danger, rose to



". . . and then I gave the President a ten-point program for recovery . . ."

BARNEY TOBEY

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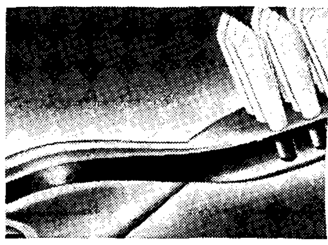
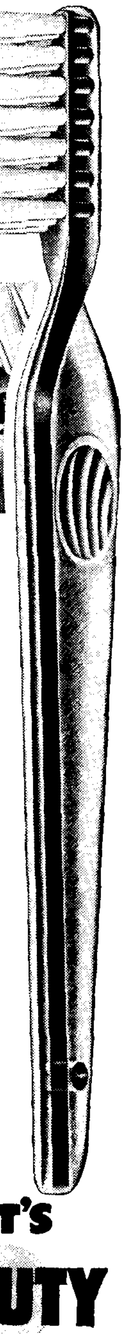
it's a better brush
Thanks to the Twist!"

"THIS new *Double Duty* tooth brush is a wonder! I'll certainly take my hat off to it for efficiency. The grip is perfect. The 'twist' makes it so easy to bring the quality bristles into contact with even the hidden, hard-to-reach crevices. My dentist told me to get the *Double Duty* and when I say it's the greatest tooth brush I've ever used—I don't mean maybe!"

It's the "twist" that makes the Double Duty *so easy to use. You just* naturally *grip the brush for the "rotary motion" most dentists approve for more thorough cleaning and effective massage. The massage is almost automatic as you* clean *your teeth.*





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It's stuffy in here tonight
Don Herold Says-

Don't think winter ends perspiration aura

One man said to me: "Sure, I'm going to use Mum next summer. I don't perspire in winter."

"You wonder man!" I scoffed.

"Well, do I?"

"Of course you do," I answered. "If there were such a thing as a perspirometer, you'd see that steam-heat and heavy winter clothes make you perspire heavily at the hinges—I mean where your arms join your body—up there where you have a coat, a shirt and an undershirt all keeping your underarms hot."

"Well, maybe I do."

"And warmed, closed rooms make perspiration aura even more noticeable to your friends (or ex-friends) in winter than in summer."

"Thanks," he said, "I hate you for convincing me, but I'm convinced."

I saw him heading for a drug store.

He will join the hundreds of thousands of men who make a fine daily WINTER habit of using Mum—two dabs underarm every a.m. to cinch the cleansing effect of their daily bath—and maybe two more before evenings out. (Many also use touches to the feet to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.)

Mum is a pleasant, inviting cream which definitely kills and prevents perspiration odor without interfering with perspiration itself.

Be a skeptic. Try it free

I'm talking mostly to men, and I know men are slow to accept things they haven't tried. All right, be cagey. Before you buy, write your name on the margin of this page and send for a free sample to Bristol-Myers, Dept. M-38, 630-A Fifth Ave., New York City.

MUM
MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

its feet, screaming, "No! No!"—liking Garcia so much they did not want him to work in such dangerous terrain. He spread his arms in a silencing gesture and in the brief quiet that came before the screaming rose again, we heard him cite the bull to charge.

"*Toro! Toro!*" he said, and the bull charged and Garcia straightened, his heels on the vaulting step raising him high, his arms dropped and the *banderillas* were in the hump, while where Garcia had been, the bull savagely hooked one horn into the wood of the *barrera*.

The roaring did not stop. Later I would be sorry for the bull when it was killed, but now the emotion inspired in me by Garcia's work, daring, precise and beautiful, choked in my throat and I wanted to shout with the others but couldn't, while hats, money, flowers and pocketbooks came out of the stands, lying like confetti in the ring. And near the middle of the ring, Luis Garcia stood, his arms raised a little, turning slowly, acknowledging the crowd's tribute, while the bull, now tired, charged sullenly at the *banderilleros*' capes.

Pete was standing like everyone else but was quiet. Lynn was saying: "Isn't it wonderful? Did you ever see anything like it?"

"I've seen better acrobats in vaudeville," Pete said.

"Then why are you standing?" she said.

After the placing of that last pair of sticks, the killing was anticlimax for those who did not know the fine points of the bullfight. Garcia passed the bull so close to him with the *muleta,* the red cloth that is smaller than the cape, that once as he pivoted there was a dark smear of the bull's blood on the suit Garcia wore.

HE KILLED the bull well and cleanly, going in over the horns of the tired but cautious and doubly dangerous animal. The bull swayed and its forelegs crumpled and the yelling rose again for the close work Garcia had done. They gave him the ear and he tossed it up to Lynn when she returned the tricorn to him. Pete was silent again.

El Indian began to work on the second bull. Less graceful than Garcia, flat-faced and older, he did not fight as well as Garcia but was even more daring. Once he fixed the bull with the *muleta,* then, slowly approaching the animal, touched its head with his own. It was not part of the prescribed formal fight, but the crowd liked it.

"They've got the bulls hypnotized or drugged," Pete said, but we had stopped answering him.

The third bull was a big, golden-brown one that sent the *banderilleros* scattering behind the *barrera*. Garcia did most of his preliminary cape work on his knees and the crowd kept roaring steadily for what he had done and what he was doing. Then he rose and, spreading the cape behind him as though it were wings, he began to present first one wing to the bull, then the other, drawing a short charge each time and working the bull across the ring. It was the pass of the *mariposa,* or butterfly, and the crowd was standing again. I felt a hand on my shoulder and I turned as Pete vaulted down into the runway. He took a fighting cape hanging over the *barrera* and slipped into the ring.

Drunks sometimes did this if the police didn't get them first, and part of the crowd began to laugh and part to shout angrily. No attendants were near and the only policeman in the runway was on the other side of the ring.

"You fool!" I yelled and there were the voices of women, lost in a sudden, uniting roar as the bull, seeing the unfamiliar and awkward figure, charged Pete. And Pete, awkwardly and bravely, passed the bull with the cape. The crowd was less angry, some even shouting approval, and I could hear: "*nortamericano . . . loco.*" Police were climbing into the runway and *banderilleros* were flapping capes to try to distract the bull, but the bull turned and recharged and Pete passed it a second time, his feet spread awkwardly but with the cape bravely offered. The bull went under it and closer to Pete than was good to watch.

"Get him out of there," Lynn was saying. "Please, someone get him out of there."

THE crowd was noisy, half in approval, half in anger at Pete's spoiling Garcia's work, and Garcia was shouting directions to two of his *banderilleros,* trying to get close enough to Pete to grab him. Then the bull charged Pete a third time and I was thinking what a brave, crazy fool he was and somehow not thinking of how it might end, when, watching the place where the bull would come from under the cape, I could see the bull, but only one horn.

The bull tossed Pete and he came down twisting onto the ground while the sick gasp of the crowd changed to women screaming, and with the edge of my eyes I saw Lynn crumple across the seat. As the bull tried to gore Pete again, Garcia came in and made the *quite,* offering the bull the cape and his own body and taking the bull away from Pete on the ground. Then they were carrying Pete out of the ring and I was climbing into the runway, sick and almost blind and hearing nothing although people spoke to me.

In the infirmary under the stands he could still whisper. The horn had gone through his chest and lung near the heart, but his eyes recognized me. A doctor said in labored English: "You know heem?"

"He is my cousin."

"I am sorry but we can do nothing. *Nada.* It is too big."

Pete's mouth was moving and I bent to it. "There's not much to it," he said. "A little practice. These fakers . . . kidding themselves . . . comic-opera country."

I straightened up. Then his lips moved again, a little, red froth near them. "What's the . . . matter?" he said. "Sun . . . get . . . your eyes?"

Then his own eyes closed and he was dead.

We did not walk in the square in Monterrey that night. The Hawthornes went on to San Antonio in a hired car. Lynn was close to hysteria and John Hawthorne thought it better to get her away from Monterrey. I sent the necessary wires after trying to get Pete's folks on the phone. Then, suddenly, as though waking from a dream, I discovered myself quite alone in the lobby of the Colonial Hotel. There had been too many things to do to think, and now that everything was done I did not want to think. I saw Luis Garcia coming across the lobby toward me, looking almost but not quite like a young Latin-American businessman. It seemed to me that I should dislike him but I could find no logic in the thought.

"It is useless to tell you how sorry I am," he said.

"It could not have been avoided," I said, speaking slowly and somewhat formally as one does to an intelligent foreigner who knows your language fairly well. "It was of his nature."

"He was very jealous."

"That was part of it," I said.

"Which was foolish," Garcia went on. "Lynn does not love me. She has never even kissed me." He moved one arm slightly. "I am simply—what is it?—a celebrity. Like all young women, she likes to know such people, even though she may not be in any way intimate with them."

"That was part of it," I said again.

HIS face became uncertain. "I do not quite understand."

"The fault is mine that you do not," I said. "He was very lonely for a young man. He had many doubts."

"Perhaps they are gone now," he said. I shrugged. "Commend me to Lynn when you see her. In San Antonio or at school."

"When I see her," I said.

"It must be very trying for you," he said. "I hope I have not annoyed you in any way."

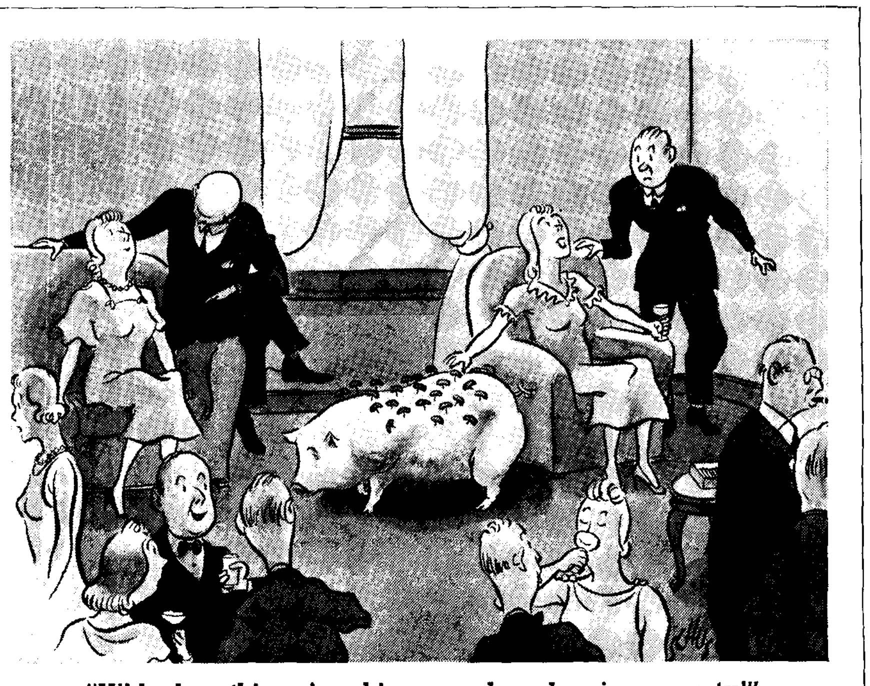
"In no way. We of the north do not know death so intimately as you do. It upsets us badly."

He flushed and was, I think, pleased. "When you return again I hope we shall meet."

"I hope so."

"I shall pray for him in the bull-ring chapel before every fight," he said.

I bowed but could not speak and he went away. I felt tired. "When I see Lynn." I repeated my own words aimlessly. I did not want to see her then. That feeling would pass, I knew. I would see her again but not very soon. What had happened was no fault of hers or of Luis Garcia's, but I did not want to see either of them for a while.



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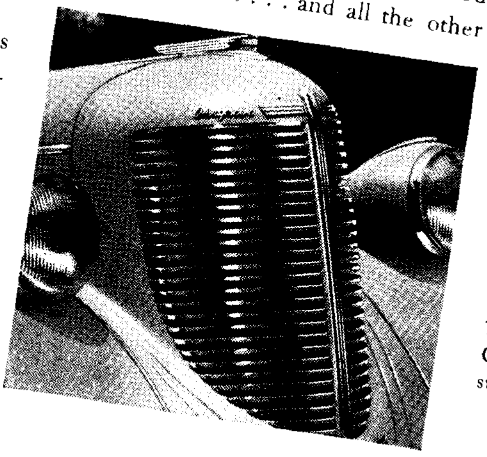

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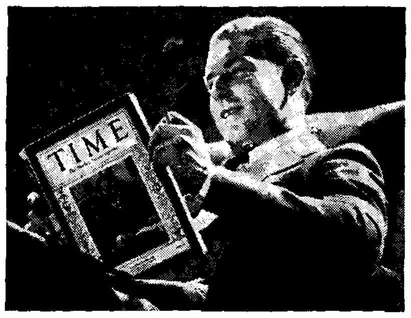

● Find out . . . find out

To take one recent example: When the American Booksellers Association presented their annual 200 books to the White House, the newspapers posted the list; but TIME, not satisfied, wired 86 words of questions to its Washington office.

And learned, among other things, these interesting details: "White House bookshelves are glass-fronted, will eventually hold 2,000 volumes . . . the President won't discuss what he reads lest publishers make capital of it . . . his favorite subjects are the sea, the Navy, Andrew Jackson . . . his taste in fiction inclines him to Bret Harte and Dickens, whose first editions he collects."

Thus TIME searches out the extra facts that make even the smallest news story interesting, perhaps important. It has hundreds of special correspondents ready for action at the drop of a telegram to ferret out the vital facts the newspapers had missed—to fill in the chinks in the 2,000,000 words of A. P. and U. P. news that flood TIME's offices by teletype each week.

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The Bell from China

Continued from page 16

accurate, perhaps—but you will admit, Mr. Lee, that most of our local Chinese scholars are a bit vague with English."

"I understand. Sometimes it's difficult to express the essence of the Chinese mind in other languages."

"Exactly! . . . When do you think you can look at the bell? Work on the inscription, I mean?"

"This evening is free."

"Perfect! Will you come down to the League—or may I bring the bell to your house?"

"My apartment is more convenient," James Lee said. "The bell probably weighs less than some of the reference books I'll use. Shall we say eight o'clock?"

"Good. I'll go down now and get the bell before the janitors lock up."

"Here is my address," James Lee said.

After Arnold Fisher had left, James Lee resumed his interrupted conversation with Fang Man. "I will not waste our time," he said in Cantonese, "by offering you the lead of advice. I suggest that you spend the gold of clear-seeing to purchase right conduct. Feet leaving Middle Pathway walk to gates of prison."

"Eyes of lion not seeing now?"

"Seeing well enough. Not blind when looking at your seven partners in Shanghai. One word to wise man better than ten thousand to fool. Word is—stop!"

Fang Man hesitated for three seconds. Blandly then, "Who am I to question the will of heaven?"

Within six hours a cablegram in code halted a shipment of opium whose sale in the United States would have meant two hundred thousand dollars for the Gold Tiger crew. Before the message reached Shanghai, James Lee was busy in his library with the difficult inscription on the bell of the Chou Dynasty that Arnold Fisher had brought in from the Art League collection.

"This is a tough one," James Lee said, after a preliminary inspection.

"I'm afraid I've imposed on you with a bigger job than you anticipated."

"Not at all," James Lee protested; "I enjoy it—only it really will take considerable time. Where, by the way, did you get it?"

"Fang Man imported it. Boad Hagardt presented it to the Art League. Do you know him?"

"I don't know him," James Lee said. "Let's see if we can find a date here."

"It's all a puzzle to me."

"No doubt. Here's something that may help us. Roughly 'Emperor nine moon ten seven year.' What emperor? This symbol can mean jade or king or great . . . four hands united . . . Kung! I've got it! The emperor is Kung Wang! Now if the text describes some of *his* activities the piece can be an important find, historically. Terribly valuable!"

"It cost enough," Fisher observed.

JAMES LEE frowned. "I wasn't thinking of its value in cash. What did Fang Man get for it?"

"Hagardt paid him two thousand."

"Mr. Hagardt is a handy man for the Art League to have around. Hang onto him."

"No fear. He's doing the hanging on. Wants to be just one of us humble seekers after beauty."

"Beauties, maybe? There are some lovely ladies in the art classes."

"He's all set that way. His wife is a knockout. Russian girl about half his age—with absolutely everything."

"I'll have this bell job worked out in a week or so." James Lee smiled. "It will be safe here."

Arnold Fisher blinked. "Oh, yes—the bell. Take all the time you want, Mr. Lee. By the way—of course you're coming to the Four Arts affair next month? Mrs. Hagardt is to be the Chinese empress. It's Chinese this year, you know."

"Very happy to come. Your Javanese pageant last year was very colorful."

"This Chinese affair will be ten times as beautiful. I'll see that the committee reserves a box for you and your guests. And will you let me know when you get the bell puzzle solved?"

"Surely. I'll telephone. If I find anything really startling you'll get a progress report from me. Do we wear costume—in the boxes?"

"Yes. You'll see some pearls in the show. Costumes and acts and chorus groups solid with pearls."

"Nothing more spectacular—if it is properly lighted. Your idea?"

"Boad Hagardt sold me the pearl idea."

AT THE doorway of James Lee's apartment Arnold Fisher halted for a moment. "If that bell really does turn out to be an exceptional piece," he said, "maybe it would be a good idea not to let Fang Man know too much about it. He's an avaricious bird. He soaked Hagardt the full retail rate on a wholesale lot of pearl-embroidered costumes for the royal attendants in spite of his protested friendship."

"Why didn't you side-step and try the next bazaar?"

"Hagardt was the fall guy—sort of running that part of the show because Vera—Mrs. Hagardt—is the splendiferous empress. He's buying the costumes for the big act."

"I see. Who is playing the emperor's part?"

"I am."

James Lee bowed low to his departing guest. "Your most humble subject wishes you ten thousand years of felicity. See you soon again."

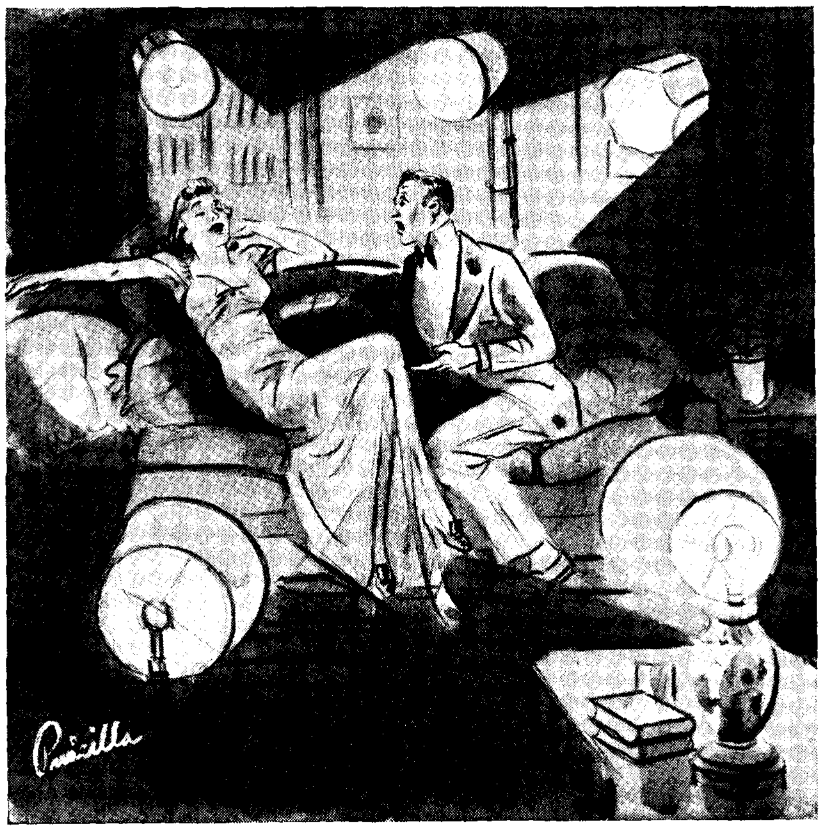
Returning to his problem of the inscription on the bell, James Lee was vaguely annoyed with some undefined element of the puzzle. Through long experience he had learned to discard wishful thinking in these matters and to trust his instinct rather than superficial evidence. Half consciously, absorbed in eager anticipation of what the cryptic text might reveal, "ninth moon, seventeenth year of the Emperor Kung Wang," he repeated.

Presently, basing his preliminary opinion on several intelligible phrases, "This is a proclamation of sovereignty over a new and vast domain," he decided. "Black night forests of five-needle pines in the north to almond-blooming third moon kingdom South," he quoted. Suddenly, "Almonds!" he exclaimed. Then, in the Occidental vernacular, "Nuts!" He reached out for a dictionary on the table to his right. After a moment, "Phonetically exact transcription of the Persian term," he decided. "Chinese 'Bwa-dam,' Middle Persian 'vadam,' Persian 'badam'—meaning nuts to you, Mr. Fisher, and Mr. Boad Hagardt, and Mr. Fang Man!"

After a moment he laid the heavy bronze bell on its side. He walked into his laboratory, which adjoined his library, and returned with a hand drill. From a bright spot on the lip of the bell where the patina had been abraded he drilled a thin spiral of bronze. "Two strikes so far. Let's see what an assay for zinc and lead will show."

The careless manner in which he swung the heavy bell from the library table to the floor was in marked contrast to the careful handling that he had given it up to that moment. He summoned his houseboy. "Lock this away in the big vault with the other junk," he directed. Then, remembering an earlier thrill that the bell had inspired, "Handle it with care," he said. "It's a good piece of work—of its kind."

The Art League ball hit a new high for beauty and color long before the formal pageantry of the court scenes of the Manchu rulers replaced the throng of



"Can't you forget your career for one minute?" LOUIS PRISCILLA

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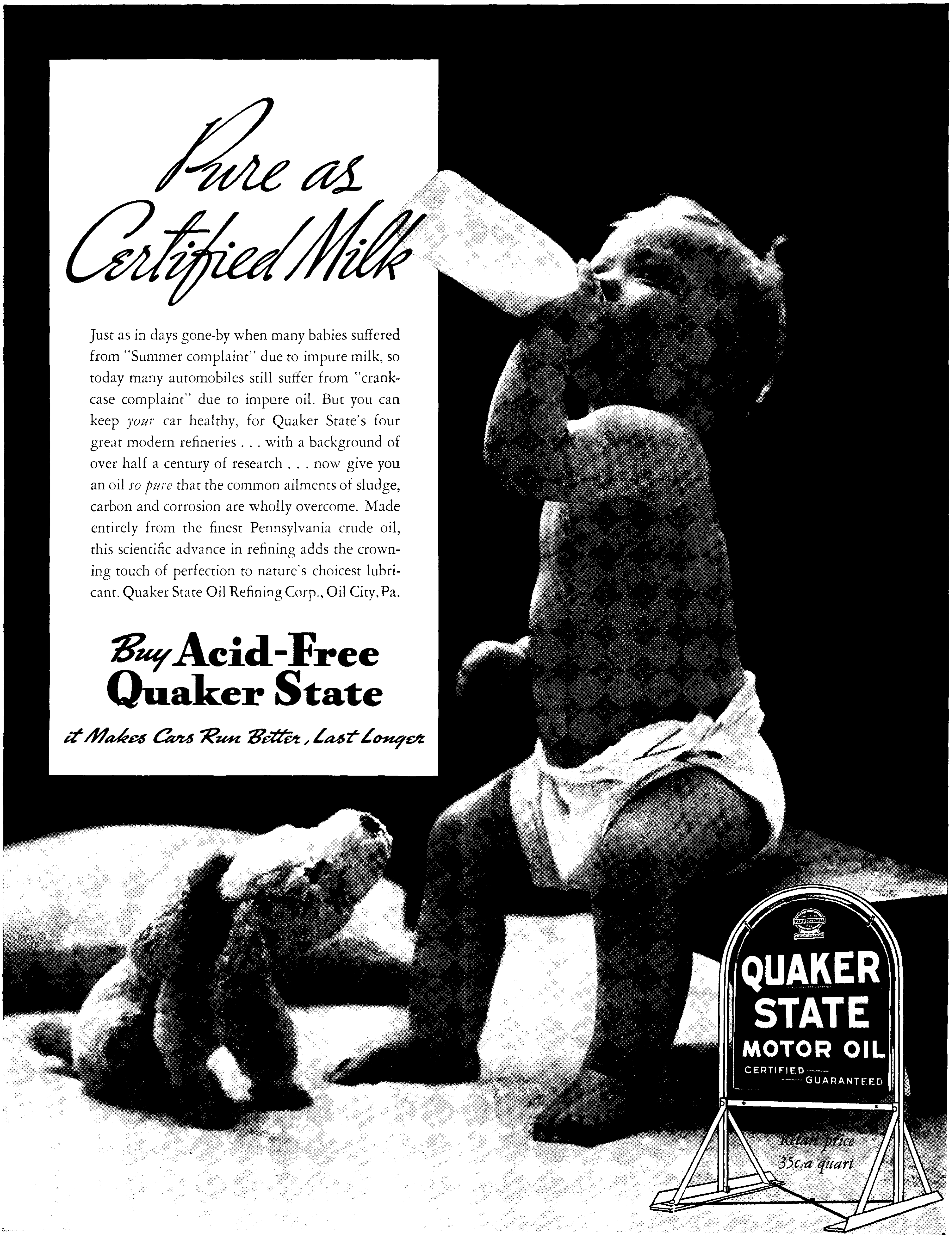

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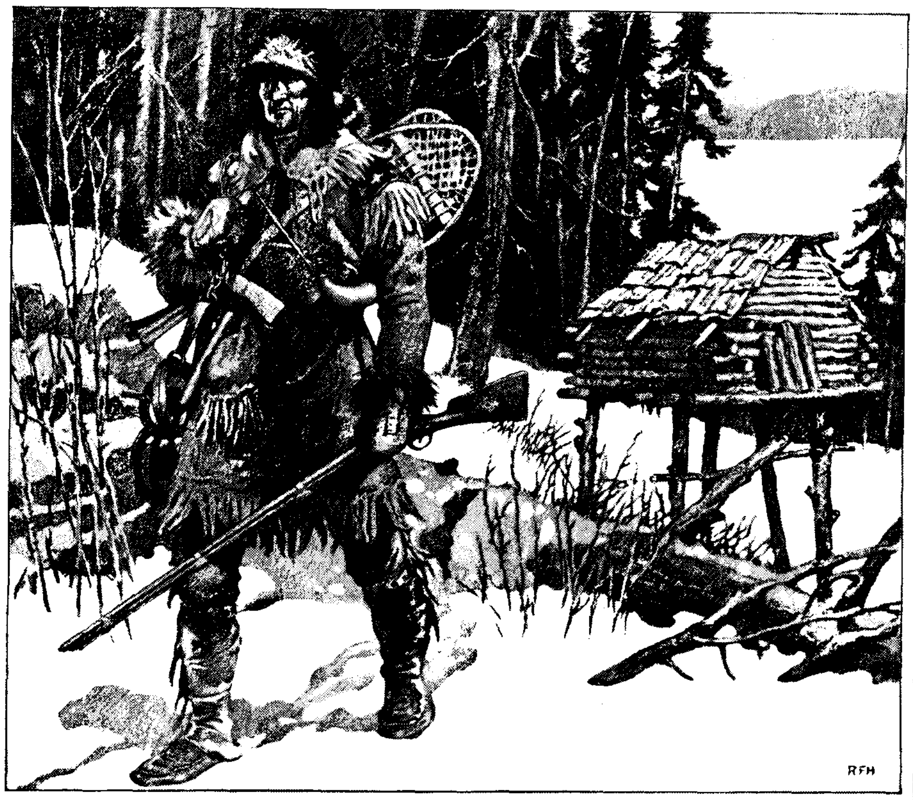

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costumed dancers. At midnight the floor was cleared for the March of the Emperors and a brilliant tide of Oriental splendor flowed in from the costume rooms that flanked the vast arena.

Seated on their jeweled thrones, borne high by a hundred royal servants, Arnold Fisher and Vera Hagardt, clad in shimmering costumes embroidered with gold and pearls came on to face a barrage of flashlights and to be greeted with a roaring tempest of applause from the boxes and galleries.

Under the tumult James Lee became suddenly aware of a man's voice addressing him. "I'm Boad Hagardt," the man said. "Arnold Fisher wanted me to meet you. Splendid show, isn't it?"

"Magnificent," James Lee agreed. "Your wife is a very beautiful empress."

Hagardt smiled. "She is a beautiful woman. You must meet her after—after she awakens from this dream."

"I will be very happy to meet her," James Lee said. Abruptly then, "The bronze bell of the Chou Dynasty that you donated to the Art League collection—may I ask where you found it?"

Hagardt hesitated for a moment and then, "I picked it up in Shanghai," he said. "I bought it from one of your million cousins, Lee Wing Chang, at the Three Sword Shop. Do you know him?"

Reading a mild irony in Hagardt's question, James Lee smiled thinly. "There are several million members of my family whom I have not met. . . . May I offer you a cigarette?"

"Thank you. What do you think of the bell?"

"A very interesting piece. Fang Man imported it for you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Fisher said you bought it from Fang Man."

Hagardt nodded. "He's right. Those shops handle the customs men more easily than I can. You know all of the tiresome routine, I suppose."

"I know some of it."

"Silly business, isn't it? Takes you longer to get a piece through the customhouse than it does to get it across the Pacific. Can you read those old inscriptions, Mr. Lee?"

"With difficulty," James Lee said. And then, "I believe our heaven-born of ancient dynasties are returning to earth. Shall we try to find Fisher and your wife?"

"They will come here," Hagardt said. "Vera wants to meet you. Fisher told her you had translated the inscription on the bell. She is interested."

Within the hour James Lee had enjoyed two dances with Vera Hagardt. She was slender and her hands and feet were small. "Mixed blood in this girl's lineage," James Lee decided. Her eyes confirmed this. They were wide apart and large but a sinister fire glinted in their molten green. An aura of some exotic scent surrounded the woman.

FOLLOWING their second dance, Vera Hagardt asked, over a glass of champagne, "Did you complete your translation of the inscription on the bell?"

"Not yet," James Lee said. "I find it quite difficult."

Vera Hagardt smiled. "Sometimes they don't make sense, do they? . . . Won't you have a cigarette, Mr. Lee?"

"Thank you, I have one."

"Won't you try one of mine?"

From the silver cigarette case that Vera Hagardt opened, James Lee selected a cigarette. He lighted it. "This is good," he said. "The Nandyal district?" Vera nodded. "You have a very acute sense of taste. A little farther south—three or four hundred miles, I believe. Dindigul."

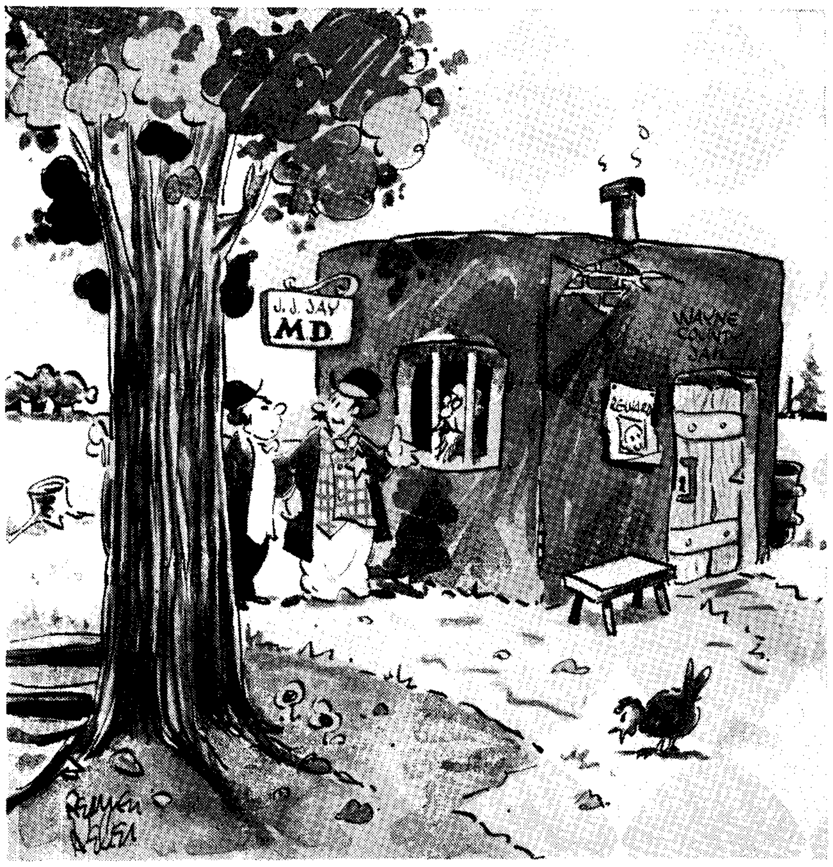
"You have lived there?"

"No, but Mr. Hagardt lived there a year or two."

"He exhibits excellent taste in various things," James Lee said cryptically. "Incidentally, there he is—with Mr. Fisher. May I surrender custody of the heaven-born to the emperor and his companion? I'm not really old-fashioned about my bedtime but I have a lot of work to do tomorrow."

Vera Hagardt smiled her sweetest smile. "I hope I shall see you again, Mr. Lee. I have enjoyed meeting you."

After a moment with Hagardt and Arnold Fisher, James Lee bade them good night. On his way out of the audi-



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WITH the coming of Spring, careful drivers everywhere are equipping their cars with tires that are safe under all driving conditions. They know that extra care used in selecting their new tires saves worry — and may save many precious lives. This year, car owners everywhere are changing to Firestone Triple-Safe Tires, because:

THEY PROTECT AGAINST SKIDDING. The scientifically designed tread will stop your car up to 25% quicker.

THEY PROTECT AGAINST BLOWOUTS. Every fiber of every cord in every ply is saturated with liquid rubber by the Firestone patented Gum-Dipping process. This counteracts the internal friction and heat that ordinarily cause blowouts.

THEY PROTECT AGAINST PUNCTURES. Two extra layers of Gum-Dipped cords under the tread add strength to the tire and guard against the penetration of sharp particles.

Be prepared for changeable Spring weather! Visit your nearest Firestone Dealer or Auto Supply and Service Store today and join the Firestone SAVE A LIFE Campaign by equipping your car with a set of new Firestone Triple-Safe Tires — *the safest tires that money can buy!*

Section of new Firestone Tire. Note protection against skidding, punctures and blowouts.

Section of smooth worn tire which is always susceptible to punctures, blowouts and skidding.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone featuring Richard Crooks and Margaret Speaks, Monday evenings over Nationwide N. B. C. Red Network

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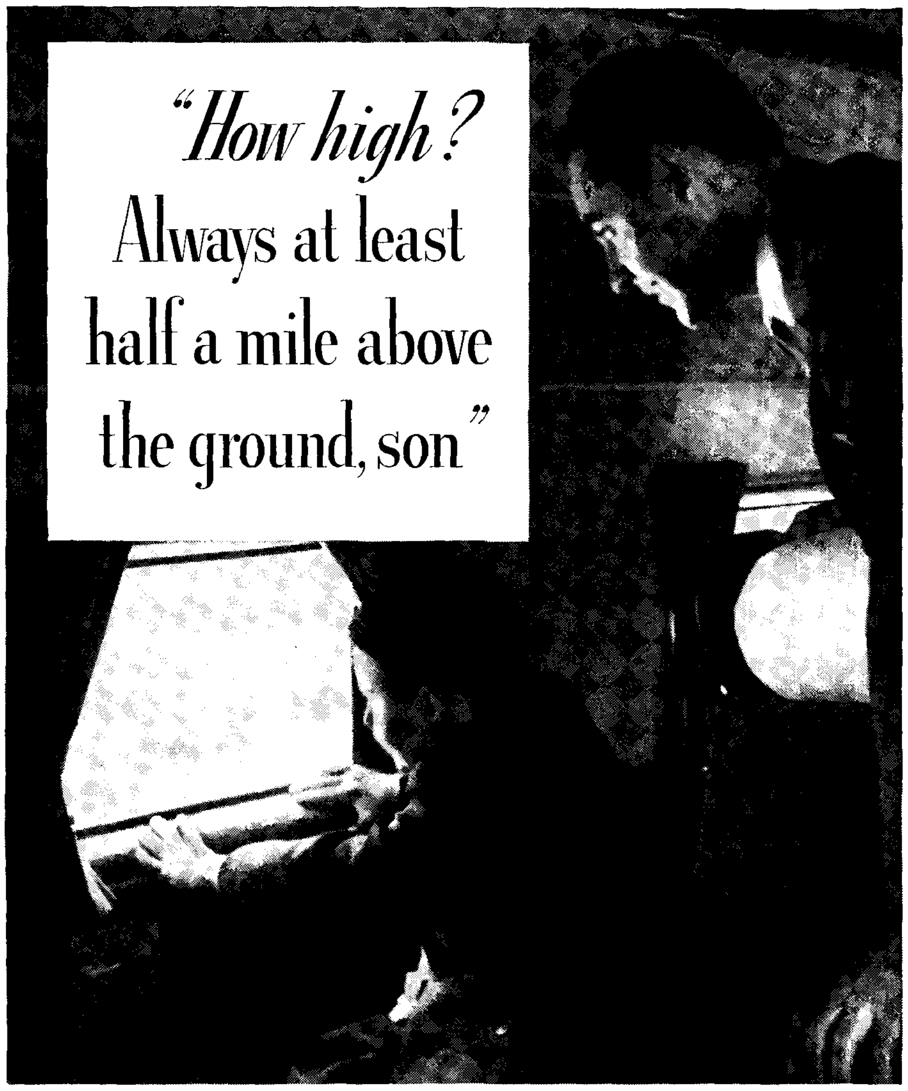
Firestone

TRIPLE-SAFE TIRES



"How high? Always at least half a mile above the ground, son"

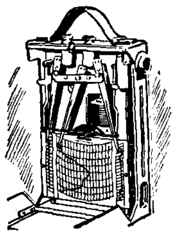
Son: How can you tell how high we're flying, dad?

Dad: Why, I can't, but I just asked the stewardess. She told me it's United Air Lines' strict policy, now, to fly half a mile or more above the ground over all their routes.

Son: It sure lets you have a swell view!

Dad: Yes, but that's not why they fly high, son. It's for greater safety. And besides, the air is usually a good deal smoother up here. Your mother was just saying what a comfortable ride we're having . . .

DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THESE REMARKABLE NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN AIR TRAVEL?

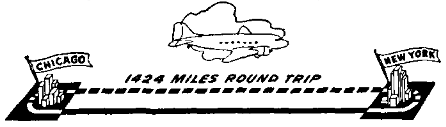


You fly at least ½ mile above terrain all the way. It is now United's rigid policy to fly at least ½ mile above the ground. United was first to install *in every plane* a barograph which records the altitude automatically, providing an official record of every trip.

Pilots are paid for their judgment in NOT flying, too. If weather looks doubtful, United's pilots need not hesitate to cancel a trip. *Only United* guarantees pilots' salaries regardless of hours flown, at least $650 a month. Thus they are compensated for using caution.

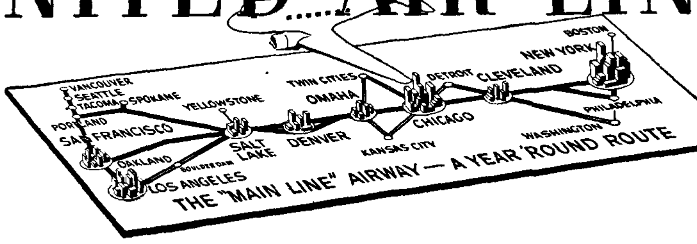
A constant flow of weather facts gives United a clear, up-to-the-minute picture of conditions all along the route—at every level up to 20,000 feet. Pilot and dispatcher, both expert meteorologists, study this data before agreeing on a plan of flight.

Your plane has TWICE the power and cruising range needed. United's Mainliners can fly 1500 miles non-stop—double their longest scheduled flight. And they can *climb two miles* in the air with only one of their twin engines in use.



★ *Next time you travel, "fly high" in a United Mainliner!* NEW YORK-CHICAGO . . . *the shortest No. 1 route; 6 flights daily.* NEW YORK TO LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE . . . *two de luxe coast-to-coast sleeper flights nightly, including the world-famous "Continental"—also a scenic daylight flight. Only United's "Main Line" airway links the East with* all *California and Northwest cities.* ★

UNITED AIR LINES



torium, crossing the vast arena of the dance floor whereon some hundred revelers were hard at work making merry, he saw a dozen pearls that had been torn from one of the royal costumes. He picked up four of the pearls and put them into his pocket.

In his apartment, preparing for bed, James Lee questioned his servant, a Shanghai man, about the Three Sword Shop from which the bronze bell had come. "I seem to remember that Lee Wing Chang is a man of evil."

The servant bowed. "My master is of clear perception. For twenty years Lee Wing Chang has notoriously been associated with evil enterprise."

"Thank you; that is all," James Lee said, and added, "A man can dig his own grave with his tongue."

AT ELEVEN o'clock the next day James Lee telephoned Arnold Fisher. "I'd like to see you some time this afternoon if it is convenient."

"Any hour you name. I'll be in my studio all day."

"Recovering from the party?"

"I'm afraid it will take more than one day," Fisher said. "I drank too much champagne. By the way, do you know Fang Man very well?"

"Fairly well," James Lee said. "What about him?"

"He sent a messenger up here for that emperor's costume that I wore. I'd like to keep it but the Chinese that came for it was quite insistent."

"Did you give it to him?"

"No. I wonder if you can make some arrangement with Fang Man so I can buy it from him."

"I thought Hagardt bought those costumes."

"The Chinaman said that Fang Man had bought them back from Hagardt."

"Why didn't you telephone Hagardt about it?"

"I called him but he wasn't in."

"I'll see if I can fix it up for you. I'll see you about five o'clock in your studio. May I bring you some first aid—the hair of the dog that bit you?"

"No, thanks. I think I'll live."

Arnold Fisher thought that he would live, but in this he was wrong. At five o'clock, when James Lee rang the bell at the door of Fisher's studio, there was no answer. He opened the door. "Hello, Fisher," he called. "Where are you? Sleeping it off?" Then, looking down, he saw Fisher, face down on the floor back of the long couch that fronted the fireplace. Fisher was in his pajamas and he wore a voluminous dressing gown of vermilion silk. He was dead from a shot through his heart. A pool of blood lay under his chest and his body was still warm.

"Killed within the last hour," James Lee decided. He devoted the next ten minutes to a quick examination of Fisher's studio and the other rooms of his apartment. The pearl-embroidered costume was missing. He went to the telephone then and called his office. Frank Wilbur answered him.

"James Lee speaking. Is Riley there?"

"Right here."

"Turn the office over to Sabin or Parrish. I want you and Riley to meet me at my apartment right away."

"Okay. Be there in five minutes."

In his library, to Riley and Wilbur: "Arnold Fisher was murdered at his studio less than an hour ago. Director of the Pacific Art League. Wilbur, you go down in Gamblers' Alley and round up Fang Man. Hold everybody in the joint. Riley, you're coming with me. I'm making a call on Boad Hagardt and his wife. Did you see her picture in the morning papers?"

Riley nodded. "Some swell dame," he commented. "What's the play?"

"You and I will go to Hagardt's house in my car. Wilbur, you'd better get some help on your Fang Man job. In about half an hour tell one of the cops to notify the homicide squad that Fisher is dead in his studio. I didn't report the murder because I need a little time on the Hagardt angle."

"Do we hold Fang Man on a murder charge?" Frank Wilbur asked.

"I'm not sure yet," James Lee said. "One of Fang Man's crew may have shot Fisher. Ask the coroner not to touch Fisher's body until I get another look at it."

"Okay. Is that all?"

"That's all. Hop to it!"

James Lee opened the upper left-hand drawer of his library desk. From an open cardboard box he selected two of the four pearls that he had found on the dance floor at the Art League ball. He handed one of these to Riley. "Come into the shop," he said. "Try this in a test tube with strong nitric acid. If she comes orange-red and changes to yellow we've got something."

In his laboratory James Lee laid the second pearl in a concave disk of glass. He mixed three cubic centimeters of strong sulphuric acid with a forty-per-cent formaldehyde solution and submerged the pearl in the mixture. A purple-red coloration resulted which presently changed to violet and then to blue.

"We have something!" he said to Riley. "What happened with the nitric acid?"

"Look," Riley said. "Orange-red. Just what have we got?"

"We have a hot trail. Are you wearing your guns?"

"Only a small automatic."

"Get a big one from the desk in the library. Upper right-hand drawer. Come along."

In the car, en route to Boad Hagardt's house, "Give me three minutes and then follow me in," James Lee directed. "Blast your way in if you have to. Three minutes, no more, no less."

"Okay," Riley said, "three minutes."

James Lee stopped his car a block from Boad Hagardt's house. The front door was opened ten seconds after James Lee rang the bell. Boad Hagardt himself bowed to his visitor. "How do you do, Mr. Lee? Come in. How are you?"

"Quite well, thank you," James Lee said; "just a bit nervous."

"Not enough sleep last night?"

"Plenty of sleep. I'm a bit nervous about that gun in your right coat pocket. Or is it a gun?"

INSTANTLY the lines about Boad Hagardt's mouth deepened. "Yes, it's a gun," he grated. "What about it? Come in here." Boad Hagardt's scowl changed to a sneer. "Come in and meet the family."

"Thank you," James Lee said. "I'd be very happy to see Mrs. Hagardt."

Hagardt called over his shoulder to his wife, "Vera! Your Chink friend wants to see you. Are you receiving?"

From the living room, twenty feet down the hall, Vera Hagardt answered her husband: "If it's Mr. James Lee by any chance I'd be delighted to meet him."

"Get in there." Hagardt emphasized his order with an arrested gesture of the pistol in his right coat pocket.

James Lee walked down the hallway to the door of the living room. He paused a moment in the doorway, bowing to Vera Hagardt. "So happy to see you," he said.

"The same to you," the woman said, lapsing into a vernacular and a manner in strong contrast to her regal demeanor of the previous night. "You've got your nerve coming to this house."

"Possibly." James Lee smiled. "I see you've changed your shoes."

"What do you mean?"

"Listen, Vera, frisk that guy," Hagardt interposed. "I've got him covered."

"Excuse me for being so personal, Mr. Lee," Vera Hagardt said, hauling a forty-five automatic out of a holster against her guest's right hip pocket. "What do you mean about my shoes?" The woman laid the pistol on a table that stood in the center of the living room.

"The ones with the yellow clay on them. The yellow clay from the telephone company's conduit trench in front of your house. You left a bit of it on the rug in Arnold Fisher's studio this afternoon—and does your scalp hurt you? The little wound made by one of Fisher's fingernails? Eight or ten of your auburn hairs are missing. I'm afraid they won't grow back. You were careless, too, with the ashes from your cigarette. You might just as well have left your card. That Indian tobacco. The ash is so high in potassium chloride that it is unmistakable. And that exotic perfume you use—why did you kill Fisher?"

WHILE James Lee spoke, fear, then absolute wide-eyed horror, replaced the thin mask of contempt on Vera Hagardt's face. She turned to her husband. "Bump him, now. Bump him! Don't let him talk that way to me," she cried.

Boad Hagardt nodded. "I'll bump him soon enough. I'll bump you, Lee—and you'll go into the bay tonight feet first. What the hell are you messing into my game for?"

"That's my business," James Lee said easily. "Bump and be damned, Hagardt! You lose either way. Patron of the arts! Donor of bronze bells! Almonds in the reign of Kung Wang! You fool—almonds weren't known in China for five hundred years after that emperor died. Seventeenth year of the emperor's reign. Kung Wang was emperor a mere twelve years. And the metal. Not a trace of zinc or lead. Even the alloy was phony. Too bad you had it cast in Wing Chang's shop across the street from the biggest morphine factory in South China. Neighbors! Pearls! You stood to make half a million on this job, didn't you, Hagardt? A hundred coats, embroidered solid with pearls. Two or three million morphine pills! You stood to make some big dough. Slick trick, but you didn't get away with it."

"Don't kid yourself," Hagardt snarled; "we'll get away with it! We'll get away with you, too, like we got away with Fisher. Put that in your pipe and drag deep! How'd you like to have a couple of those pills right now?"

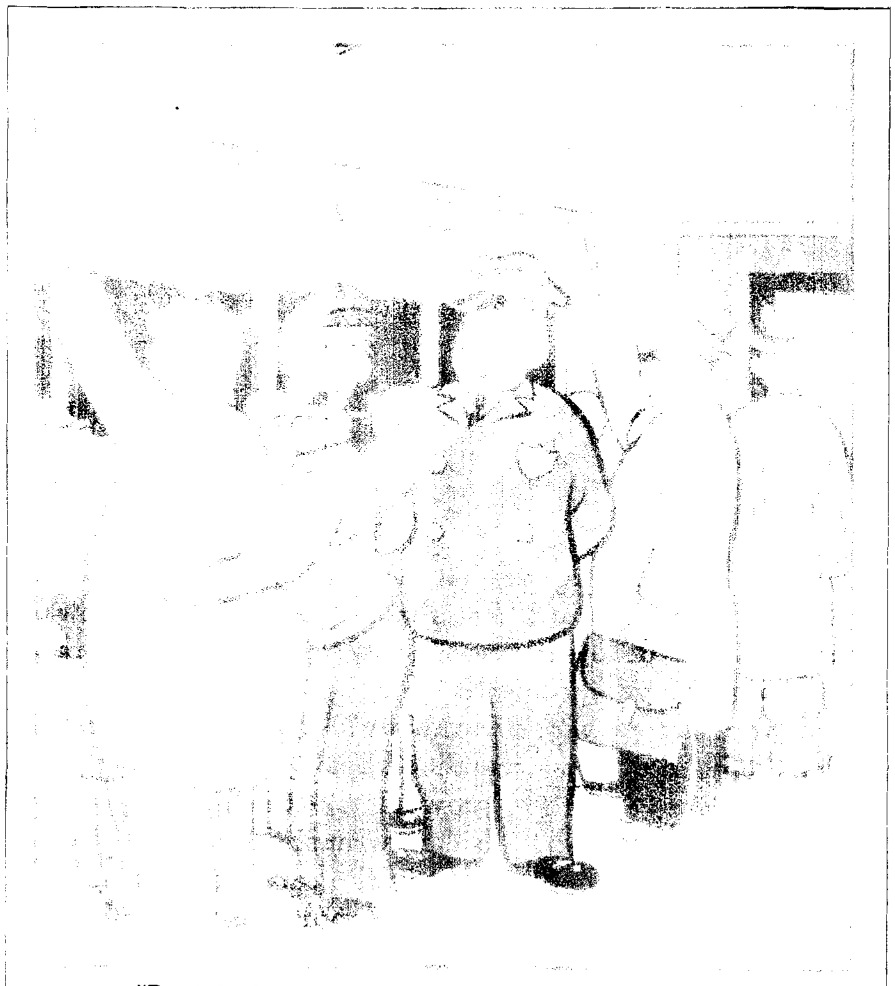
"I have a couple of them left, thank you," James Lee said. "I've used two of them in test tubes. They're morphine. Your wife killed poor Fisher because he blocked your game by holding out one coat!"

"What of it? The dope's in circulation and you're out of the picture. Not quite out but you're on your way. Fang Man said you were a slick Chink. You're slick, all right!"

The crash of a pistol shot echoed down the hallway from where Riley had fired his forty-five through the lock on the front door. Boad Hagardt turned toward the door of the living room. From where he stood James Lee leaped for the gun that lay on the table. His right hand slashed down and closed on the gun. In the next second he fired twice at Hagardt.

The first shot ripped through Hagardt's throat. The second one, superfluous, got the falling man through the heart. Hagardt was dead when he hit the floor. By the time Riley came through the door James Lee had swung his weapon in a line direct for Vera Hagardt's heart. "Get the links on that woman," he said. "Here! Here's another pair. Clip her ankles. . . . Thanks. Now get on the phone and tell the police department that we have caught a couple of killers. Hop to it. I want to get down and see how Wilbur came out with the Fang Man mob."

James Lee turned to Vera Hagardt. He lighted a cigarette for the woman and handed it to her. "Not your favorite Indian tobacco," he suggested—"but better than nothing."



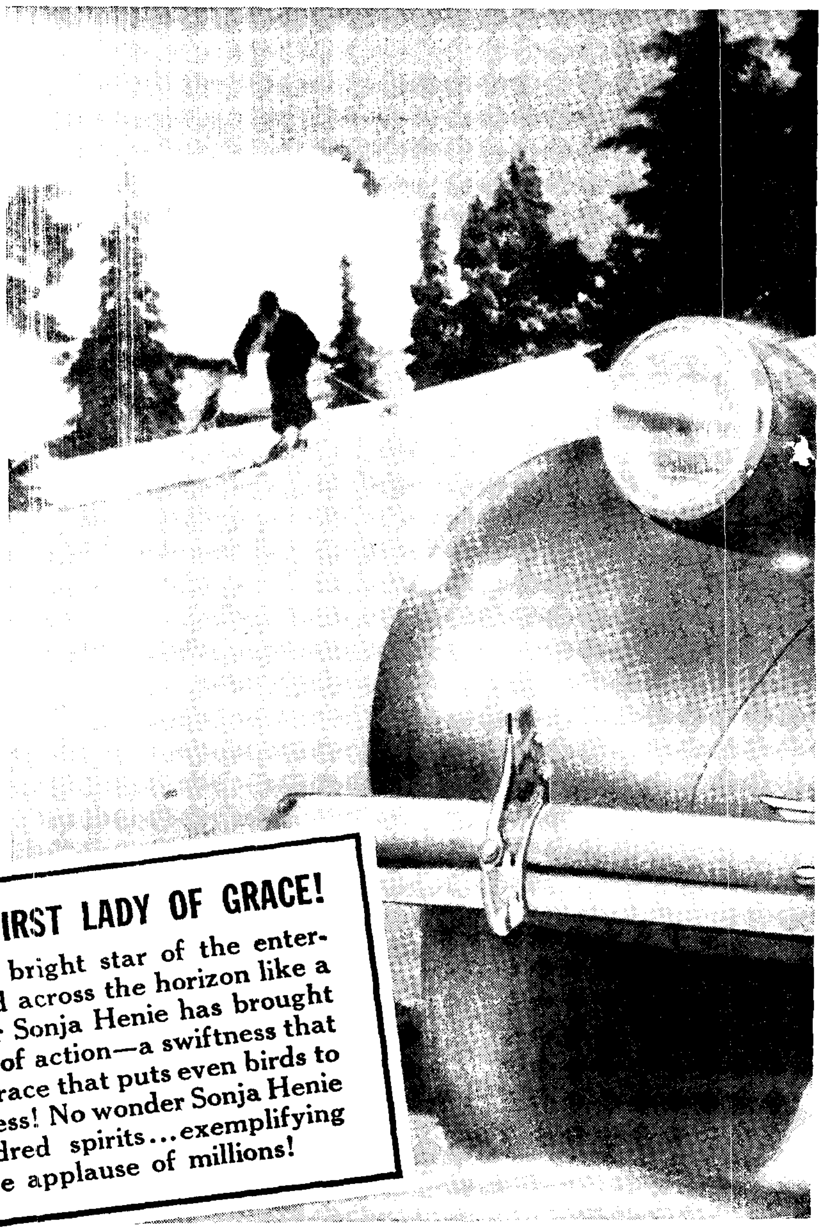
"Don't look now, but I think a cop is watching you!" CHON DAY

S'MATTER POP —By C. M. Payne

AWK! THOSE ARE MY PILLS YOU'VE GOT!
POP, COME PLAY MARBLES
PILLS
?
?
?
IT'S BAD ENOUGH TO HAVE TO TAKE THOSE THINGS, WITHOUT THE KID USING 'EM TO PLAY WITH!
DON'T WORRY
HERE'S A WAY TO KEEP REGULAR THAT'S A LOT MORE FUN! A LITTLE KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FOR BREAKFAST EVERY DAY AND YOU'LL FORGET ABOUT THAT OLD TROUBLE
THIS, INSTEAD OF MEDICINE! SAY! IT'S GOOD!
ALL-BRAN
SOMETIME LATER
POP, WHAT'S A "REGULAR" GUY?
LOOK ME OVER SONNY! ALL-BRAN DID THE TRICK!
Payne

When constipation is due to lack of "bulk" in the diet, Kellogg's All-Bran goes straight to the cause. This crunchy, toasted cereal supplies the bulky mass you need to aid elimination. And at the same time it contains vitamin B_1, which helps tone your intestines. Eat All-Bran every day, drink plenty of water, and join the "regulars." Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Sold by every grocer.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN
The Natural Laxative Cereal



QUEEN OF ACTION, FIRST LADY OF GRACE! Suddenly, swiftly, this bright star of the entertainment world flashed across the horizon like a new constellation. For Sonja Henie has brought the world a *new* kind of action—a swiftness that rivals thought, yet a grace that puts even birds to shame with its loveliness! No wonder Sonja Henie and Dodge are kindred spirits...exemplifying action that merits the applause of millions!

"WHY I'M

ABOUT MY NEW

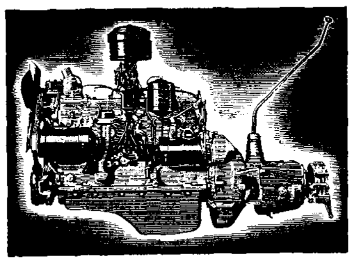
"I GO FOR ACTION!"

"I GO for action!" says Miss Henie, "That's why I'm so delighted with my new Dodge! As you would say it...it is so 'fast on its feet' in traffic, and you almost seem to float when you're gliding over the open road. And it's so marvelously easy to handle, too!"

Thank you, Sonja Henie...that's magnificent praise from the *Queen of Action*—the girl whose grace and ease have thrilled more millions than any other sports performer who ever lived.

And the new Dodge? Well, there's no better way to describe it than to say, "it's a Sonja Henie on wheels!" Yes, sir...just five minutes in the driver's seat tells you that. For you've never swung the wheel of a car that responds to your will so alertly. And "alert" is the word. For that's how easily this new Dodge handles...how deftly it turns...how eagerly it answers to the gentle urge of your fingers.

Did you say power? Durability? They're both here! For under the hood of this streamlined beauty purrs a giant of velvet power! Battleship ruggedness in silken wraps! You *know*—you *feel*—that in the caress of your hand is the most responsive power-house that ever took a man places and back.



DYNAMITE IN KID GLOVES!—The Dodge Red Ram patented Floating Power Engine—the heart of the greatest car performance your money can buy!

O CRAZY

DODGE" BY *Sonja Henie*

STAR OF
20TH CENTURY-FOX
"HAPPY LANDING"

AND NOW LET'S TALK PRICE!

Don't let all these great Dodge features scare you a bit about price. In fact, owners say Dodge is the *best-priced* car in America. So if you're thinking of paying more money for a car, remember this: Dodge actually costs hundreds of dollars less than some cars that do not give you as much. Or if you think your purse-limit is one of the smallest cars, forget it. Dodge is priced so close to the low-priced cars you'll hardly notice the difference as you pay!

Get your Dodge dealer on the 'phone right now. He will give you all the facts and figures. Both you and your pocketbook are in for the surprise of your lives!

DODGE

SWITCH TO DODGE AND SAVE MONEY!

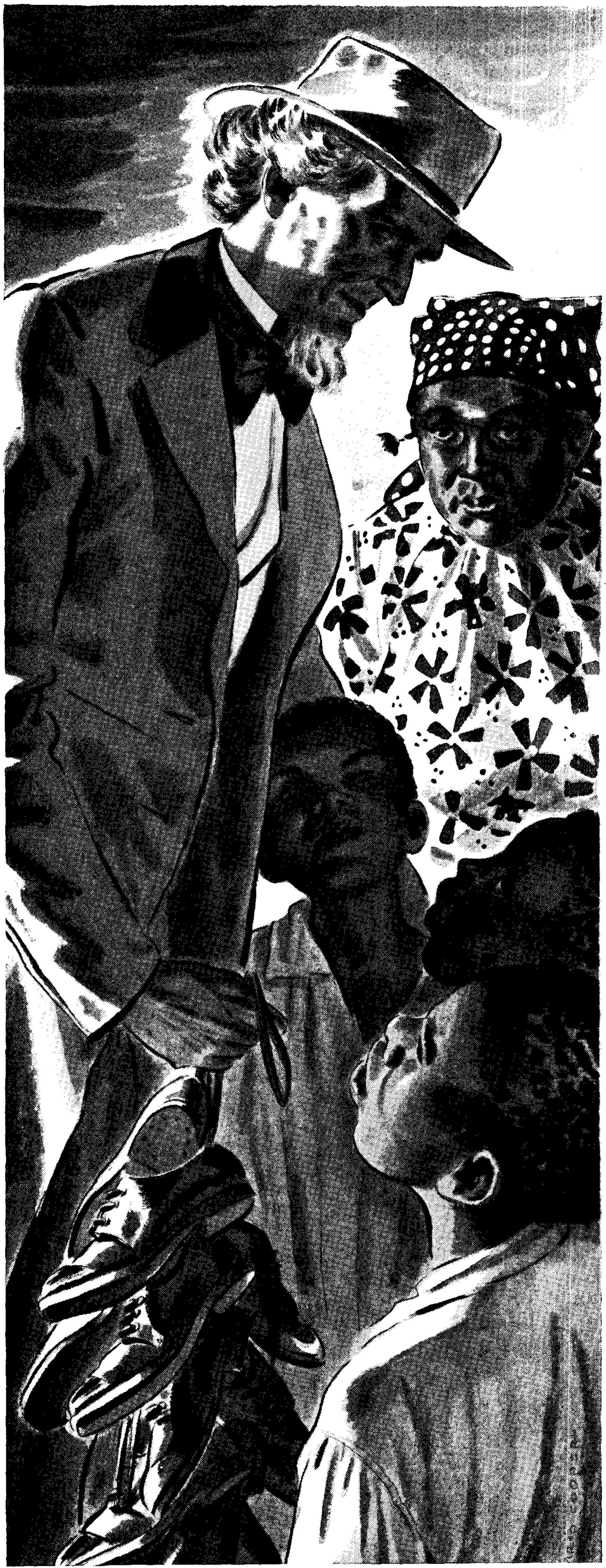
This advertisement endorsed by the Engineering Department, DODGE Division of Chrysler Corporation

TUNE IN ON THE MAJOR BOWES ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, EVERY THURSDAY, 9:00 TO 10:00 P. M., EASTERN STANDARD TIME

Marse Jeff Davis

By Harris Dickson

Aunt Florida, who was no longer young when the Civil War began, still lives and still remembers the part she has seen of the great events of a century. Based on her recollections, Mr. Dickson's story of Jefferson Davis has come to the end of the war. Here he describes the ensuing years


MARIO COOPER

The fallen chief, with no means of support, rode to Brierfield dangling shoes for the little Negroes

VI. REBUILDING THE RUINS

THROUGHOUT the strife Aunt Florida stuck by the old plantation, and when peace came she remained with Robert, as a free tenant, to cultivate its acres. Yet the loyal creature knew little or nothing of great events that shaped the Davis destinies.

After four years of hopeless struggle the Confederacy had been crushed and its fallen chieftain lay in prison at Fortress Monroe, shackled on his cot. He was a broken man, enfeebled by disease, suffering agonies from neuralgia as he lay there listening to heavy-footed guards who day and night crisscrossed his narrow cell. Brilliant oil lamps filled the place with stifling smoke and burned continuously, glaring against the whitewashed walls that blinded his weak eyes. Jefferson Davis had much to think about, knowing that enemies in the South reviled him for leading them to defeat, while Northern vengeance accused him of planning the Lincoln murder and kept howling for his blood.

All Southerners did not idealize and idolize the Confederate President with the universal worship that they gave to Robert E. Lee. Few leaders in America have ever been more fatuously followed or bitterly denounced. Dissensions and bickerings rent his administration, scarcely less vindictive than those that hampered Abraham Lincoln at Washington, where politicians of his own party on Capitol Hill often referred to him as "that baboon at the other end of the Avenue." If Jeff Davis had been made the scapegoat before a firing squad it might have happened in the South as it happened in the North that his fiercest haters would have deified him in his martyrdom.

Another broken man who was very, very old, Joseph E. Davis, had buried his wife at Lauderdale Spring, Mississippi, and then driven home through the country from Tuscaloosa, Alabama, to Vicksburg, where he settled himself in the residence of Mrs. Julia Porterfield. Hurricane and Brierfield had both been confiscated as the property of traitors and were now being farmed under the supervision of Major Ryan and Captain Norton, who apparently acted in some capacity for the Freedmen's Bureau. Inevitably these Union experimenters made an awful mess of things, and even with the help of Ben Montgomery produced little or no crop in 1866, because they knew nothing about cotton and less about Negroes.

The Freedmen's Bureau, a supposedly philanthropic organization, was born in the minds of Northern enthusiasts for the purpose of protecting newly emancipated blacks from the rapacity of shrewder whites. This sounded well, but like many another plan of pure intent its actual administration was often left to a set of plunderers. In theory it watched every contract for the hiring of an ex-slave, who had never before made a contract but had been accustomed to do what he was told, without pay. In practice the bureau oppressed impoverished planters who had stepped from the trenches into the furrow and owned no livestock or farm equipment and were without an asset except their ravaged acres. If one of these landlords rented a patch of ground to a Negro, or took him on the property as a sharecropper, their agreement was subject to approval by a bureau official, which frequently meant that the planter must slip the official a piece of money. Otherwise the bureau could so harass and handicap him with restrictions that farm operations became impossible.

No Time for Mourning

A few Negroes had run away from the Davis properties and many stout young bucks were taken into Federal ranks, but much of their labor, perhaps a hundred workers including Florida and her husband, remained on the land to grow cotton. Ben Montgomery also stayed there and must have been pretty much of a diplomat to stand ace-high with Union officers, while at the same time remaining loyal to his old master.

Joseph Davis, now visiting the Porterfield home at Vicksburg, even in his declining years was not the kind of man who could toast his shanks at a fire and mope over the Lost Cause. As a builder, not a mourner, he now proceeded to patch up his tattered fortunes.

Life at Hurricane had fostered his natural love of company, and a group of friends now gathered round him. One day there came a furtive carpetbagger asking to see Mr. Davis alone, on important business. People called them "carpetbaggers" because when they came South after the war their sole baggage was one paper collar in a carpetbag. This man's business was not only important but strictly private, for after cautious circumlocution he suggested in a whisper that through certain influential contacts among the high-ups at Washington he could secure a return of the confiscated plantations if Mr. Davis would drop a small amount of cash into his palm. Such deals had been consummated in many cases, but plain-spoken Joe Davis said

(Continued on page 46)

"WHY DIDN'T SOMEONE THINK OF THIS BEFORE?"

SAFETY SHIFT GEAR CONTROL *Only* $10*

ENTIRELY MECHANICAL • No complicated mechanism to get out of order. All shifting positions and movements are standard.

CLEARS THE FRONT FLOOR • Three passengers ride in front in comfort. No lever to crowd feet. Car cannot be accidentally kicked into or out of gear.

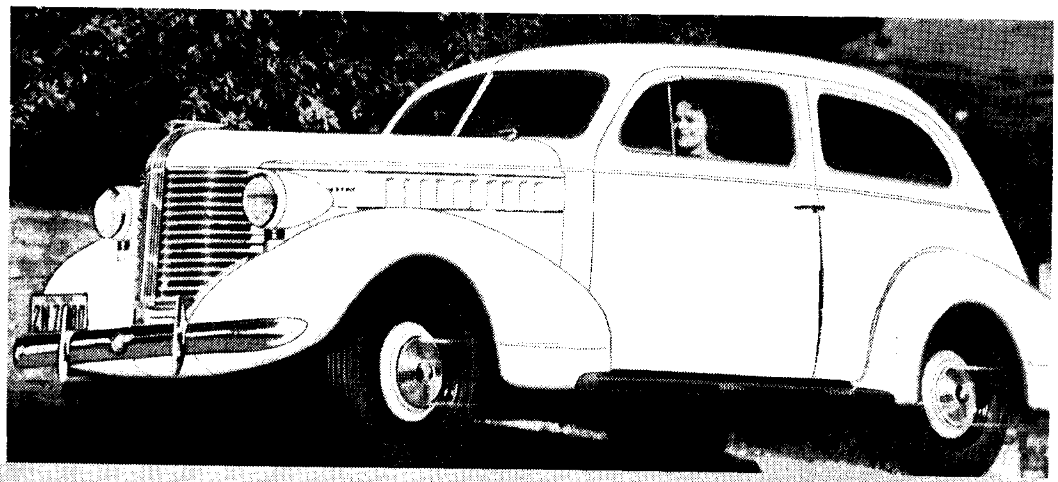
SIMPLIFIED SHIFTING • There is nothing new to learn, yet gear-changing is faster, easier and safer. Both hands are always near the wheel, and both eyes always on the road.

PONTIAC'S GREAT NEW FEATURE IS WINNING THOUSANDS TO AMERICA'S FINEST LOW-PRICED CAR

PLEASE KEEP THIS point in mind—Safety Shift Gear Control* bears no resemblance to other types of remote control shifts. Like most pace-making advancements, Pontiac's new shift is simplicity itself. The gearshift lever has been taken off the floor and placed beneath your hand. That's all—but that simple move makes a welcome difference . . . such a decided change for the better that people who try Safety Shift are content with nothing else! Fortunately for them, and for *you*, there's no need to be without it. Safety Shift is priced $15 to $90 lower than any other remote control shift offered as optional equipment! And Pontiac, the car that brings you this great new feature, is priced near the lowest! Try Safety Shift and learn why it's wise to shift to Pontiac.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation*, PONTIAC, MICH.

GENERAL MOTORS TERMS TO SUIT YOUR PURSE



NEW LOW-PRICED PONTIAC "6"

I THOUGHT TIRES GREW ON TREES

by don herold

● I've always thought that tires were pretty simple things.

I mean, I thought you tapped a rubber tree, got some rubber, melted it, molded it...and had your tire.

But, gee-whillikens, I have just been through the big Kelly-Springfield tire factory at Cumberland, Md., and I've learned that "mixing" a tire is 100 times more complicated than baking a cake.

KELLY CARBON BLACK MIXING IS THE NUB OF IT

There are some 30 ingredients in the "rubber" of a Kelly tire—not just rubber, as I'd always thought.

The most important of these (next to rubber) is *carbon black*, and the exceptional toughness of Kelly tires is due largely to the special process the Kelly people have developed for mixing and remixing a greater quantity of carbon black more thoroughly and evenly into and throughout their rubber compound.

Carbon is the hardest known abrasive resistant in the world. (A diamond, you know, is merely a form of carbon.) Well, this carbon black in Kelly tires is produced by burning gas flames against cold metal plates, but that is neither here nor there.

I HOPE I'M TIRING YOU

The point is that—as used in a Kelly tire—carbon black produces a tire so tough it will wear out a piece of steel.

So...in Kelly tires...you get treads which are literally *pliable armor plate*. That's why they call them Kelly ARMORUBBER tires.

Kelly's great 44-year reputation for "class quality" has attracted a fine group of dealers. The Kelly man in your neighborhood will give you reliable, friendly tire advice when you next feel new tires coming on.

KELLY Springfield TIRES

DEPENDABLE FOR 44 YEARS

Lion Lady

Continued from page 21

clean, scrubbed floor in the process. Simba finished the bone, licked his paws, washed his face and slept in the corner by the door, as far away from her splashing as possible.

She could not bear to put her own dingy clothes on her clean body. She went through the dining room into a neat small bedroom and opened bureau drawers and found a shirt and a new pair of overalls with the price tag still on them. She put on the shirt and overalls and came back and washed out her more intimate garments and hung them on the towel rack at the end of the stove to dry. When Lee returned at her summons, she was trying to sponge a dust spot off her jacket. She said gratefully:

"I haven't had plenty of hot water to bathe in for two months; and I borrowed some of your clothes while mine are drying."

"Ma's might fit you," he suggested. "Her closet's still full. But you look all right the way you are, if you're comfortable." He was already making coffee. She put her jacket to dry and began to brush her short hair vigorously, and he asked: "How'd you like yore eggs? Or maybe you'd rather have something else. Bacon? I've got a couple of kidneys in the ice chest. Or I'll cream you some codfish. Or what?"

"Bacon and eggs, toast and coffee. And some of that honey," she decided; then added, with remembered politeness: "Please!"

"Want some orange juice first?"

"Oh, fine, yes," she agreed; and finished her hair, turning as he opened the refrigerator. It was, she saw, electric; and she asked in frank bewilderment: "Say, what kind of a farmer are you, anyway?" Simba, well fed and happy, snored in the corner. She protested resentfully: "An electric refrigerator! And whose car was that you were driving?"

"Mine. Bought it last spring. Blueberries."

"What do you mean 'blueberries'?"

"I'm that kind of a farmer," he told her and watched the bacon sizzling. "Oh, I cut enough hay to winter the cows; but blueberries is my pay crop." He explained in slow enthusiasm: "I've got twenty acres, more or less, where you can't hardly walk without stepping on blueberries. It's right pretty. I'll show it to you after you've et."

WHEN he served her she asked: "Don't you want anything?"

"I've et," he said. "I got up early so's to see you go by."

Her eyes twinkled. "Me or the circus?"

"You, mostly," he admitted, and his ears were red.

She laughed at him. If this hick made a pass at her, she would know what to do. "All right, so what?" she challenged.

He said calmly: "I liked yore looks. I been thinking all summer that you'd look pretty milking a cow or picking over a bowl of blueberries."

"Me?" She laughed in scorn. "You farmer!"

"Well," he said stubbornly, "I do all right at it."

She felt her color rise, and she was suddenly uneasy. She stood up. "Let's go look at the blueberries."

"Okay."

He brought his mother's old rubber boots for her to wear against the dew, and they left Simba asleep behind the door and went out through shed and barn and across the fresh-cut meadow till they came to uncut grass beyond. She saw the blue tint in the taller grass while they were still rods away; and when they came nearer, she stared incredulously at the berries everywhere.

"They're as big as cherries!" she protested. She picked some, cupped her palm, pressed them into her mouth. "They're sweet!"

"They're real good, fresh off the plants." He led her to one side. "Come down this path, along the wall, till you can see the lower field. I've got a good crop there."

From the stone wall presently she looked down across the old pasture. Lee, watching her, wondered to see that she was so small and so thin. His shirt that she wore was too big, and it lay open at the throat; and he could see her collarbones lifting her white skin. He said, half to himself:

"Yo're real peaked. You need feeding up."

She asked him, in sudden challenge: "Say, listen, do you honestly like it here? Don't you ever have any excitement?"

He chuckled. "Why, ma'am, I get excitement enough. There's always something happening. I'm kep' busy."

"I did SO try hard!"

GEORGE WOLFE

"But don't you ever go anywhere?" she asked.

"Sure I do. Fishing in the spring, gunning in the fall. Maybe I shoot a deer in November, and I go after rabbits in the winter, or fish through the ice."

"I mean, go to town, go places?"

"Town? Yes, ma'am, I go over t' Lakewood to the summer shows, or to East Harbor to a movie; or to Boston if I feel like it. And there's country dances and all. All I have to do is get Ed Patten up the road to take care of things while I'm gone."

She considered this a moment, then said defensively: "Just the same, I'd go crazy, living here."

He told her in quiet tones: "Maybe yo're crazy already, living the way you do. Showing off with that pore old lion all day, and driving all night, never getting a chance to eat right, or even to take a good bath."

"Well, at least there's always something going on!"

"Sure," he agreed. "But what?"

She cried, desperately on the defensive now: "But farmers have to work all the time!"

"What do you do? Just set?"

She laughed in a sudden bitterness. "Why, two shows a day. Then, washing my clothes, mending them. Eating. Making a jump to the next town. Then doing it all over again!" She turned away from him, looking down the blue-tinted slopes where the berries were thick as pebbles on a beach. "It must be a lot of work to raise them," she said.

"No, they mostly raise themselves. All you have to do is keep the brush grubbed out; and about every three years you burn 'em off so they'll come back better."

"Burn them off?"

"Yes, ma'am. Take hay and spread it all over the ground so it'll carry the fire and give a good burn. The new bushes come up from the roots; and the second year they're loaded."

"How can you ever pick so many?"

"Oh, we put a crew of men in and they rake 'em. Like this, see." He stepped down off the wall and with fingers held stiff like the tines of a fork lifted his hand through one of the bushes. The ripe berries came off easily. He showed her his palm heaped with them, with a litter of leaves and stems among them, from that single motion. "Like that," he said. "Then you winnow them in a blower, so." He poured the berries from one hand to the other, blowing through the little blue cascade of them, blowing the rubbish away. He picked out one or two small twigs. "There you are," he said, and grinned. "Open yore mouth."

SHE laughed and obeyed, her head tipped back. He rested his hand against her chin, poured the berries in. When she closed her lips, one or two of the berries almost escaped, were caught between her lips. He pushed them in, gently, with his finger tips; and she laughed and crushed the berries in her mouth deliciously.

"M-m, they're good. What kind of a rake?"

"Like a cranberry rake. It's a sort of scoop with long wire teeth in it. I'll show you, back at the house."

He turned; but she hesitated, said: "I hate to go."

Lee swung again to face her. "You don't have to, sister," he told her.

There was a moment's silence then. She looked up at him, and two forces fought within her. She challenged defiantly: "What do you mean, Rube?"

"Why, I'm just saying you don't have to go unless yo're a mind to. You can stay if you want."

She cried, more furious at herself than at him: "Me? Live in a dump like this?"

"Yes, ma'am," he assured her. "I think you'd like it."

"You rube Romeo!" She laughed and turned back toward the house, walking swiftly, her eyes burning with tears she would not confess. Beside her after a moment he said mildly:

"If I had more time, I could make you see it, maybe. The thing is, I liked yore looks, first off. 'Course, I like you better sence you've washed yore face; but even the way you was, I liked you. I was kind of sorry for you, too."

"Sorry for me! Say, that's a laugh!"

"Yeah, sure. I still am. Yo're short on sleep, and short on enough to eat, and short on a lot of things I could give you."

She stopped short, faced him. "Talk

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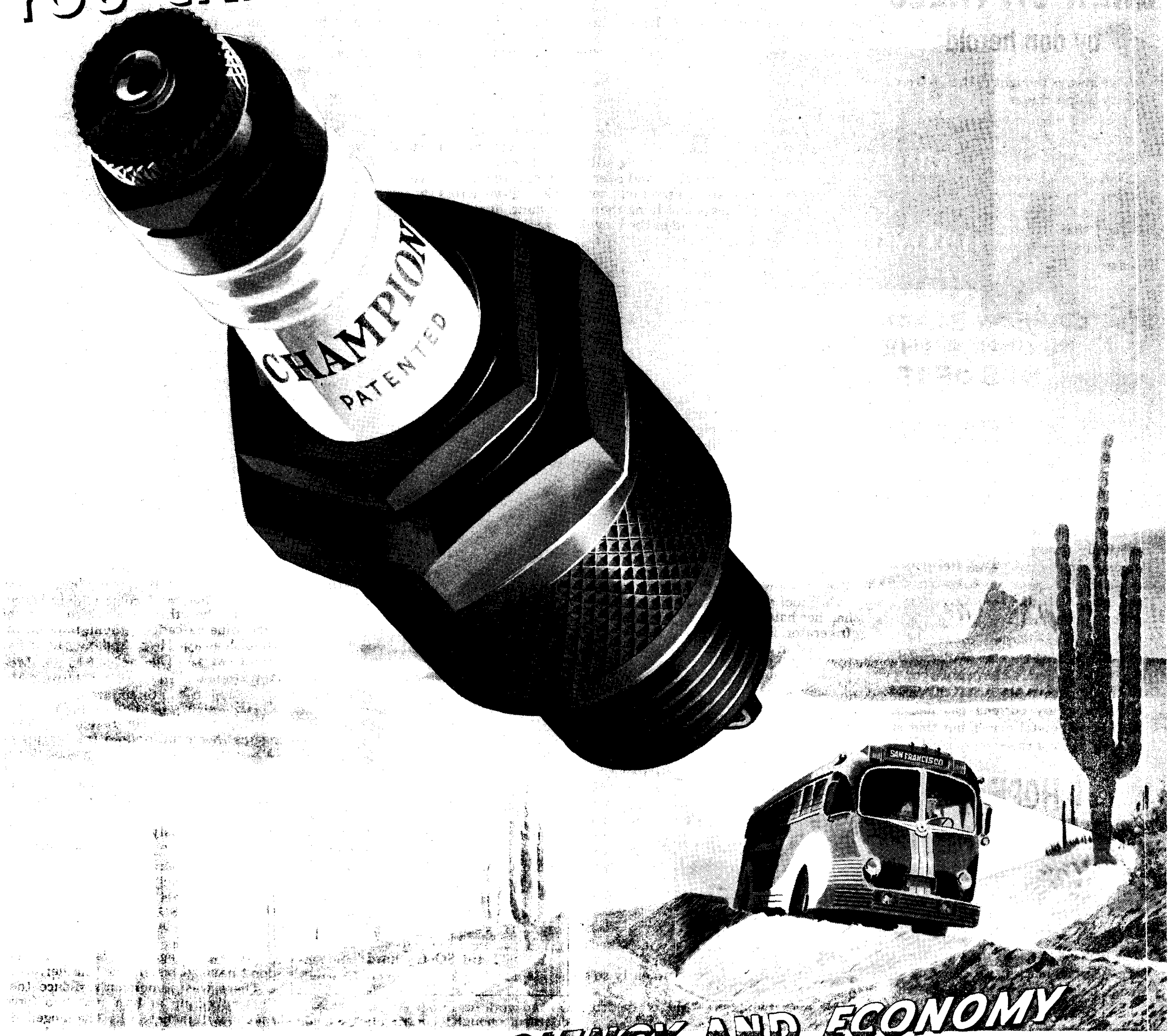

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When spark plugs are chosen strictly on their service record, measured in terms of maximum efficiency at lowest cost per mile, the results are of unquestionable interest to every motorist. Owners and operators of the nation's leading fleets of buses and trucks keep such comprehensive records.

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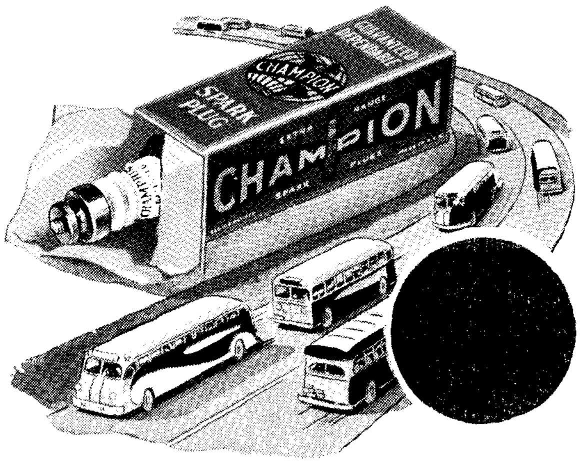

Your wife calls you a good provider

But have you provided...

For the cost of a place to live, if your own home burns?

Nearly every "good provider" insures his home against loss or damage by fire. Not so many provide for the expense of a place to live if fire drives them out of their own home. Did you know that a Hartford* agent can endorse your fire policy to provide such security?

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HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

turkey. Rube. What's your proposition? Is it just a proposition, or do you want me to marry you?"

"Well, I don't know about marrying," he confessed, and she set her teeth to hide her hurt. He went on: "We might not get along. Getting married's kind of a serious thing. It's a good idea to go slow and sure about deciding something that'll last the rest of yore life. No'm, what I was thinking, you might stay and keep house for me. I'd pay you whatever yo're getting from the circus. Maybe more. I judge you don't get much pay for yore job in the show. We'd try it that way for a while; and if we got so we liked each other, we might want to get married. If we didn't, why, you could get yore job in the circus back, I guess, and there wouldn't be any harm done. That's sensible, seems to me."

She asked through tight teeth: "Keep house for you, eh? That's your proposition?"

"Yes, ma'am."

SHE slapped him so hard her hand hurt. She saw the white mark on his brown cheek turn red. She watched him, and for a moment she thought he would catch her, shake her. But he only said slowly: "Shucks, ma'am, that wa'n't what I meant. But if you want to take it so—all right, come on. I'll take you back to yore car."

He led the way toward the house and she followed. When, trudging along behind him, she began to cry, she was furious at herself; but he did not turn, did not see.

As they came through the barn into the farmyard, a car was passing, McGray at the wheel. He saw her, jammed his brakes, leaped out, came toward her. His riding crop, the baton of office which he always carried, was in his hand. He stared at her costume; he said:

"By Godfrey, Bess! It's you."

"Sure, it's me! I got lost."

His cheek purpled. "Blast you, how? You dumb fool, have I got time to chase you all over the state of Maine?" She looked at Lee, hopefully; but Lee made no move to protect her. McGray rasped: "Where've you put your clothes? What sort of an act is this, anyway? Who's this rube?"

"He's offered me a job keeping house for him."

"Yeah?" McGray looked at Lee. "Beat it, Rube," he said. "Go comb the hay out of your beard. Come on, Bess, get moving."

Bess Mars bit her finger thoughtfully. She spoke to Lee, nodding toward McGray. "He's my boss," she explained.

"Yes, ma'am," Lee agreed. "He talks like he was." But then he added, amending his assent: "He's yore boss as long as you say so, sister. As long as you want to work for him."

McGray gripped her arm and twitched her around. He said: "Cut the conversation. I'm in a hurry. Get your clothes. Where's your rig?"

"I broke an axle on the trailer. You'll have to send a truck up."

McGray had had a bad night and a weary dawning. His language suddenly became blasphemous; and Bess was its target. He cursed her with a gusty proficiency; and she watched Lee. But Lee made no move. There was nothing of the knight-errant in Lee. Bess hated *him*; and when McGray stopped for breath, she challenged Lee directly:

"Are you going to let him talk to me like that?"

"It's up to you," Lee told her. "He's yore boss, unless you want to quit him."

McGray spoke again. "Shut your yap, Bess. Get your clothes. I'll telephone for a truck." He asked Lee curtly: "Where's your telephone?"

Lee said: "You won't use my telephone." His tone made Bess turn in hope again. If this was defiance it might lead to something.

"I won't, eh?"

"No."

"Who says I won't?"

Bess, her heart pounding, saw that Lee was grinning faintly. "Well, I do, for one," he answered.

"Yeah? Why won't I?"

Lee said: "Because I ain't got a telephone."

McGray purpled. Bess giggled. McGray said: "Oh, wise guy, eh!" He drawled with a slow malevolence: "A rube wisecracker!" He saw Bess laughing. He said to her: "Move, you! Grab your junk and get in my car. I'll teach you to lose the road!"

He shoved her past Lee, up on the porch by the kitchen door. Lee said, watching her, his back to McGray:

"If you want to quit yore job, ma'am, say so. I'll handle him."

Fighting words at last! Bess, her hand on the doorknob, turned to see; but as she did so, McGray with a calm efficiency clubbed Lee down. The loaded riding crop slapped smartly against Lee's head above the ear; and he was a senseless heap upon the ground. McGray seemed tempted to strike again for good measure. He stirred Lee with his foot, said grimly: "Blasted rube!" Then to Bess: "Come on, kid, let's get out of here!"

She had already turned the knob on the door behind her to open it, and Simba, roused from his well-fed sleep, grumbled at being disturbed. Bess, till that moment, had forgotten him, asleep there just inside the door. The lion gave ground, and she pushed the door wide and chirruped in that familiar way. The great beast, not quite sure that he understood, come sliding out to see.

Then he saw McGray, and crouched, and switched his tail, and growled at the man as he had been taught to do. McGray gabbled in wordless terror. He reached his car in three jumps. His tires spurted gravel; he roared away.

LEE woke in some confusion of mind; but the paper on the ceiling was familiar, and he concentrated on that till he remembered where he had seen it before. It was the ceiling of his bedroom, so he must be in bed. He peered down his legs and saw that he still had his clothes on, and it was daylight; so he knew something was wrong. Maybe it was his head. It felt wrong. He touched it. It was wrapped in something wet and cold; and then Bess came in with a wet towel to replace the one on that lump above his ear, and he remembered everything up to a certain point. He looked at her, trying to remember the rest, and she said, smiling down at him:

"Hi, Rube!"

He grinned. "Morning, sister."

Her cheeks burned. "Well, you've come to, have you? It's about time."

Lee asked gropingly: "What happened, then?"

"McGray knocked you out with his riding crop. Never turn your back on 'em, Rube. Lie still, now. I'm taking care of you."

Lee began to understand. "If yo're still here, I 'low you've quit yore job with him."

"I got a better offer."

"Sure!" Her hands were pleasant on his forehead. He felt another presence near, and lifted his head enough to see the old lion there beside the bed.

"Hi, boy," he said.

"The only trouble is," Bess reflected, "what are we going to do with Simba? He'll make the cows nervous, if we keep him in the barn."

Lee said reassuringly: "There's a room he can have in the attic. Don't worry, sister. We'll get along fine."

Center-Field Lightning

Continued from page 17

drive. He also threw out a runner at the plate who tried to score from second on a single.

"That seemed to prove the point with a man as good as DiMaggio," says Mr. Speaker, "but next day he was back in his usual position. I suppose it's part of the myth about the lively ball. It has everybody scared." He shook his head sadly.

From the start the Speaker career was one of contrasts. He became a southpaw because of a broken right arm that never healed properly. He began as a pitcher with the Cleburne team of the North Texas League in 1906 at a time when a team had nine men and two extra pitchers and anybody who would remain on the bench because of a broken finger was considered a sissy. When he wasn't pitching, Tris was in the outfield because of his hitting. His pitching career ended one steaming day in Fort Worth when everybody was helpless except the Fort Worth hitters. They combed our hero for twenty-two hits, all for extra bases.

"Keep right in there, kid," said the Cleburne manager, sardonically. "They haven't got a single off you yet."

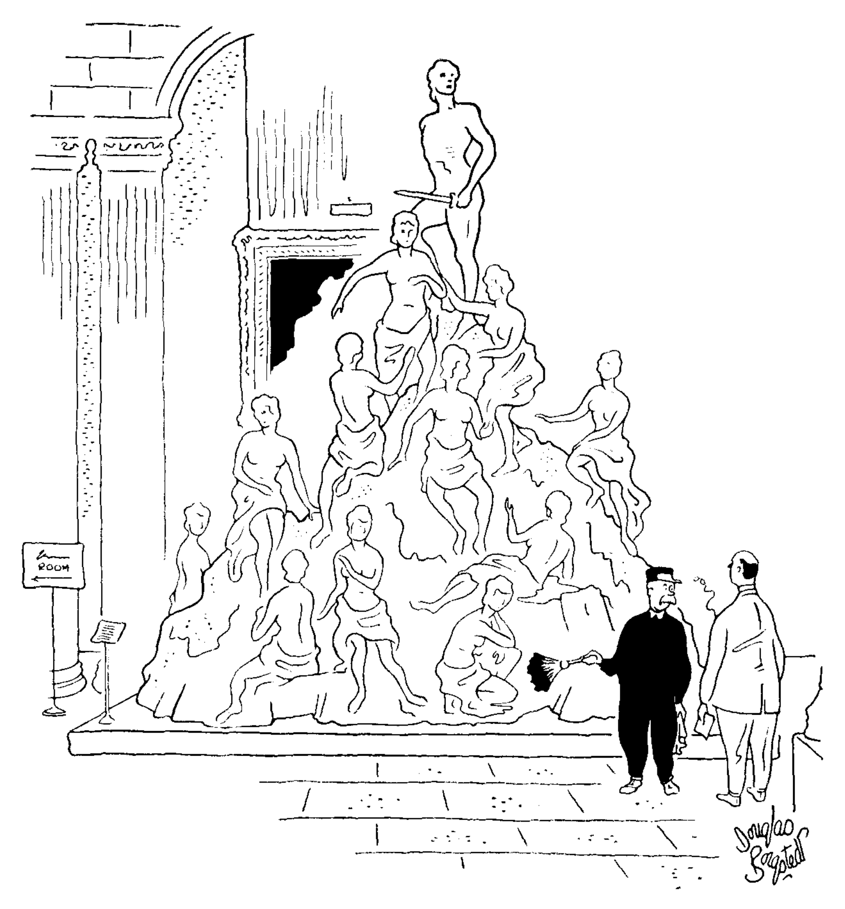
What Makes a Good Outfielder

But it was generally agreed that he would be an outfielder after that and when the Cleburne franchise was transferred to Houston, he began to burn up the league. Before the season was over he was scouted by George Huff (later the great coach at Illinois) and was shipped to the Boston Red Sox along with George Whiteman of the same club. Speaker did well enough but Whiteman was the flashy outfielder and all Tris got from the first year's experience was a batting average of .167 and some attention from Cy Young, who took a liking to him and spent thirty minutes every day hitting fungoes to him. Old Cy could hit a stray dime on the grass in right field and he led young Speaker around like a hound on a leash, hitting the ball just a step beyond where he could easily get it. In that way Tris learned to go back fast for a ball, go to right or left, and to come in on a dead run.

"Instinct and a good eye are part of it," says Speaker, "but most of it comes from studying the hitters and the pitchers. Don't forget that . . . the pitchers. If you know that the pitcher is going to throw a high hard one on the outside to a right-handed hitter, it is almost impossible for him to slam that one anywhere but in the direction of right field. A good fielder instinctively starts in that direction at the crack of the bat. You learn to tell from the sound of the hit whether it's going to be long or short. If it's a long one, you first get the right direction and then you pedal backward as fast as you can and eventually turn and look over your shoulder for the flight of the ball."

That explains something but it doesn't explain all to the fans who saw Tris in his prime. He would be playing about ten feet back of second base and would suddenly turn and head directly to the rear, turning only in time to grab the ball as it was passing over his head. If it wasn't instinct, it was plain genius. He seemed to start running before the ball was hit and he invariably ran to the exact spot where the ball was going to drop. If plain education accounts for that, there are a lot of illiterate outfielders in baseball, which is quite possibly true.

After his first season with Boston, the club failed to send him a contract for next year and he started scouting about for a job. Nobody in the big leagues wanted him and he finally landed with Little Rock, where he had a sensational season and Boston bought him back again over the indignant protests of Pittsburgh, which felt it had a just claim on him through a verbal agreement with Little Rock. But Boston it



"'Arkins? 'E's in there dustin' somewhere" DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

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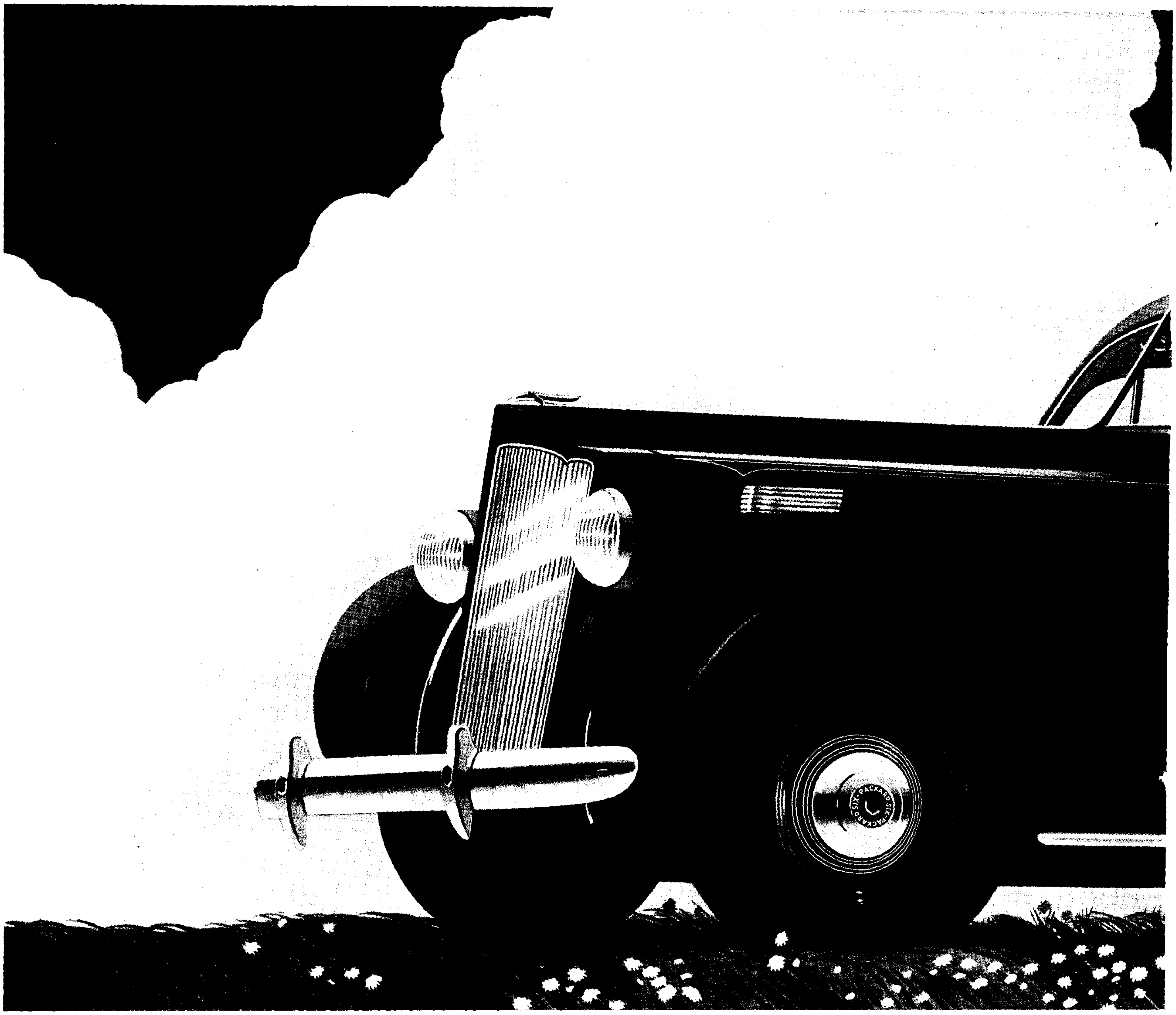

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YOU SAY: Well, if you've made major changes, you must have started off with the frame. You didn't change that, did you?

WE SAY: Certainly we did. You can't add seven inches in wheelbase to cars without changing their frames. We re-designed the frames of both the Packard Six and Eight to give them far greater stiffness and rigidity. These new frames are far stronger than you find on many cars carrying hundreds of pounds more weight.

YOU SAY: How about those grand Packard motors? You couldn't find much to do to those, could you?

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WE SAY: Packard, this year, has taken the a steel body with an all-steel top and made

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WE SAY: Packard worked for years with acoustical engineers with the result that these new cars have 11 combinations of 10 different insulating materials. These are placed so strategically throughout the body that noise, heat and cold are blotted out to a surprising degree.

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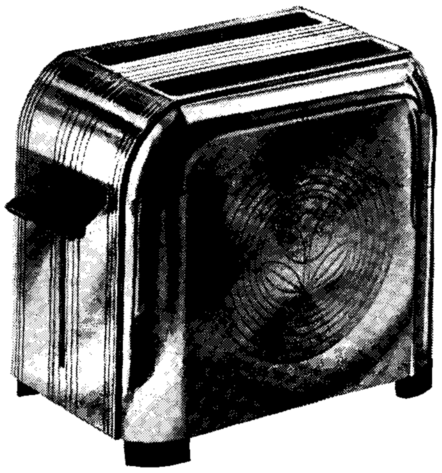

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was and remained until Speaker was traded to Cleveland in return for $55,000 and several players.

The 1912 World Series between the Red Sox and the New York Giants is still regarded as among the most exciting of all time. It went to eight games (one being a furious tie) and was finally decided by Speaker's hit in the eleventh inning of the eighth game. Just prior to his important single an incident happened that is still hotly debated by old-timers. Speaker popped up a foul fly that eventually landed in the coacher's box at first base. It dropped almost at the feet of Fred Merkle, first baseman of the Giants, while Chief Myers, the catcher, labored desperately to catch up with it. It was a tragic happening because for the second time in his career Merkle was to be the goat. He had been the storm center of the failure to touch second in the celebrated series between the Chicago Cubs and the Giants years before and was just beginning to live down the name of "Bonehead" Merkle when this crowning blow struck him. As a matter of plain truth, according to Speaker, the blame for the failure of Merkle to take the ball (an easy catch for him) belongs entirely to Christy Mathewson, who was pitching for the Giants that day in Boston. Speaker doesn't like to speak of it because it may reflect upon Mathewson, a greatly beloved man who is no longer alive, but Tris was in the midst of the play and knows exactly what went on.

"As I ran down toward the first base," says Mr. Speaker, "Matty came running over toward the ball, yelling 'Chief! Chief!' Poor Merkle knew it was his ball but in cases like that the third man always directs the play and there was nothing for him to do but back away. There is always a wind blowing in Boston and that wind blew the ball just far enough away from Myers, who had to come all the way down to first base for it. Matty himself could have caught it in his back pocket. When it dropped I said to Matty: 'Well, there goes your World Series.' You just feel your luck when you have a break like that. I went back and plastered the next ball for a single."

The most important catch Speaker ever saw also happened in that series when Harry Hooper leaned far over into the crowd in right field and grabbed a hit by Larry Doyle, which would have been a home run and would have won the series.

The Secret of Hitting

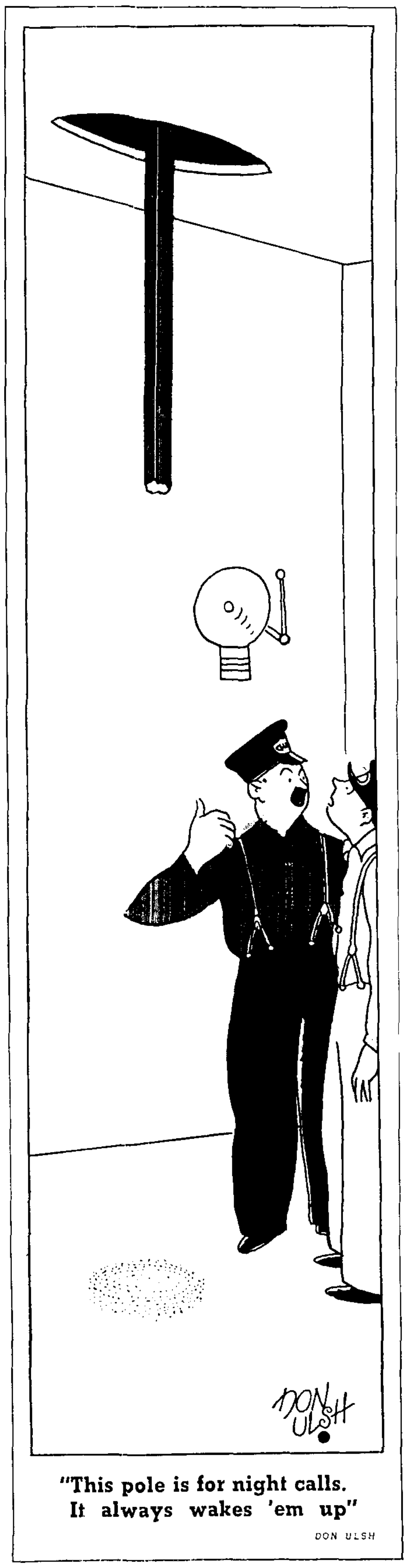
Speaker considers his own best catch to have been made against the Chicago White Sox when they were battling Cleveland for the pennant in 1920. It was a terrific smash to right center by Joe Jackson and Tris got up to it just as it was about to hit the wall. As the ball struck his glove, he crashed into the concrete and was knocked completely out but held on to the ball. It saved the game.

For his All-Time American League team, Speaker picks the following:

Cochrane, catcher
Joe Wood, Walter Johnson, Lefty Grove, pitchers
Hal Chase, first base
Eddie Collins, second base
Joe Sewell, shortstop
Larry Gardner, third base
Babe Ruth, left field
Ty Cobb, right field
Joe DiMaggio, center field

Speaker considers Chase not only the greatest fielding first baseman but also the finest hitter for the hit-and-run ever known. "It was impossible to get a ball past him. If it was a pitch-out, he'd foul it off. If it was a good pitch, he'd invariably hit it behind the runner and through an opening. The next best was Eddie Foster of Washington."

Looking over the various lists of all-time teams, it is apparent that the National League has had almost a monopoly of great shortstops and the American League has been top-heavy on outfielders. The Americans never had anybody who could play on the same diamond with Honus Wagner, while that same league has had great outfielders galore—Sam Crawford, Joe Jackson, Hap Felsch, Harry Heilman, Bob Meusel, Harry Hooper, Duffy Lewis, Earl Combs, Johnny Mostil, and of course Cobb, Speaker, Ruth and DiMaggio. Speaker has an interesting theory about the prevalence of long hitters among the American League outfielders. He lays it to the fact that when the American League fought its battle against the National League back in the days of the brotherhood wars, it was never able to wean away the great curve-ball pitchers who were the mainstay of the National League. As a consequence the American League had to take fast-ball pitchers and to this day it is known as a fast-ball league. Fast-ball pitching means long-distance hitting, when there is hitting at all.



"This pole is for night calls. It always wakes 'em up"

DON ULSH

Speaker thinks that pitching suffers today because the hurlers don't work often enough. "A pitcher to be at his best should work every third day," he says. At Cleveland during the Speaker regime a pitcher worked one day and warmed up in the bull pen the next day. He insists that even pitching in batting practice is good for the first-string pitchers, provided they make every pitch, even while warming up, to a spot—that spot being wherever the catcher wants it. He contends that present-day pitchers lack control because they work so infrequently and mentions a game last year in Cleveland when Mel Harder threw over 250 balls in nine innings, barely lasting to the finish because of fatigue.

As for hitting, Speaker thinks the secret is a short stride at the plate and considers the style used by Joe DiMaggio as perfect. "With a short stride you always have your eye on the ball, which you don't when you step out a mile and look as if you're about to kick the pitcher. Ninety per cent of hitting slumps can be traced to the long stride. When I was in a slump I used to practice with a strip of wood placed out in front of me at the proper distance. I watched my feet, saw that I didn't go over that slab of wood and soon got over the slump."

Managerial Deals

With the decline of base running, the other spectacular play of catching a runner off first has practically disappeared from the game. Speaker holds that Nick Altrock was supreme at this art. There was a barnstorming game in the West in which Nick was being vigorously powdered by the home-town boys.

"Nick fixed that," says Speaker, "by not letting them hit at all. He walked every man up and then picked them off first. Nine straight, I think it was."

Speaker's greatest disappointment as a manager was the failure of Duster Mails to make good. Duster came in late in the season of 1920, won nine games to clinch the pennant for Cleveland and one in the World Series and after that he was practically worthless. Tris thinks Cobb was responsible for the downfall.

"Ty played that winter in the Coast winter league and found out that Mails was a pop-off guy. If you said anything to him, Duster answered you right back and forgot about pitching. Next year with us, everybody gave Duster an argument and we were one pitcher missing."

His best deal was with Connie Mack by which he traded Bobby Roth for several players, among whom Charley Jamieson was thrown in for good measure. Speaker had quietly insisted on Jamieson, who had been a mediocre pitcher and was trying to become an outfielder. He saw something in Jamieson and didn't want Mack to know he was eager, but Connie, far from being suspicious, was sorry for Tris. "I don't want to take advantage of you," he said. "You don't want that boy. Let me give you somebody else." But Speaker wanted Charley and got him—one of the best outfielders Cleveland ever had.

The cleavage between old-time and modern baseball seems to have been formally recognized at that very moment, because Connie Mack found that Bobby Roth was a gentleman with a spectacular vocabulary.

"My goodness," said Connie, "if I had known that Mr. Roth used such words I wouldn't have invited him on my team."

Mr. Speaker will not admit it, but this incident seems to have introduced a new element into our national pastime. It has been much sweeter ever since.

SLEEP IMPROVED by ONE THING ONLY

IN 3-YR. UNIVERSITY TEST!

(ABOVE) The 36 men and women who took part in this experiment were carefully instructed in the exact procedure of the test. They slept a total of 6,800 test-nights, in order to determine whether "taking" certain things at night will aid sleep or not . . .

Of all the things that were tested, Ovaltine alone improved the QUALITY of SLEEP . . .

36 MEN AND WOMEN SLEPT FOR A TOTAL OF 6,800 TEST-NIGHTS

Experiment conducted by men well-known for Sleep Research

IN a recent series of scientific experiments in a leading University, Ovaltine was the only thing tested which improved the quality of sleep!

It was the only thing which made sleep more restful and the only thing which increased the percentage of mornings on which sleepers awoke well-rested!

One entire phase of this investigation was devoted to the question of whether "taking" certain things at bedtime affects sleep . . .

After determining the normal sleep habits of the 36 human subjects in this test, the investigators gave them various things to take at bedtime.

For example:—On certain nights they gave them a sandwich. On other nights a cup of hot milk . . . On other nights one or another of two well-known sleep drugs.

And on still other nights they gave them a cup of Ovaltine (*included at the wish of the investigators because of its wide use as a sleep aid*).

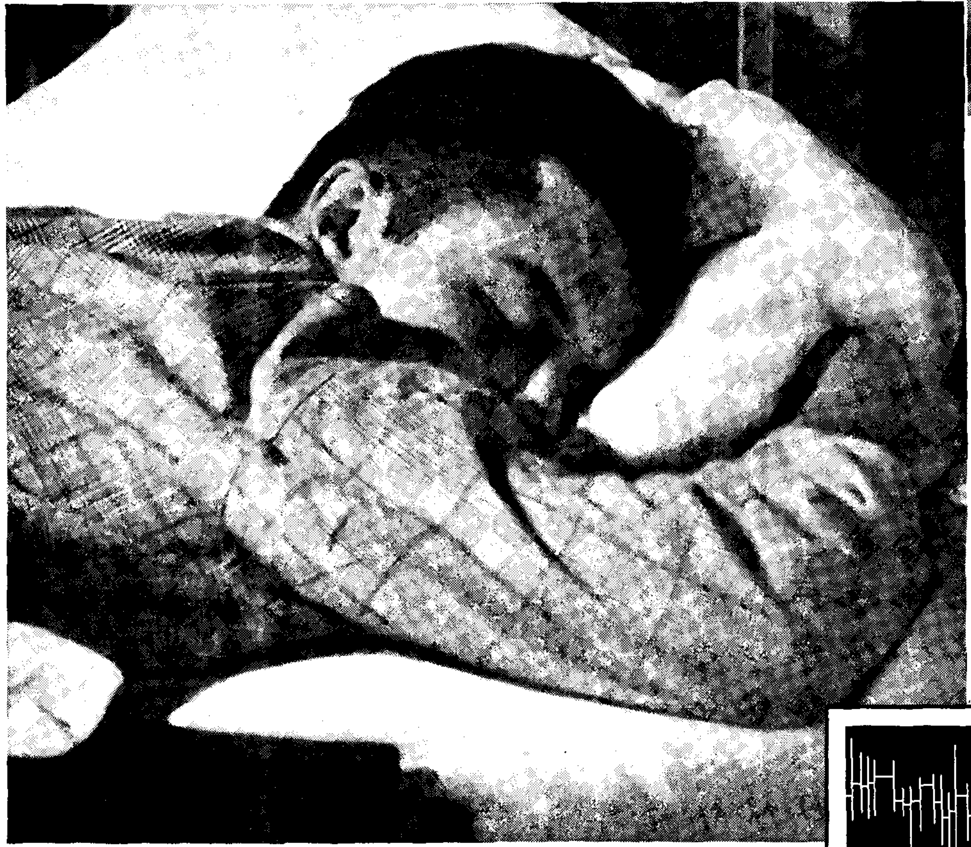
Of all these things Ovaltine alone improved the quality of sleep . . . To summarize the results:—

1. The food-at-bedtime did not aid sleep.
2. Hot milk did not aid sleep.
3. Of the two sleep drugs, one put the sleepers to sleep more quickly, while the other prolonged their sleep. (*Both these results were expected from medical experience, thus confirming the accuracy of the test.*) *Neither* drug, however, made sleep more restful or increased the feeling of being well-rested on waking.
4. Ovaltine reduced the restless movements of the sleepers at night. It also increased the number of mornings on which they awoke well-rested. It exerted these effects whether taken hot or cold, in milk or water, thus establishing that it was *Ovaltine* which improved the quality of sleep . . .

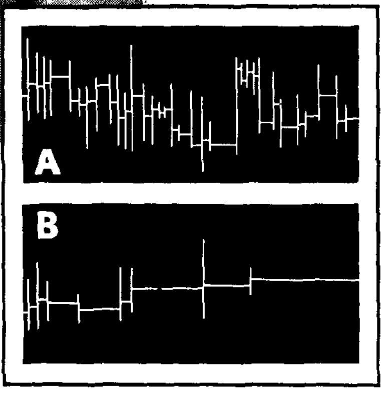
A study of this investigation indicates that to secure the fullest benefits from Ovaltine it should be taken *regularly!* Since it is not a drug it is not habit-forming. *But it is a mighty good habit to form.*

So if you do not sleep well, try Ovaltine. Take it every night for a few weeks. See if it won't help you sleep better and wake up more refreshed.

Get a can of Ovaltine and make it your regular "Nightcap." *Starting tonight.*



(LEFT) Will *"any hot drink aid sleep"*—as people often say? This experiment disproved it! Of the various things tested in this experiment, *Ovaltine was the only one which made sleep more restful!*



(RIGHT) Chart *"A"* shows the "tossing and turning" typical of a poor sleeper at night. Chart *"B"* shows the *fewer* movements which are typical of a *better* quality of sleep.

Eating a sandwich did not aid sleep. Neither did hot milk. Of the two sleep drugs tested, one brought quicker sleep, the other *lengthened* sleep. *Neither increased sleep's restfulness.*

When the sleepers awoke they were obliged to report whether they felt well-rested or not. The only thing tested which increased the number of mornings on which sleepers awoke well-rested . . . *was Ovaltine!*

(RIGHT) Clocks and a rotating chart were connected to each bed, whereby the time and extent of the sleepers' *"Tossing and Turning"* were recorded . . . *Ovaltine, alone, reduced restless movements of sleepers at night!*

Copr. 1938, The Wander Company

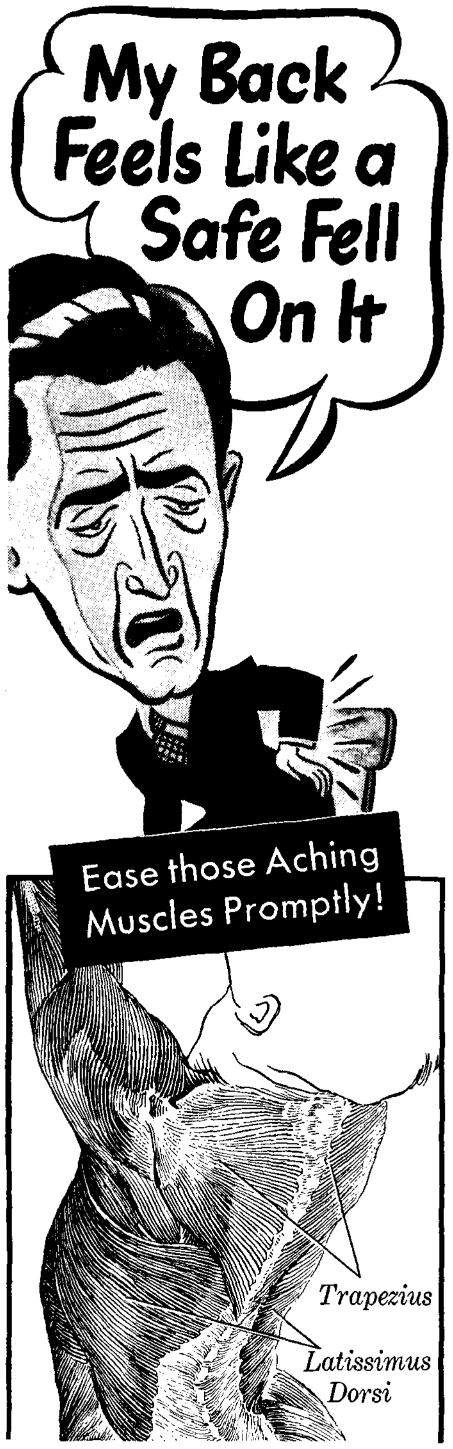
Ovaltine is a food. It was originated 40 years ago. Widely used as a restorative food by convalescents, expectant and nursing mothers, the aged, and as a "building" food for children. Helps nourish you while you sleep. Rich in vitamins, minerals. Doctors approve it. *Used in 57 countries!*

OVALTINE

The World's "Nightcap"

Marse Jeff Davis

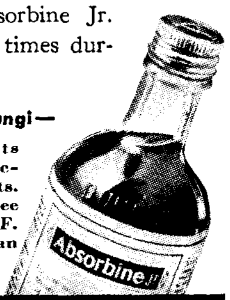
Continued from page 36


My Back Feels Like a Safe Fell On It
Ease those Aching Muscles Promptly!
Trapezius
Latissimus Dorsi

Wash FATIGUE ACIDS Out of Muscles

After unusual exercise, almost anyone feels stiff and sore. That's because fatigue acids have settled in their muscles. Pretty soon the muscles swell—feel stiff and achy.

Use Absorbine Jr. at once to ease that stiffness. It speeds the blood through the muscles and the blood washes away the fatigue acids. Swelling reduces. Pain diminishes. And your muscles limber up again. Repeat Absorbine Jr. applications 2 or 3 times during the day.



Kills Athlete's Foot Fungi—

Absorbine Jr. protects against surface infection. At all druggists. $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.

very forcibly what he thought of bribe solicitors and called a servant to show him the door. The story got around and made him still less popular with the carpetbaggers.

Instead of paying through the nose as more helpless planters did, Mr. Davis talked it over with a competent old crony, Dr. J. H. D. Bowmar. Dr. Bowmar had known him for nearly forty years and believed that Joe Davis was seeking to protect his brother Jeff when he calmly assumed that Brierfield was his own property and proposed to lump it with Hurricane when he applied for a restoration. So the tactful Dr. Bowmar asked no embarrassing questions but in the autumn of 1866 set out for Washington to appear before General T. J. Wood of the U. S. Army.

In the hostile atmosphere of Washington the emissary felt himself treading among eggshells, for the suspicious Federal officer promptly refused to grant a restoration because Brierfield belonged to that archtraitor Jefferson Davis. As a matter of fact, General Wood was correct. Years afterward the Supreme Court of Mississippi decided that Jefferson Davis was the moral and legal owner of Brierfield although he had no deed. This was exactly the snag that Dr. Bowmar had been steering so cautiously to avoid. In spite of the first adverse ruling he persisted and sent back home for court certificates to prove by the records of Warren County that Joseph Emory Davis had entered those wild lands from the government in 1818 and had never parted with the title. Yet after receiving these documents General Wood, a skeptical person, remained unconvinced, so Doctor Bowmar went over his head and appealed to General Howard, a superior officer, who directed the return of both plantations with rentals that had accrued since Joseph Davis was pardoned, March 28, 1866.

Ben Montgomery Steps In

To the end of his life Jefferson Davis never asked for pardon, refusing to acknowledge the commission of any crime against the Constitution of the United States, and died a political outlaw, the citizen of no country.

Having regained possession, Joe Davis must now devise a scheme to make a living out of his land. He had no heart to cultivate it himself under the heel of some nagging grafter who would regard it as a feather in his cap to write back home boasting of how he had bossed and bulldozed the brother of Jefferson Davis. Brother Joe was now in his eighty-third year, weary of warfare and seeking to avoid an incessant fight against carpetbaggers. He might hire a manager but had scant confidence in one, believing that the success of a plantation depended upon the owner's presence and personal efforts. More than that, he dreaded to see the changes and destruction on Hurricane where there would be no more family gatherings, no swarms of happy children shouting at their play.

Night after night the planter sat alone in the Porterfield home thinking and planning, weighing this difficulty against that advantage, until a definite purpose took shape. After deciding what should be done he did not send for a crafty lawyer or a banker with bulging moneybags; but in this hour of necessity wise Joe Davis sent for a Negro, for Ben Montgomery, who had been his slave and was now a trusted friend.

Nobody except Joe Davis would have considered Ben as a prospective buyer of his land, for Ben perhaps didn't have thirty cents, and the deal was for three hundred thousand dollars, which Ben, with his two grown sons, Thornton and Isaiah, agreed to pay for both plantations. No cash was laid down on the barrel head, only an annual interest of six per cent which would provide the seller with an income of eighteen thousand dollars. Ben was an excellent farmer, and thrifty management would make such acres yield the cotton.

The agreement between Joseph Davis and Ben Montgomery carried a secret clause that they never put in writing, to the effect that if and when Jefferson Davis were released and wanted Brierfield, Ben would reconvey it. A partial rescission of the trade would not be unjust to Ben, who hadn't paid a cent on the principal debt, and the annual interest would just about offset a fair rent.

Outside gossips who speculated on the transaction knew that Joe Davis never overlooked a bet. He must have considered the temper of the times and his younger brother's precarious hope of liberty, even of life. Besides that, his own multitudinous dependents must be provided for and he had nothing except those fertile acres with cotton selling at fancy prices to the spinners of Lancashire.

For more than forty years Ben had been a devoted servant, helping his master to produce cotton. Ben knew the business of Hurricane, knew every Negro on the property and how to manage him. Carpetbaggers and the Freedmen's Bureau would make a point of assisting an ex-slave rather than hindering him, so it seemed best to let Ben do the actual farming at least until this turbulent era of reconstruction and military rule had ended.

The Montgomerys took possession of both properties in January, 1867, and ambition led them to contract for the neighboring plantation of Ursino at an additional hundred thousand—on paper. The new owners made fair crops and each year until he died in 1870 Joe Davis collected his interest, remitting a proportion to Jefferson based on an estimated value of seventy thousand dollars for Brierfield.

At the ripe old age of eighty-five Joe Davis made his last will, leaving cash bequests of two hundred and thirty thousand dollars to various members of the family. In this document he directed his executors to deal leniently with the Montgomerys, so that afterward when Ben could not pay in full, they reduced the interest.

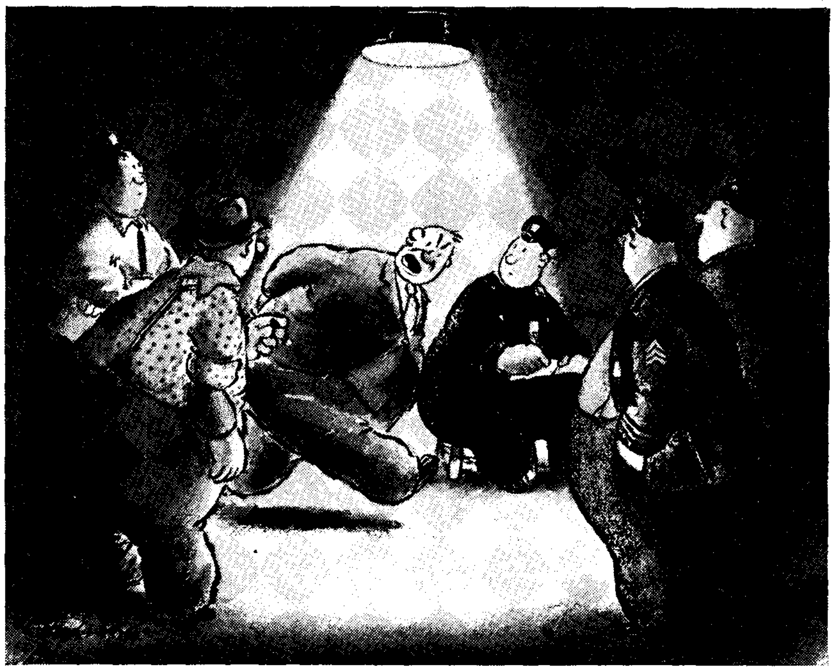
The lavish ante-bellum planter died at Vicksburg in September, 1870, and was taken to Hurricane for burial. The packet reached there at night to find hundreds of Negroes assembled with torches at the river bank, stanch black friends who once had been his slaves. Emotional Negroes with barbaric wailings for their dead marched beside the funeral cortege and lighted the slow procession that went on foot to the graveyard. It was densely dark under the trees, not a gleam from moon or star, no light except the fiery brands that cast uncanny shadows on the faces of whites and weeping blacks.

His Title to Brierfield

Two months after they laid Joe Davis to rest his beloved brother returned to Vicksburg. The federal government had not risked bringing him to trial on a charge of treason, which would involve testing the constitutional legality of secession. Without taking the case to a civil court or court-martial he was released from Fortress Monroe and spent possibly a year of exile in Canada.

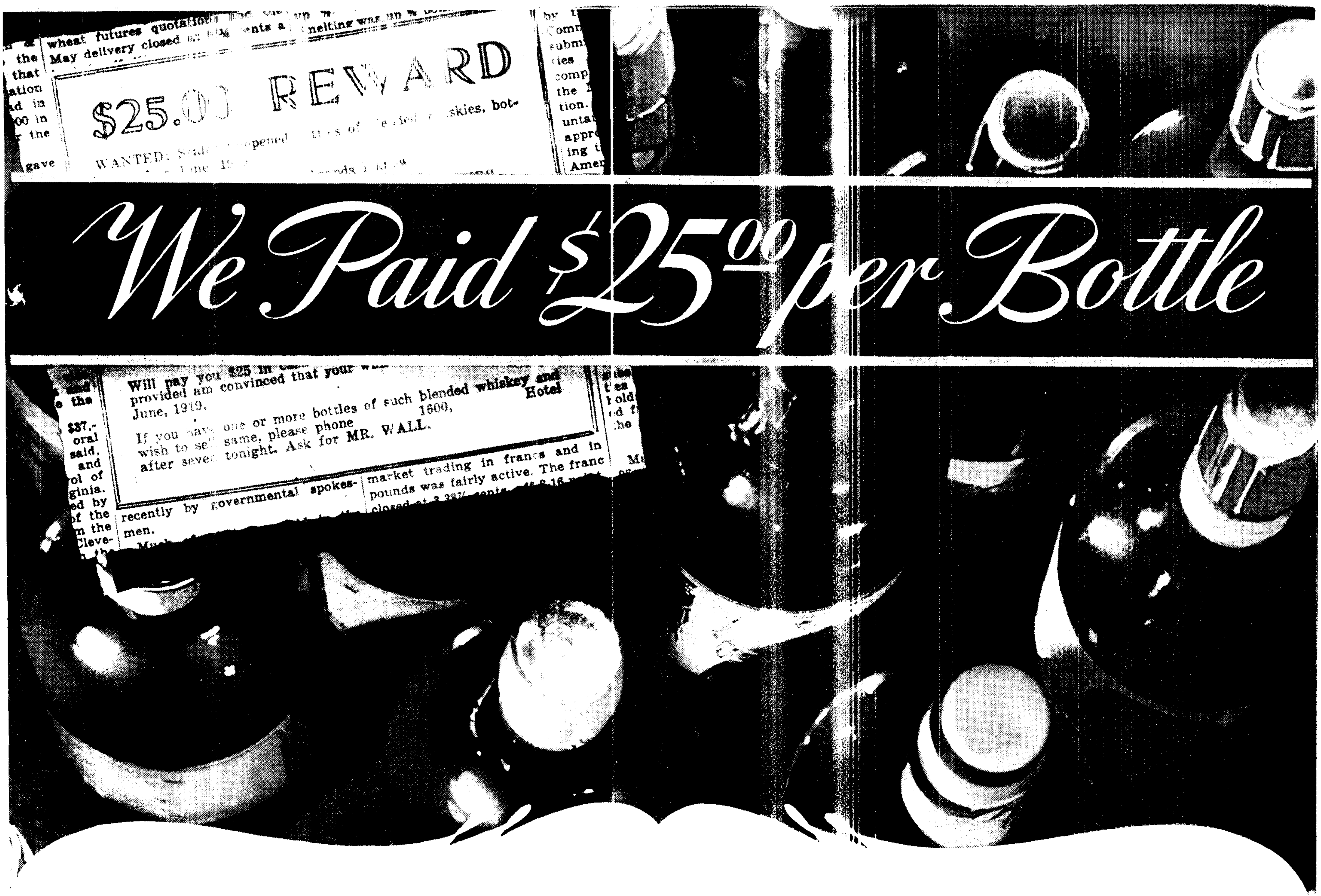
He then went to England, where some international merchants—or adventurers—proposed to establish a huge importing company, under the belief that with Jefferson Davis as chief partner thousands of friends in the Southern states would consign their cotton to him. For some reason, however, the plan fell through, and Mr. Davis found himself flat. So he came back home and the promoters of a new insurance company at Memphis got hold of him, conceiving the idea that by flying the name of Jefferson Davis as president at their masthead they would attract a profitable business. This ill-starred scheme also blew up, leaving him again at loose ends.

The fallen chief had no home, no private fortune or means of supporting his family. That may be the reason for his going to Brierfield, probably to talk



"Listen, I can't dictate without I gotta walk up an' down!"

JAY IRVING



$25.00 REWARD

WANTED: … opened … of … skies, bot-

Will pay you $25 in … that your …
provided am convinced … blended whiskey and
June, 1919. … Hotel

If you have one or more bottles of such … 1600,
wish to sell same, please phone
after seven tonight. Ask for MR. WALL.

We Paid $25.00 per Bottle

-collected these rare old blends to prove that Seagram's Crowns taste finer than whiskies of "the old days"

Out of old trunks, attics, cellars men dusted off their treasured bottles—whiskies they'd been hoarding for 20 years—famous old blends . . . the premium whiskies of "the old days" . . . and sold them to Seagram for $25 a bottle.

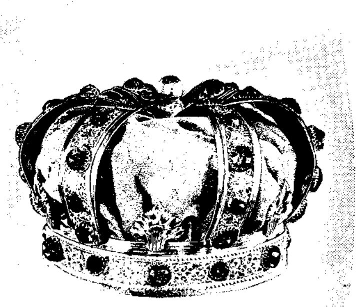
Then Seagram called in its qualified experts—and asked them to compare these old whiskies . . . side by side with Seagram's Crowns. The whiskies were served in plain glasses. No one knew which was which. Unanimously these men chose Crowns—as "finer tasting, smoother, mellower."

Men everywhere are choosing Crowns—for their finer taste. From July, 1935, to December, 1937—in the 14 states that publish records*—more people bought Seagram's 5 and 7 Crown than all other blended whiskies in their price class *combined.*

Blending skill explains it. Seagram has searched the world to single out the few master blenders capable of producing that exquisite Crown taste.

At the bar—or wherever you buy—think before you drink—say Seagram's . . . and be sure.

Seagram's
Five Crown
Blended Whiskey
Seagr
Seven Crown
Blended



THINK *before you drink*
Say Seagram's and be Sure!

* *Based on all available official figures from July, 1935, to December, 1937, issued by the Liquor Control Boards of 14 states: Pennsylvania, Michigan, Iowa, Idaho, Utah, Maine, Ohio, Oregon, Vermont, Virginia, Montana, West Virginia, Washington, Wyoming. It includes the sales of all blended whiskies in the price class of Seagram's Crowns—ranging at present from 90¢ to $1.50 per pint.*

Copr. 1938, Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.

Seagram's Crown

WHISKIES

They're Finer – They Taste Better

BECAUSE THEY'RE *MASTER BLENDED*

SEAGRAM'S FIVE CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old, 25% straight whiskey, 75% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. 90 PROOF.
SEAGRAM'S SEVEN CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old, 37½% straight whiskies, 62½% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. 90 PROOF.

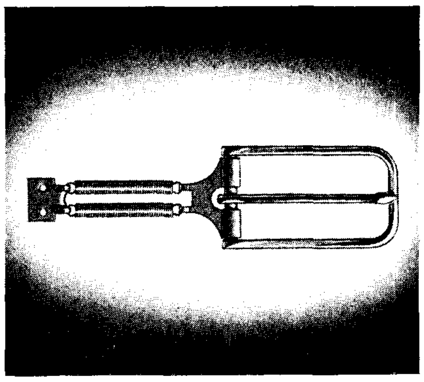
GIVES A MAN HIS FREEDOM

EXPANSO

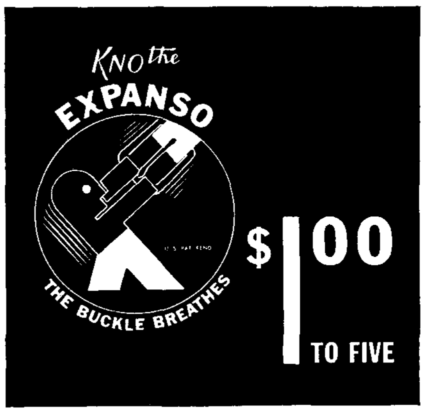
U. S. PAT. PEND.

THE NEW KNOTHE BELT!

Waistlines now breathe, as tiny tough hidden springs behind buckle allow inch of easy expansion . . . Scientific modern construction makes belt history. "Comfort feature" an EXPANSO exclusive.



The secret of EXPANSO's inch long expansion is hidden behind the buckle and *within* the belt. These tough and tiny springs maintain their continued strength and comfort



EXPANSO frees the American man from the age-old shackles of a binding belt. EXPANSO's new scientific construction ingeniously places two tiny tough springs behind the buckle, and concealed *within* the belt. No more "notch adjustment" before or after heavy meals, because EXPANSO automatically adjusts itself to your waistline. Active comfort at all times, yet adequate support without suppression.

EXPANSO is no gadget. It is a new comfort principle exclusive with Knothe. The buckle breathes! There's an inch of expansion in its spring movement. You'll welcome your new freedom and appreciate its price—from one to five dollars dependent on your choice of quality leathers.

Sitting, standing or in action—your waistline is always at ease in EXPANSO.

SEE YOUR LOCAL DEALER, OR WRITE

KNOTHE BROS. COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK CITY
EXCLUSIVE MAKERS OF THE EXPANSO BELT

with Ben Montgomery about reclaiming the plantation. It must have been on this occasion that old Florida speaks of him riding up to her cabin on the gray horse, dangling a string of shoes for the little Negroes.

It seems unlikely that Ben declined to give up Brierfield because he afterward, in open court, testified to such an understanding and announced his readiness to carry it out. So if Jefferson Davis could have regained the property by a voluntary deed from Ben, he must have had some other and urgent reason for filing a friendly suit against the executors of his brother's will. However, he did institute this proceeding and brought in all parties concerned, even his own children who were legatees under the will.

By this celebrated litigation Jefferson Davis asserted his title to Brierfield, despite the fact that no deed had ever passed. The ground of contention was that under a verbal gift from Joseph Davis he had entered upon the wild land, cleared it, and brought fields under the plow. Since 1835 he had treated the plantation in all respects as his property, which ownership was recognized through the years by his brother and by the family. When the case came up for hearing there was little or no dispute over the facts, practically no conflict in the evidence.

A Labor Problem

Sisters, nieces, nephews and adopted daughters who had lived at Hurricane, without exception testified that Brierfield had always been spoken of by everybody including "Uncle Joe" as the property of "Uncle Jeff."

The Supreme Court of Mississippi decreed that Jefferson Davis had acquired a legal title to Brierfield by "open, notorious and adverse possession."

He had gained the lawsuit, but to cultivate his acres became a vastly different matter. The lieutenant of dragoons had attacked those wild lands when he was full of youth and buoyant optimism that overrode all obstacles. Now he was old, far older than his years, bowed down by disasters and disillusion. The fighting spirit had gone out of him, yet Brierfield must be made productive, for he and his family had nothing else to live on.

Jefferson Davis re-established himself in Brierfield Mansion, but the planter had been out of harness for years and, instead of picking up the business where he had left off, had to begin all over again under the changed conditions of free tenants. The hand that once had ruled a nation must now dole out supplies on credit to his labor, charging on his books to each individual Negro so many pounds of salt meat and a dime's worth of molasses. The weary old man struggled against heartbreaking handicaps, for this was the reconstruction era of oppression and universal plunder by political adventurers who hated him. Labor had stampeded from the plantations, following the bluecoats for rations and wildly applauding carpetbag orators who promised them forty acres and a mule from the lands of their former masters. Fields were deserted while black idlers crowded to the Union camps.

Through lack of labor scanty crops were grown, fiber became scarce and the spinners of Lancashire offered such dizzy prices that a brilliant idea struck Aunt Florida. One night she and Robert came home from picking in one of the fields that Ben Montgomery had bought from Joe Davis, to empty their sacks in their own seed house, for the cotton of free men must now be kept separate. The tired couple went inside their cabin and sat down, and Florida pointed to a pair of thick mattresses on the bed, which puffed up like white balloons.

"Robert," she said, " 'tain't no sense in us sleepin' on all dat cotton, same as a pile o' gole money."

"What you mean?"

"Us kin sell our cotton, an' stuff dem mattresses wid straw. Huh! I wouldn't close my eyes wid all dat money onderneaf me."

"Huh! Since I come to think about it, dat sholy makes me restless."

Together they tore up the bed, slit open the mattresses and emptied the cotton in their seed house to pass again through the gin and be fluffed. Then Robert carried their ticks to a strawstack and filled them with straw. Next morning the whole plantation heard what Florida had done and that night every Hurricane Negro slept on a bed of straw, which added substantially to their cotton money.

Brierfield fared better than most plantations in holding its labor, for Davis slaves had been well treated and fewer of them strayed off. Young bucks had been taken into the Federal army, but most of the older hands remained.

There was no Big House now on Hurricane and no ole Miss to give Florida a soft berth, so she sweated in the field beside her husband, often looking up to catch a glimpse of Jefferson Davis as he moved slowly along the plantation road.

"Lord, Lord, Robert," she'd stand watching with misty eyes and say, "I 'members so good when he fust come down here an' went gallopin' aroun' on de finest sort o' hoss. Look at him now, can't hardly hold hisself in dat saddle."

"Mr. Davis oughtn't to be ridin' in dis hot sun."

"Co'se he oughtn't, but he jest keeps a-goin' anyhow."

Both of them stood looking until he had plodded on, out of sight, a feeble old man on a stumbling horse as gray and ancient as himself.

Stark necessity goaded him but the physical exertion proved beyond his strength. Scorching heat waked old fevers in his blood; the foot that was injured at Buena Vista gave trouble; he was almost blind and had to employ a manager. A manager costs money and is far less efficient than the owner, but by getting rid of the drudgery Mr. Davis had leisure to think about a book that he planned to write. Here was his opportunity, hoping that a successful volume might eke out his income and cure financial ills. For quiet and concentration he left Brierfield and rented a small house near Mississippi City on the Gulf of Mexico. This cottage on the coast belonged to a lifetime friend, Mrs. Sarah A. Dorsey, whose cotton plantations lay in Tensas Parish, Louisiana, near Brierfield.

Ben's Hard Luck

While a manager handled the plantation Mr. Davis settled down beside the sea where salt breezes blew across his table and wrote, wrote, wrote from the spring of 1876 to the autumn of 1879 when he completed his book, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government."

While writing his book Mr. Davis contracted to buy from Mrs. Dorsey her Gulf Coast home, Beauvoir, a simple sweet old house, comfortable and roomy. She offered to present him the estate but he declined it as a gift and had made payments on the purchase when the generous lady died, bequeathing the property to him in her will. The motive for the bequest was partly friendship, and partly a recognition of certain obligations. With occasional trips to Brierfield and to see his lifelong friend, Mr. J. U. Payne at New Orleans, Mr. Davis made his home at

Beauvoir until his death in 1889, after which the state of Mississippi acquired it as a home for aged Confederate veterans, who are proud to dwell beneath a roof that sheltered Jefferson Davis.

Hard luck overwhelmed the Montgomerys, who deserved a better fate. Father and sons worked manfully to prove that Negroes could own and operate such properties, battling against high water, short crops, and such disastrous seasons that they could no longer meet their obligations. Keenly as he hated it, Ben was compelled to appear before a meeting of executors at Vicksburg and announce that he was unable to carry out the contract and must give up the land.

Perhaps Joe Davis had foreseen that Hurricane would eventually return to his family, just as the captive had predicted from Fortress Monroe. Anyhow the former President of the Confederacy lived to see a brighter day when carpetbaggers were driven out, when Mississippi was ruled by Mississippians, and Davis heirs once more cultivated the old plantation. White farmers, however, prospered little better than the blacks, for their once splendid property, depreciated through many vicissitudes, was swapped and sold and mortgaged in strange hands, until taken over by a bank that had advanced too much credit. Brierfield Mansion was destroyed by accidental fire in 1931 but the land itself still belongs to the grandchildren of Jefferson Davis.

Marse Jeff's Last Journey

The decadence of both plantations is chiefly due to flood. Two generations ago, when the river rose, its waters poured into southern Louisiana and flattened out, dispersing themselves over a wide expanse of level lands and leaving Hurricane dry enough to grow cotton. Ante-bellum planters of the neighborhood combined in 1847 to throw up a low ridge, which they found sufficient to protect their crops. In 1867 the freakish stream took a notion to burst through the narrow neck of the peninsula and dig a deep channel that cut off Hurricane from the mainland of Mississippi. So now we have "Palmyra Island," and whoever goes there from either state must cross the river in a boat.

Late in the fall of 1889 a downstream packet tied up at Hurricane Landing and Jefferson Davis came ashore, eighty-one years old and so weak that he could scarcely totter across the stageplank. His manager, Mr. Trainer, met the boat and helped him into a wagon the jolting of which became a torture on their two-mile drive to Brierfield. But there wasn't a carriage on the island and the once famous stables were long since empty of thoroughbreds. . . .

Mr. Trainer saw that his employer was very ill and must not stay there without medical attention and proper nursing. So he sent a Negro to the landing with instructions to hail the first boat, which happened to be the red-chimneyed Natchez, bound for New Orleans with Captain T. P. Leathers in command. When bluff old Captain Leathers was told that Mr. Davis must get to New Orleans he promptly sent word to Mr. Trainer that the Natchez would wait indefinitely until his honored friend might come aboard.

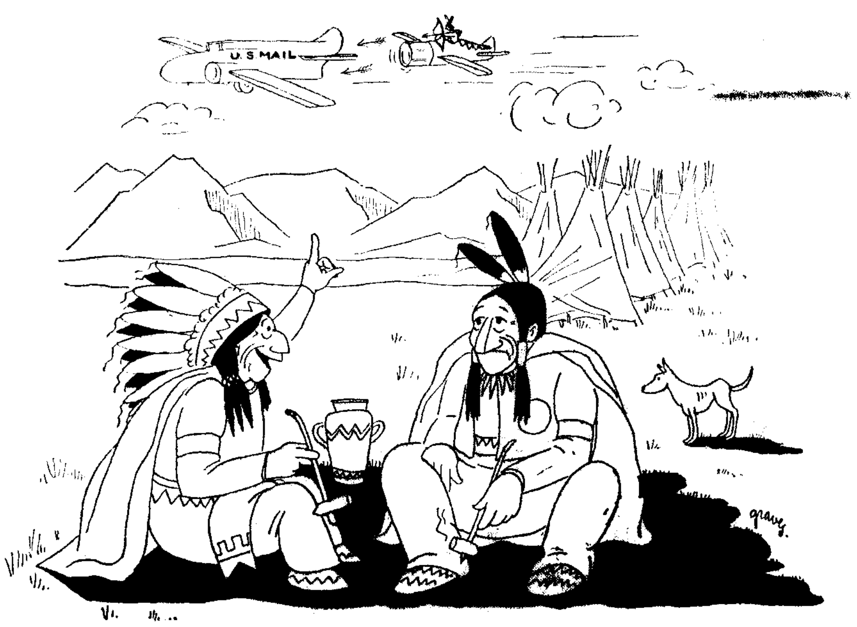
By this time the stricken man was suffering so intensely that Mr. Trainer dared not carry him in the rough wagon but called four stout Negroes and improvised a stretcher on which they placed Mr. Davis.

Fifty-four years before, another such procession had moved out from Hurricane House bearing Miss Orry to her death. Now they went out from Brierfield and carried Jefferson Davis. One of the litter bearers was the same Miles Stone who as a barelegged boy had skylarked around Florida's cabin when Mr. Davis brought him a pair of shoes. Gently the Negroes eased him through the great hall, down the front steps, then moved at a slow pace for two long miles, while the pallid sufferer lay on the cot chatting with them until they reached the landing.

Passengers heard who was being brought aboard and went out with bared heads, eager to help lift the venerable chieftain upstairs and make him comfortable on a bed in his stateroom. Brierfield never again saw Jefferson Davis.

The wartime President of the Confederacy sleeps in eternal peace at Richmond, Virginia, where a noble monument marks his resting place. The prince of planters, Joseph Emory Davis, lies buried near his father at Hurricane, shadowed by spreading oaks and one towering pine. It's a wild spot where vines grow rank and storms have blown down heavy limbs to crash among the tombs. The great and the rich have passed away while the small slave girl still lives, incredibly old but cheery, full of memories and loyal to her white folks, as she huddles at the hearth of her grandson on a cotton plantation north of Vicksburg.

THE END



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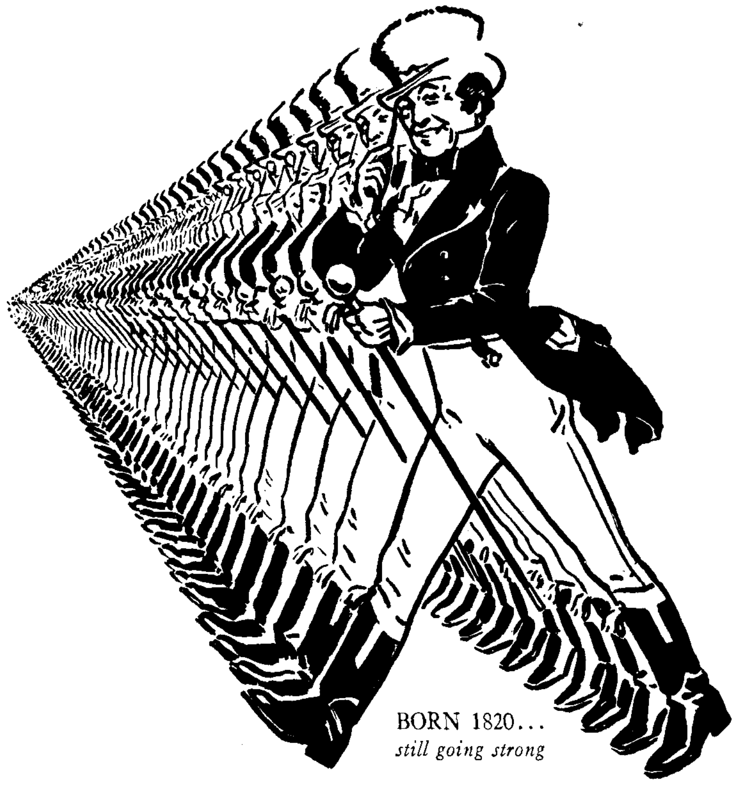

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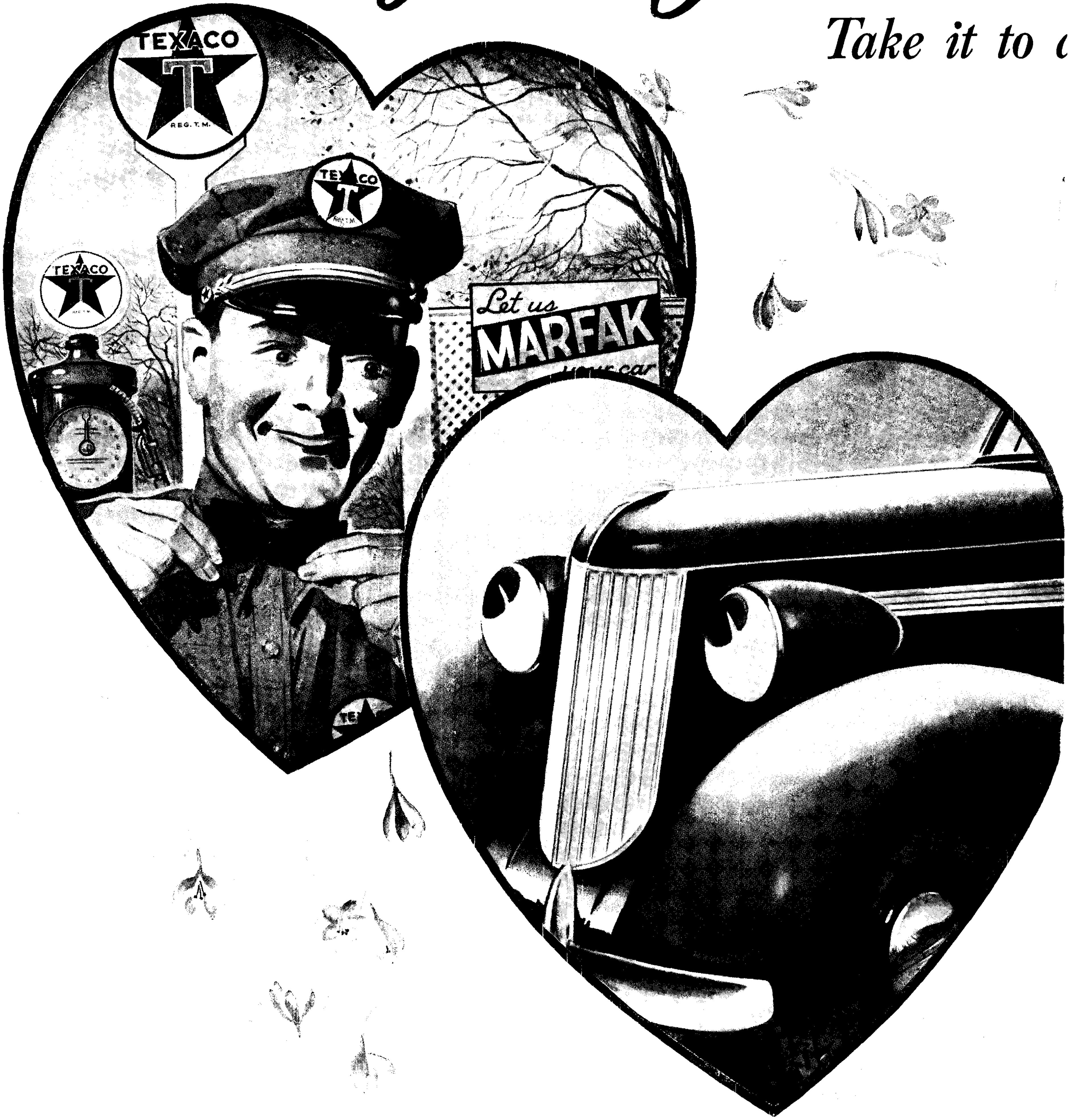
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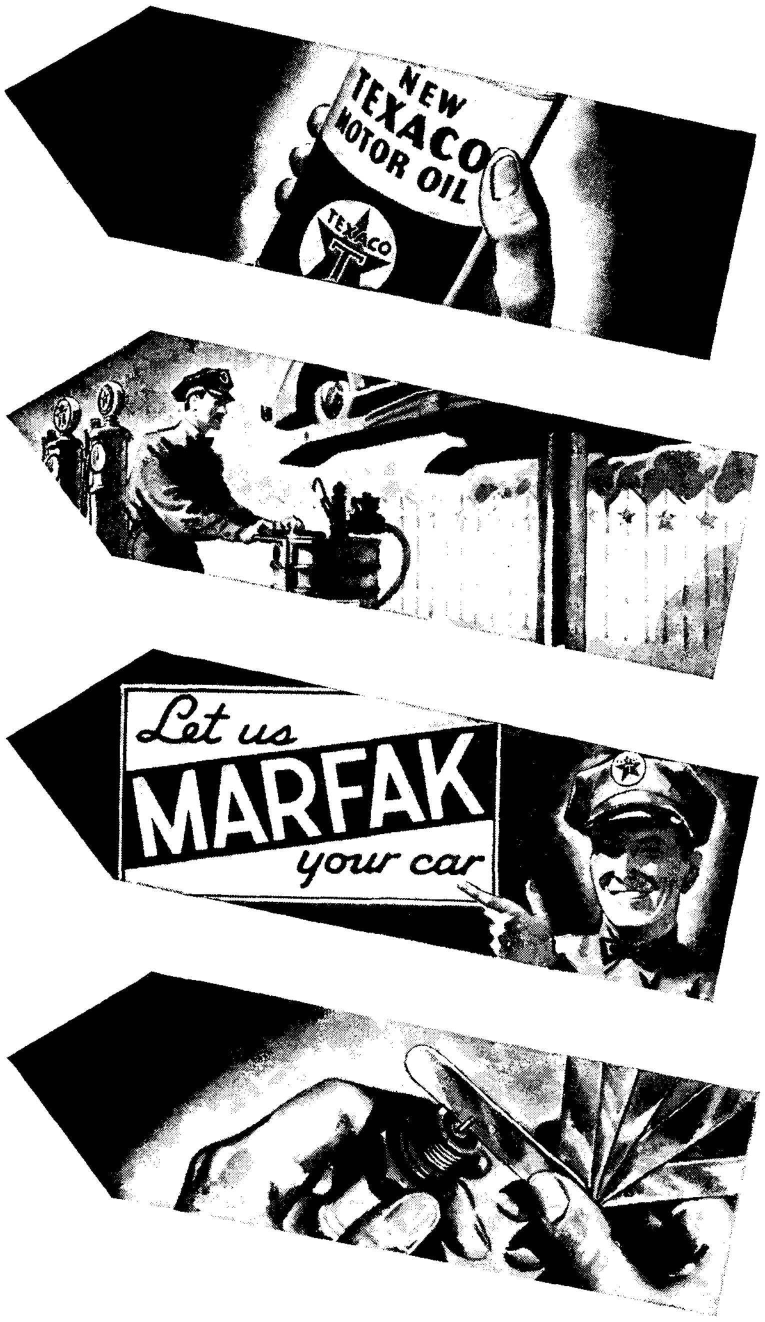

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Give Me Real People

Continued from page 18

two dollars (and probably lose) and who never said "No" when drinking unless someone asked, "Have you had enough?" He had more enemies than a centipede has legs. He had led a lusty, vigorous life. He had never bothered much about thinking—he felt. If he wanted to do something he did it no matter what the consequences. One day he woke up, shook his head in bewilderment and said to himself, "There's something wrong with me. I'd better find out what it is because I'm going nowhere fast."

No one in Hollywood would give him a job. He says he was a washed-up bum. He was thirty-six and he was all done—as well done as a twenty-minute hamburger. Everywhere he looked there was trouble. Even the Hollywood bartenders gave him only prop smiles. Someone persuaded him to go to a psychiatrist.

"Sure," he said sarcastically, "I'll go. That's a guy who reads leaves in teacups, isn't it? Or finds water with a crooked stick or does voodoo? Sure, I'll go."

His Father's Suit

He went to a man named Samuel Marcus, and Dr. Marcus said, "Tell me about yourself. Where were you born? What did you do as a kid? Tell me the whole story."

LaCava told him the whole story and when he was through Marcus laughed and said, "LaCava, I'll tell you what's the matter with you. When you were a kid your father wore a Prince Albert suit on Sundays. That's all that's the matter with you. Just forget that and you'll be all right."

LaCava looked at the man in amazement. He didn't know whether to laugh at him or slug him. Instead he did nothing and Marcus explained what he meant.

Now, LaCava was the son of Pascal LaCava, the only Italian living in the strictly Irish town of Towanda in Pennsylvania. Pascal LaCava was "different." To begin with, he was a musician and a linguist. He was a gentleman of the old school and when he set out for church on Sunday he believed in doing it right. He always dressed immaculately in Prince Albert and high hat. Each Sunday he'd take young Gregory by the hand and lead him to church. Every Irish kid in town would be waiting for this strange procession. Gregory himself had long blond curls and he was dressed very tastily in what they then called a Lord Fauntleroy suit. When there was snow on the ground it was especially bad. Before they reached church they were always the mark for many a snowball hurled by the husky arms of the casually cruel youth of Towanda. Young LaCava developed as sturdy an inferiority complex as ever you saw. He was different from other kids. He hated being different and years later, to show this hatred, he too became hard.

He was very happy when the family moved to Rochester. Here he was accepted as one of the kids. He gloried in this new-found freedom. He strutted and exulted in it. He'd like to show those kids back in Towanda a thing or two. He hung around a gymnasium in Rochester and did a bit of boxing. He had a freak build—large shoulders and small hips. He had the torso of a middleweight although (at sixteen) he weighed only 120 pounds. He could hit like a mule and a local promoter put him on in a few preliminary bouts. His uncle was a highly respected priest in Rochester so he fought under the name of Kid McVey. He was doing all right, too, until he flattened his hand against the hard skull of one opponent. The hand looked like a sodden head of lettuce after that with the bones mangled and smashed and shapeless.

"You can never fight again," they told him. "That hand will never be any good."

This frustration made him furious. Fighting was the one thing he liked to do and that was closed to him. Meanwhile he'd been attending art school at night and he had discovered that he had a real natural talent.

He worked in factories and on newspapers and finally he saved enough to give him a start in Chicago. He went there to learn something about art at the Institute. He learned something about art and about life, too. He learned to live on ten dollars a week and he learned about people. For a time he took tickets at the Garrick Theater.

"My real job was to keep people out who tried to get in without tickets," he explains. "One night a man rushed by without showing me a pasteboard and I grabbed him, tripped him and sent him sprawling in the lobby. It turned out to be Jake Shubert, who owned the theater."

Instead of firing him Shubert gave him a two-dollar raise for taking such good care of his interests. That two dollars bought that much extra paint each week. Paint was expensive. Food was cheap enough.

"Three of us lived in one room and we all tossed in a couple of bucks a week and cooked over a gas jet," LaCava says. "We did all right."

For an artist in those days there were only two goals, Paris and New York. Finally his mother came into a little money and she helped him get to New York. Now he really began to paint. He studied at the Academy ("it wasn't too good but it only cost ten dollars a year") and later at the League. He rubbed elbows with real painters, with the great in their field. He'd drink red wine with George Luks and he'd humbly accept Luks' criticism.

"You paint dreams," Luks would storm. "Me? I've got to paint a man eating stew or working with a pick and shovel."

The End of Art

Finally he and a few others broke with the academic traditions of the established schools and went to study with Robert Henri, who in those days was one of the forerunners of modern art. Men like George Bellows would drop in and criticize their work. New York was a glorious place for an artist and then one day the world came to an end. His mother wrote and said there was no more money. That's all. There just wasn't any money. He'd have to drop his art and go to work.

It was the second time in his life that he had known frustration. He put his paints away and he has never touched them since. He tore up his canvases and then, brokenhearted, looked for a job. He did a comic strip for a paper for a while although he hated doing pen-and-ink drawings, and then he went into what was then a brand-new field—the making of animated cartoons. For three years he did this and he made good money.

He bummed around for a while doing nothing and loving it and then one day he met an old friend, Charley Burr, who was producing two-reel comedies. He worked for Burr as a gag man and then helped direct some of the pictures. It was just a stopgap; he had no thought

18-second man hunt

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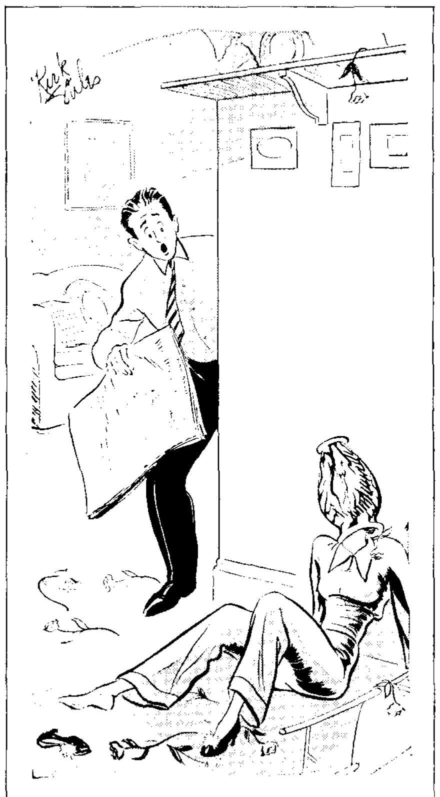
of ever seriously entering the field of pictures.

Richard Dix was making pictures at Astoria then for Famous Players. Bill LeBaron was running the show. LaCava finally got a job on the lot doing a little writing, sticking gags in pictures and in general making himself useful. Then Dix took a liking to this outspoken young Italian and he insisted that LaCava be given a directing assignment.

LeBaron eventually gave LaCava a chance and he made the most of it. He co-directed a number called Lucky Devil, an auto race story. LaCava had to take the actual race scenes on the dirt tracks of New Jersey.

The picture was a hit and so were subsequent Dix pictures and then Famous Players moved to the west coast. LaCava went along on a one-year contract and when that was up it wasn't renewed. He was an individualist. He didn't fit in with a large organization. Sure, his work was all right but he wouldn't take supervision. Anyhow, he tin-canned around for a year or two and then the pictures learned how to talk. He had never allowed himself to jell, to get set. It was easy for him to adapt himself to talking pictures. He did a few of them for Pathé and he was all right too, but finally the supervision got too much for him and he exploded.



"What happened, dear? Speak a little louder!"

KIRK STILES

He was having marital troubles that didn't help any and he just didn't feel like working. It was more fun to sit around with the boys hoisting a few and telling pleasant lies. He was healthy and full of animal vigor. He was lusty and strong and he'd take orders from no one. He didn't know it but he was trying to get back at those kids in Towanda who had laughed at his father's frock coat and at his curls. Months passed and people would ask, "Whatever became of LaCava?"

Then somebody told him about the psychiatrist. He went to see him and he found out that he was still annoyed at those kids who had laughed at his father.

It was Bill LeBaron who took the wild chance of hiring him just as he had hired him years before. LeBaron let him do a picture and it was all right. He let him do another and it was better than all right. He was on the comeback trail but it was a tough climb. He still wouldn't take orders from producers; still wouldn't follow a script he didn't like. Walter Wanger (smart guy, Wanger) gave him a picture called Gabriel Over the White House to do. LaCava took the script, turned it inside out and started to work. They told Wanger he was crazy to let this madman handle a million-dollar production.

"Look at the rushes," Wanger said to them calmly.

The rushes were great and the picture became one of the sensations of the film year. Now people started to talk about this LaCava who refused to compromise with anyone.

"He's got something," they admitted. "If you let him alone he'll make you a picture."

Darryl Zanuck was starting Twentieth Century about now and he hired LaCava to do Gallant Lady, starring Ann Harding. The Vine Street critics chuckled when they heard that.

"LaCava won't last a week with Zanuck," they said. "Zanuck won't let a director change a line of script."

LaCava knew this but nevertheless he read the script and threw it away. Each night he would write a few pages of dialogue and then in the morning he would give these sheets to the actors and say, "This is what you are going to say today." For eight days he didn't hear from Zanuck.

So he kept right on making the picture. Then Zanuck started to send him notes, rave notes, saying that he liked the rushes. But Zanuck never appeared on his set. LaCava wanted to see him about something but the best he could do was to effect an exchange of notes.

His final note to Zanuck was, "If the picture is lousy, let's shelve it and release the notes."

Go-as-You-Please Method

The picture was a hit. Everything he has made since has been a hit. His last two were My Man Godfrey and Stage Door, two terrific hits. They were "artistic," though LaCava hates the word, and they were commercial. Today he and Frank Capra are recognized as the two greatest directors in Hollywood.

LaCava has a technique all his own. He uses what he calls a go-as-you-please method.

"I have no technique," he says. "I have no formula. Give me a story about human behavior and I'll put it on the screen. I won't make a phony story. I don't believe in phony stories or in phony actors. In fact, I don't believe in phony directors. A director can't make anyone act. A director can mine an actor, can get out of him whatever talent may lie hidden in him but he can't make him act if he hasn't got it.

"Give me real people to work with, people like Bill Powell and Carole Lombard, and we'll give you a picture. Give me Hepburn, once you understand her, and give me a Ginger Rogers or an Adolphe Menjou, and we'll give you a picture. They're all real people, not dressed-up puppets. When I direct them I tell them to use their own personalities, not to assume someone else's."

Today LaCava is the highest-paid director in Hollywood. He makes only one picture a year. He isn't hungry and he likes leisure. He likes to sit around with old friends in New York and hoist a few and tell and listen to pleasant lies. He likes to punch the bag with Grantland Rice or Damon Runyon or Rube Goldberg.

"They're my kind of people," he says.

Well, they're genuine, honest-to-goodness people whom success has never bothered. LaCava himself is like that. He's one guy who'll never go Hollywood.

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Sunset Voyage

Continued from page 15

shiner, Charlie," Dorothy said. "How did you get it?"

"By all means, let's call on Mrs. Greeve," said Frayle, giving Larkin a sidelong glance.

"You two run along ahead," said Larkin. "I'll join you in the twinkling of a black eye."

He watched the two walk down the deck. Then he ambled by the radio cabin. He paused at the half-door, drew a folded sheaf of copy paper from his pocket, glanced for a last time at his story of Arthur Bonner's death and burial at sea. With a pencil he inserted the word "More" before his signature.

"COMPANY!" exclaimed Millicent Greeve, as Dorothy opened the door for Larkin. "And me looking like something the cyclone dragged in. I mean, you better shut your eyes, Mr. Parker, if you scare easy, because I certainly do look a fright. I've been so upset today that I couldn't even powder my nose. I mean, I'm really just a bundle of nerves, and when anything like this happens, why I just come all unbundled."

"Nonsense," said Larkin. "You look as cool as a cucumber and as fresh as a blossom."

Larkin couldn't think of any blossoms that Millicent reminded him of, unless it was a large bunch of wilted sunflowers. She was wearing a pair of satin lounging pajamas of brilliant orange, two shades brighter than her hair. The pajamas were a wrinkle of bed creases except for the lustrous expanse of trousers across her tremendously wide hips. In spite of what she said, she had apparently made some slight effort at embellishment—except for her coiffure, which might have been the work of a playful kitten. Her puffy face showed signs of hurried retouching that was not overly successful. Middle age showed through a coating of cosmetic youthfulness, and her mouth was not on straight. Her eyes were sagging badly.

"Sit down, Glen," said Dorothy, removing an empty glass, a pair of black lace step-ins, and a hairbrush from the stateroom's only chair. She hung the step-ins on a wall hook that already held a pair of silk hose, a patent-leather belt, and the deflated hemispheres of Mrs. Greeve's brassiere.

"Where's Frayle?" Larkin asked.

"He didn't come in," Dorothy said. "He went off with Mr. Shima."

"I'm so glad *you* came, Mr. Parker," said Mrs. Greeve.

"His name's Larkin, Millie."

"Call me Glen," said Larkin.

"You don't know what a comfort it is *to have a man around at a time like this*, Glen. A death always upsets me terribly." She paused. "I— Be a regular guy, Glen, and pass me that bottle. It's under that chair you're sitting on. I mean, I need a pick-me-up, Glen. Bad."

"Lifting yourself by the blackstraps, I see," said Larkin, looking at the few brown inches in the bottom of the bottle. "You've already attained considerable altitude." That wasn't true exactly. Millicent Greeve's breath was heavily scented with Barbados rum, but she wasn't drunk. She didn't even have the hopeless, languid look of a hang-over. Her nerves were in a taut state of overstimulation that defied the further goad of alcohol.

"You'd never guess what Mrs. Greeve was writing this morning," said Dorothy Bonner. "She was making her will."

"I'm just a silly little girl," said Millie. She essayed a mirthless laugh, but the effort was too much. She lay back ponderously upon her berth and passed a pudgy hand across her eyes. "I mean, I always think of things like that when somebody dies. Then I have a drink and I feel better and I tear it up again. I'm just silly."

"It must have been quite a shock," said Larkin, sympathetically. "Were you alone when you saw the body?"

"I didn't see it!" declared Mrs. Greeve promptly. "Oh, I couldn't look at a corpse. It would kill me."

"You did see him, Millie," insisted Dorothy. "You told me you did."

"Well, maybe I did," admitted Mrs. Greeve weakly. "I mean I don't like to talk about it."

"What time was it when you saw him, Millie?" Larkin asked.

"I don't know. I mean, I never look at the time on a party. I was seeing some friends in second cabin and we had a few drinks. . . ."

"Was it about four o'clock?"

"Yes, I guess it was. It was still quite dark."

"The man was lying on the deck when you saw him?"

"Yes."

"Did you recognize him?"

"Well, I saw it was the same man that was looking in my porthole the night before."

"How could you see that, Millie," Larkin pursued, "if it was still dark?"

"Why, the flashlight was shining on—I mean, I guess I didn't see him."

"What flashlight, Millie?"

"You've got me all mixed up, Mr. Parker. I don't know what I'm talking about. Maybe I shouldn't have taken that last drink."

"So there was a man standing over him with a flashlight?"

Mrs. Greeve's heavy eyelids fluttered closed. Her ample bosom rose and fell rapidly several times before Larkin demanded:

"What was the man with the flashlight doing? Going through his pockets?"

Mrs. Greeve's eyes popped open in terror.

"Mr. Parker!" she gasped. "I don't know a thing about it. And even if I did, I wouldn't tell you. I couldn't. I mean, even if I'd seen him doing murder, I couldn't say anything. He'd kill me, too."

"Did he recognize you, Millie?"

"He might have. He might have seen me. I wasn't walking very quiet. I didn't expect to see—"

"But the man with the flashlight was going through the dead man's pockets?"

"Yes."

"Who was it?"

"I can't tell you that, Mr. Parker. I don't want to be next. Anyhow, I didn't see his face. He had his back to me."

"But you're afraid he saw you and recognized you?"

"I'm scared to death."

"HOW could he see you if he had his back to you?"

Mrs. Greeve did not reply.

"Then he didn't have his back to you. And you saw his face. Now tell me, who was he?"

"He'll kill me, Mr. Parker."

"He certainly will," said Larkin. "Unless you tell me who I'm to protect you against. Of course if you don't want me to—"

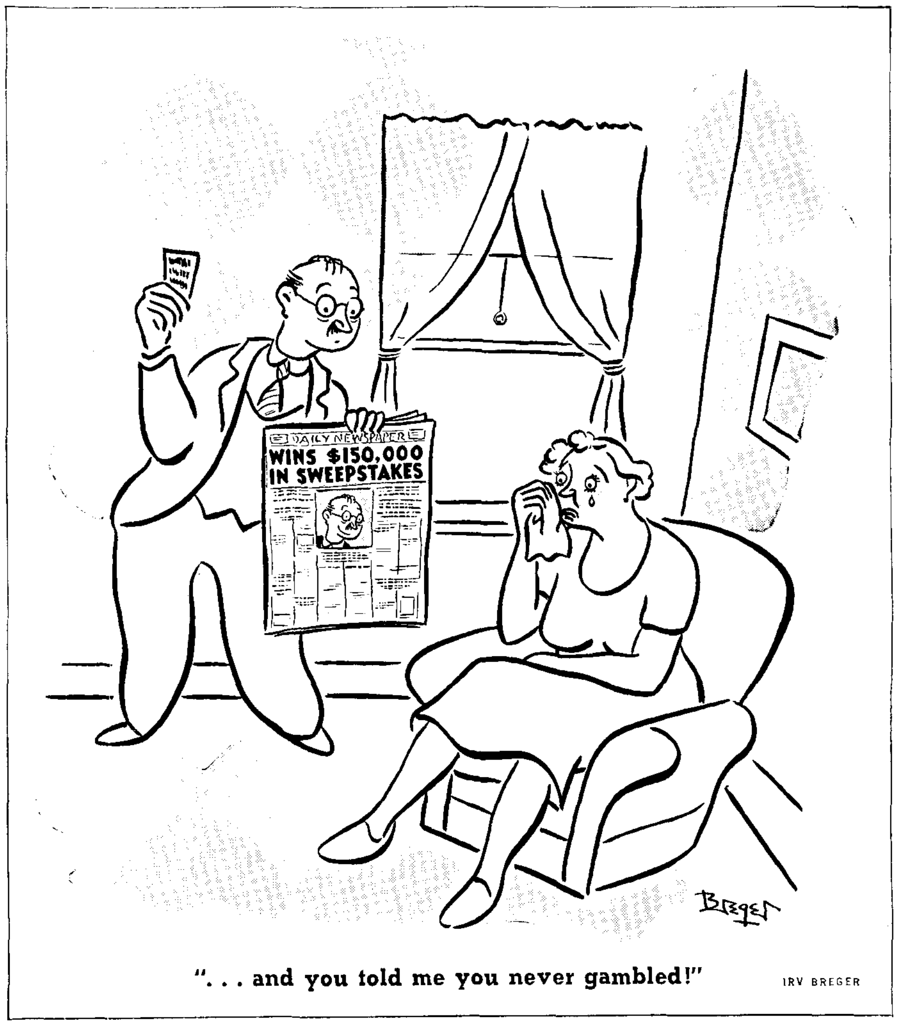
"Oh, but I do!" wailed Mrs. Greeve. "Will you promise you'll do something right away, before he can hurt me?"

"I promise."

Mrs. Greeve's orange satin form billowed upright in the berth. She clutched Larkin's sleeve with her chubby fingers, drew him close to her. Then she lay back again, her eyes closed.

"I don't know who it was," she gasped. "I mean I don't. Really."

"Was it a tall, lean, blond man named Frayle?" Larkin prompted.



"... and you told me you never gambled!" IRV BREGER

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BRIGGS CASK-MELLOWED FULL YEARS

"No, no! I mean, I didn't see his face. I don't know who it was."

"It was Jeremy Hood," said Larkin at random.

Millicent Greeve's eyes opened wide. She sat up.

"Not so loud, Mr. Parker! Please! He's right in the cabin across from us. It wasn't him anyhow, but he might hear you. I'm still scared to death, Mr. Parker. I mean, I'm trembling like a leaf. Just look at me, Mr. Parker. Pass me that bottle again, won't you?"

Larkin reached for the bottle. He stood up.

"Millie," he said, "I can't protect you against cerise behemoths. But you can always try dark glasses for those. Or empty glasses. So long, Millie."

IN RESPONSE to repeated rapping, the door of Stateroom "F" opened a few inches—just enough for Larkin to catch sight of the blue-steel butt of an automatic pistol sticking out from under Jeremy Hood's pillow in the background.

"Am I intruding?" Larkin asked.

Jeremy Hood saw the direction of Larkin's gaze. He closed the door another inch and tried to maneuver his thin, stooped body into the line of vision. Larkin could still see over the mouse-colored fuzz of his baldish head—a head that was several sizes too large for his narrow shoulders.

"Oh, no, no," said Jeremy Hood. "I just wasn't sure I heard someone knock. I've been taking a nap."

"I'd like to talk to you privately for a moment, Mr. Hood," Larkin said. "Do you mind if I come inside?"

"I'm pretty crowded. There's no place to sit down. . . ."

"I don't mind standing. It won't take a moment."

"Well . . ." Hood hesitated. "All right, come in."

He shut the door after Larkin, then with quick, birdlike steps retreated to his berth. His thin, translucent fingers rapidly arranged the mussed bedding as he sat down, and his right hand lingered on the edge of the pillow that he had jerked forward to hide the pistol butt.

"Well, what is it?" he demanded shrilly.

"It's about this young man who was murdered."

"Oh, that. I thought it was an accident."

"Then you have heard about it? I thought that perhaps, not seeing you in the dining saloon, or at the funeral—"

"The steward told me," said Hood. "Some good-for-nothing narcotics addict stumbled and struck his head against a ventilator cowl. What about it?"

"There's a feeling among some of the cabin passengers," Larkin said, "that the ship's officers were just a little too ready to regard this young man's death as an accident. We don't enjoy living with the possibility that there may be a murderer among us, and we think there should be a fuller investigation. We're preparing a petition to Captain Fujiwara to this effect. Would you sign?"

"No," said Jeremy Hood.

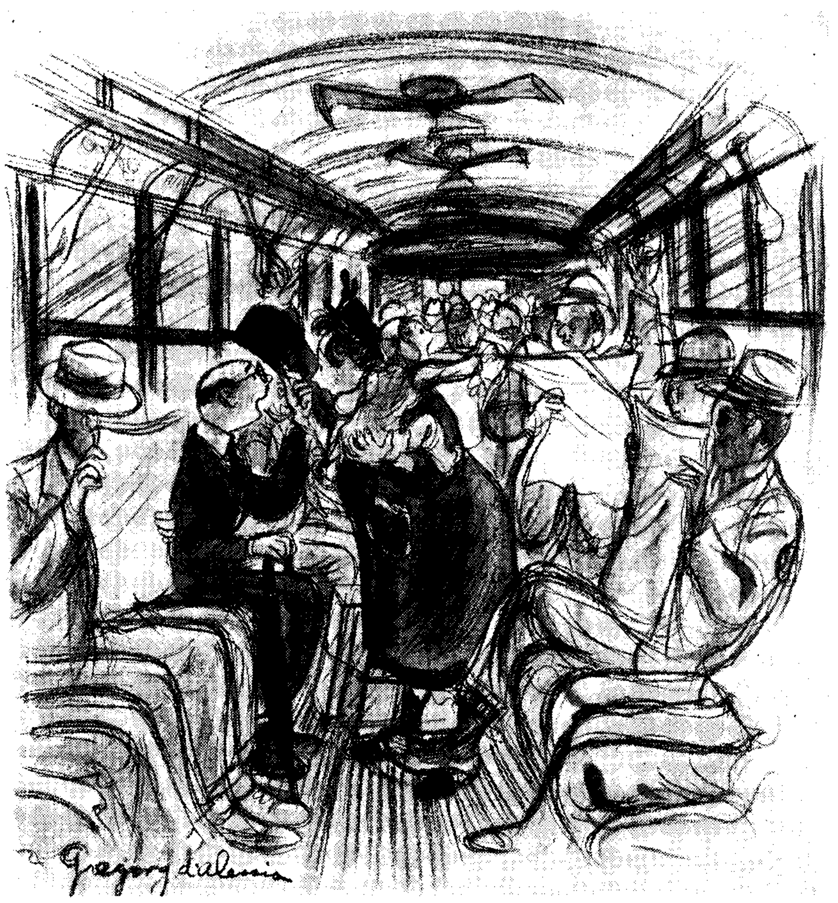
"Isn't that a rather unusual attitude, Mr. Hood . . . ?"

"Not at all," shrilled Hood. "In the first place, it's none of my business, and, in the second place, I have complete confidence in the officers of this ship. You and your friends distrust them because they're Japanese."

"No, Mr. Hood . . ."

"YES, you do. You've got that California prejudice. You've been listening to tourists tell that Japanese are dishonest and sly and bloodthirsty. Well, they're not. They're a nation of artists. There isn't another people on the face of this globe with a finer and more universal esthetic sense. This unfortunate affair in China—that's not typical of Japan. That's the work of a small military clique. That's—"

"Yes, I understand all that," Larkin interrupted. "One shouldn't generalize about any race or people. And I'm not. I'm merely assuming that for reasons of their own the officers of this ship are hiding the truth about the death of this stowaway, and some of us passengers are cowards enough to want the truth brought into the open."



"Be on the alert when we get to Myrtle Avenue, ma'am—I get off there"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

"And what makes you think that the truth hasn't been told?"

"For one thing," said Larkin, "there's pretty strong evidence that the man's death was not a solitary accident. Someone went through his pockets—and left them turned inside out. I saw that myself."

"Indeed." Jeremy Hood's spine seemed to stiffen. The fingers of his right hand tightened on the edge of the pillow.

"So I was wondering," Larkin continued, "if you didn't notice any unusual commotion on deck last night, say sometime between two and four in the morning."

"No, of course not," shrilled Mr. Hood indignantly. "How could I? I haven't been outside of my cabin since we sailed from San Francisco."

"Yes, of course," Larkin said, half-apologetically. "I remember now that Dr. Bioki said something about your not being well. Seasick, weren't you?"

"I'm in perfect health!" Hood declared shrilly. "And I was never seasick in my life. I'm naturally careful, that's all. And you'd be careful, too, if you had eighty thousand dollars' worth of merchandise in your cabin. You wouldn't be leaving it much, either."

"I see," said Larkin. "Then you're a jewelry salesman."

"Jewelry salesman!" Jeremy Hood sniffed scornfully. "I'm an art dealer, sir. Perhaps not the largest on the Pacific Coast but certainly the most important. At least if you measure importance by taste and knowledge, rather than by financial standards. And in my specialty, I have no peer in America."

"And what is your specialty, Mr. Hood?"

"Chromo-xylographs," said Mr. Hood. "Japanese color prints to you, sir. I add the popular term to spare you the embarrassment of asking me if a chromo-xylograph is not a musical instrument."

"Thanks for your tactful consideration," said Larkin. "But, although some of my best friends are Philistines, I'm not completely ignorant of Japanese prints. I used to own one, in fact, when I lived in Paris. A rather nice Hokusai."

"It would be Hokusai," Jeremy Hood snorted. "And I suppose your entire knowledge of the subject comes of reading Edmond de Goncourt's monograph on Hokusai and Utamaro. That's all most of you know—Hokusai and Utamaro and perhaps Hiroshigé's snow scenes. Utamaro, I grant you, is great. But what of Koriusai and—"

"HERE!" broke in Larkin. "Are you taking Japanese prints to Japan?"

"Eighty thousand dollars' worth," said Hood.

"Aren't you carrying rum to Jamaica, Mr. Hood? All the Oriental art dealers I ever knew do their buying in the Orient and their selling in America—or Europe."

"That shows your ignorance, my dear man," said Jeremy Hood, "your ignorance of the appalling ignorance of Americans where Oriental art is concerned. Americans know nothing about Oriental art. Oh, there is a certain snobbish interest in Ming vases and Ch'ien Lung glass and Suzuki bronzes. But most so-called Oriental art dealers subsist by selling teakwood screens and antimony Buddhas and carved ivory replicas of Hidari Jingoro's three Nikko monkeys. And why not? Their customers have neither the knowledge nor appreciation of the true masters.

"I have in my portfolios a dozen original prints by Hishigawa Moronobu, but I could not get their proper price in America because how many Americans know that Hishigawa Moronobu was the father of chromo-xylography? But in Japan there are hundreds who appreciate their own countrymen. And in Japan there are many new millionaires being created because of war contracts and munitions orders. . . . So I buy in America from collectors who do not know the real worth of their treasures, and sell them in Japan to collectors who do. And I make a neat profit. . . ."

Jeremy Hood's high-pitched voice droned on and on with the persistency of a buzz saw and even less variance of tone. Larkin was anesthetized by its shrill monotony and by the deadening volleys of facts and unfamiliar names that Hood was flinging at him. "Nishiki-ye . . . Ukiyo-ye school . . . 1760 . . . Kiyomitsu . . . the Shigekichi Mihara collection. . . ." The wizened little man was not only warming to his subject; he was boiling over with it. In fact, he continued to boil with such turbulence that little by little Larkin got the impression that this was not entirely professional enthusiasm. All this prolix vehemence on the subject of Japanese color prints was certainly not for the mere edification of a benighted stranger. It had some other purpose. What was it?

". . . the classic monochromes of Jasoku, even more magnificent, perhaps, than the classicism of Sesshiu. . . ."

LARKIN lit a cigarette. Jeremy Hood was gesturing violently—with his left hand. Beads of perspiration were pearling the fuzz of his denuded pate. He was working frantically to bore Larkin, to drive him away, or at least to keep his mind off the dead stowaway with his pockets turned inside out. But Larkin's obstinate mind clung firmly to its purpose. He began to see the line his further questioning should take.

"Mr. Hood," he interrupted at last, "did you know P. G. Bonner?"

"Bonner?" The word was almost an explosion, like the snapping of Jeremy Hood's whirring endless belt of conversation. His piercing eyes gleamed blacker than ever. But when he resumed talking, his voice was bland, almost conciliatory. "Why, yes," he said. "Anybody who has visited Japan as often as I have must know Pongee Bonner. Tragic, the way he died, wasn't it?"

"Wasn't it?" Larkin tossed his cigarette through the porthole. He was about to take a shot in the dark. He asked: "Is it true that Bonner was something of a collector of . . . chromo-xylographs?"

"Yes, indeed. He had a very fine collection. I saw it in Yokohama ten years ago."

"Have you seen it since then?"

Hood moistened his thin, colorless lips before he replied.

"No," he said. "Although I—I tried."

"When was this, Mr. Hood?"

"Two years ago," said Jeremy Hood. "I happened to be in New York at the same time Mr. Bonner was, and I called to see him. I heard that his collection was for sale, and I was anxious to bid on it. On part of it, at least. He had a very fine set of Hokusai's Ten Chinese Poets. Very fine."

"And did you get them, Mr. Hood?"

"Well, no. Mr. Bonner's prices were not my prices."

"Did you know that P. G. Bonner's daughter is a fellow passenger of ours, Mr. Hood?"

"No!" Jeremy Hood half rose from the berth, then settled back, as though weak from astonishment. "Of course, I wouldn't know, not having left my cabin since we sailed. But it does seem odd that an heiress to the Bonner millions would be traveling on a ship like this. I've never met her. I understand she's quite beautiful."

"Quite," Larkin agreed. "And have you ever seen her brother?"

"Never!" said Hood promptly. "Is . . . is he aboard, too?"

"I believe he was—until an hour ago."

Jeremy Hood blinked his seeming un-

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comprehension. Then he jerked himself erect, sat forward on the very edge of the berth. His mouth opened in speechless surprise. Not very convincing, Larkin thought. A little too pat.

"You mean to say—? No, that's impossible!" Hood exclaimed after a pause. "I understood the dead man was a stowaway."

"I'm certain he was Arthur Bonner. That's why I think there should be a fuller investigation. What do you think, Mr. Hood?"

"Under those circumstances," said Hood slowly, "I think perhaps I should sign your petition. Where is it?"

"I'll bring it when it's prepared," Larkin replied. "And in the meantime, you'll comb out your memory and see if there isn't some forgotten detail about last night that might help, won't you?"

"Did someone tell you I might be concealing something?" Hood's eyes narrowed.

"No, nobody," said Larkin. "I just thought that inasmuch as your cabin looks out on the passageway leading to the spot where the body was found. . . . Well, I thought you might have seen someone pass, or overheard a scrap of conversation that you'd forgotten. . . ."

"No, nothing," declared Hood.

"Well, then I'll see you anon, Mr. Hood." Larkin turned to leave. As he took the three steps that separated him from the door, he noticed a raincoat hanging from a wall hook. From a pocket in the coat, the gleam of polished chromium caught his eye—the end of a metal cylinder. It looked very much like the protruding tip of a flashlight.

AS LARKIN closed the door of Stateroom "F," he heard a dry, humorless chuckle behind him.

William Cuttle was leaning back against the opposite bulkhead, his arms crossed, the brim of his derby hiding his eyes.

"What's that you were saying this morning, Mr. Larkin," asked Cuttle, "about amachoor detectives?"

"What big ears you have, Grandpa," Larkin said.

"They hear more and better than any ears their own size," said Cuttle.

"And are guaranteed to fit any keyhole," Larkin added. "Educated at Yale, so to speak. Did they collect any hot information for you just now, Gumshoe?"

"Just a chuckle or two," said Cuttle. "You ain't very good on the Q. and A. You don't bear down hard enough."

"Maybe you'll give me lessons," Larkin said. He nodded toward the dining saloon adjoining. "Come on. I'll buy you a beer and you tell me where I was wrong."

"All right, I'll have a beer," said Cuttle.

The two men walked into the dining saloon. The green-baize cover was still on the long table, thereby denoting that the room would serve as bar, social and writing saloon, and smoking lounge until the steward came in with the dinner dishes.

Cuttle banged on the table with his hairy fist until the steward appeared. Then he said: "Bring two bottles of *beeru.*" Turning to Larkin he explained. "*Beeru*—that's Jap for beer."

"You pick up languages fast," said Larkin.

The steward brought two bottles of Asahi and opened them. The foam overflowed onto the green baize.

"*Kampai!*" said Larkin. "That's the Japanese for 'Down the hatch.' "

"Mud in your eye," said Cuttle. He drained his glass without one intermediary movement of his throat muscles. He took out a cigar, bit off the end, and looked at Larkin with a sly half-smile.

"So you're a newspaperman," he said.

"Not so loud," Larkin pleaded.

"You didn't fool me." Cuttle struck a match.

"I wouldn't try," Larkin said. "You're a detective. Tell me, how did you know what I was—by the way I comb my hair?"

"Nope," said Cuttle, pumping great clouds of smoke through his cigar. "I read your story on the funeral. Not bad. You laid on the unkbay pretty thick, but it ain't bad." He snuffed the match between his thumb and forefinger.

Larkin asked: "Do you have to read all the messages that go through the ship's radio, Mr. Cuttle?"

"Yep," said Cuttle. "That's part of my job."

"Then I suppose I have you to thank for scrambling up my radiograms to and from San Francisco yesterday?"

"It was part my idea," Cuttle admitted. "I told the skipper we'd better keep you under control till I had a chance to check up on you."

"Why?"

"Well, I can't be too careful. You know what this ship's got in her hold?"

"Rats?" suggested Larkin.

"Nitrates," said Cuttle. "Ten thousand tons of nitrates."

"Well, well."

"You know what they use nitrates for?"

"Yes," said Larkin. "Manure."

"Nope. Gunpowder." Again William Cuttle almost smiled. If his facial muscles had been physiologically capable of genuinely smiling, it would have been a pitying, superior smile. "They make explosives out of nitrates. It's war material."

"What's that got to do with my using the radio?" Larkin asked.

"Plenty," said Cuttle. "Inland and Oceanic Underwriters insured this cargo. We been picking up a lot of extra business since Lloyd's is fighting shy of war cargoes. Only a lot of things has happened since we wrote the policy on this cargo, which was a month ago, when the ship sailed from Valparaiso. The Chinks and the Japs are mixing it pretty heavy on the other side, the Japs declare a blockade, and Roosevelt says no war cargoes in American bottoms.

"Well, that makes the Chinks pretty sore, because they ain't got any bottoms of their own and the Japs've got plenty. So my office hears that the Chinks figure to use a few rabbit punches and knuckle gouges to stop whatever Jap shipments they can, to get even. The office also hears that there's a Chink agent due to hop this packet at Frisco to scuttle the ship or blow up the cargo. So they jump me aboard to keep an eye on things."

"And I looked like a Chinese agent to you?"

"I couldn't take no chances. Some guys'll do anything for money, even Chinese money. I found out you're okay, though. I always find out everything sooner or later."

"HOW long have you been sleuthing privately, Mr. Cuttle? Ever since you were ear-high to a keyhole, I'll bet."

"I been twenty years in the business," Cuttle said.

"Twenty years with Inland and Oceanic Underwriters?"

"Five years with them. I used to be with another agency."

"New York?"

"Yeah. Querm & Mariss."

"So that's where you learned to use a blackjack."

"What blackjack?"

"Querm & Mariss, as I remember, used to be big dealers in strikebreakers, wholesale and retail."

"We did farm out a few finks now and then," Cuttle admitted.

"But you never hired out gorillas for anything but strictly legal purposes, like blackjacking pickets?"

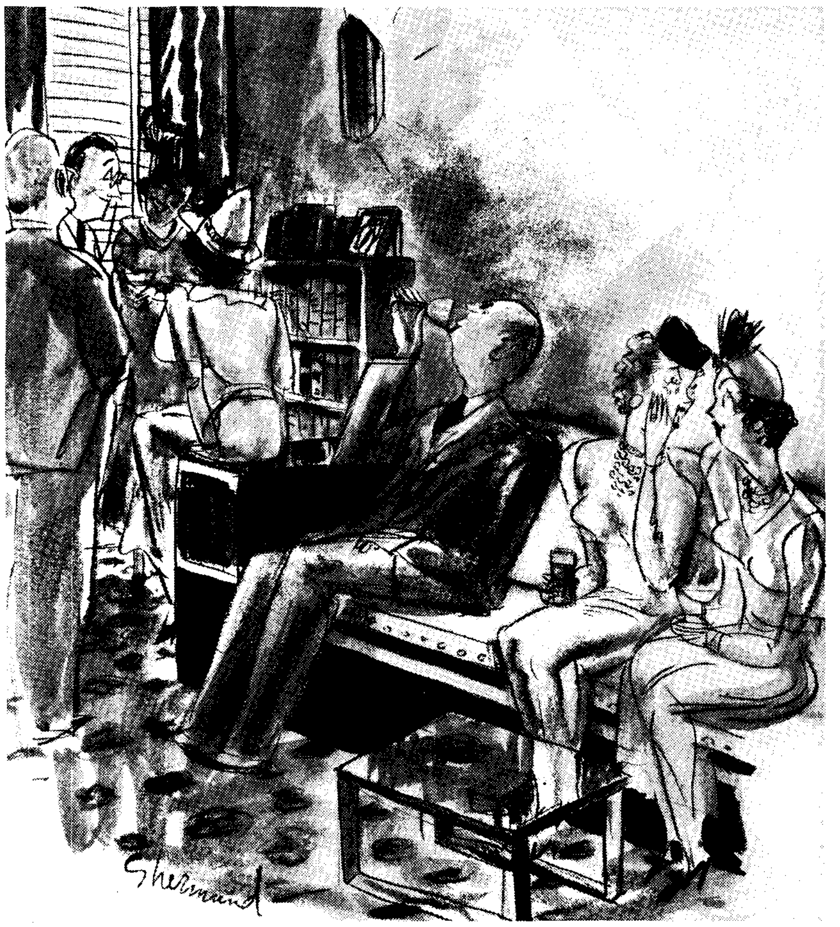
"Everything we done was always strictly legal," said Cuttle. He dropped his half-smoked cigar into his empty glass.

"How about another bottle of *beeru?*" Larkin suggested.

"I don't see no objections," Cuttle replied.

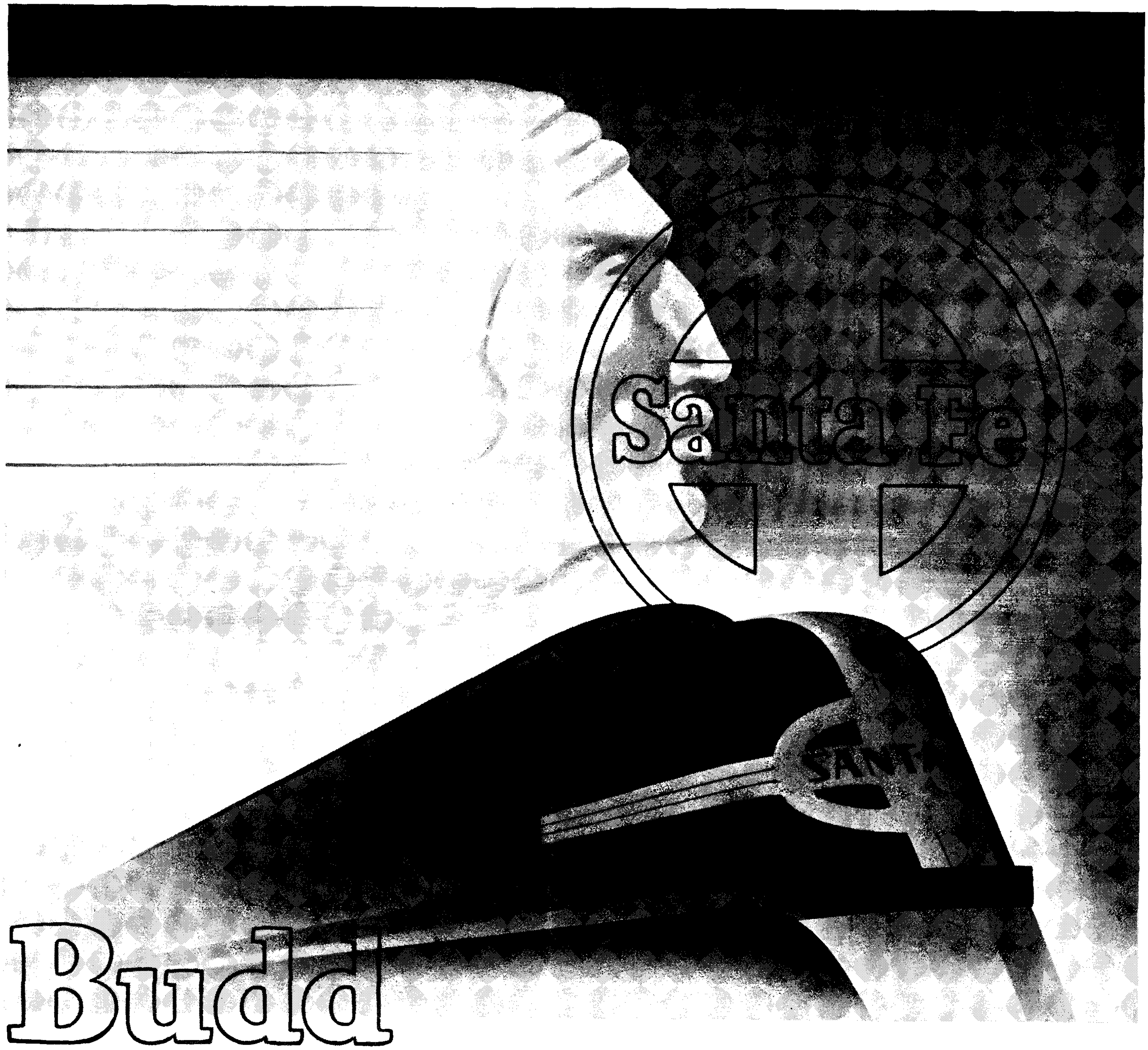
Larkin called for the steward.

"Were you ever in the old Juniper



"This is the round where he either passes out cold or starts bellowing about hidden taxes"

B. SHERMUND



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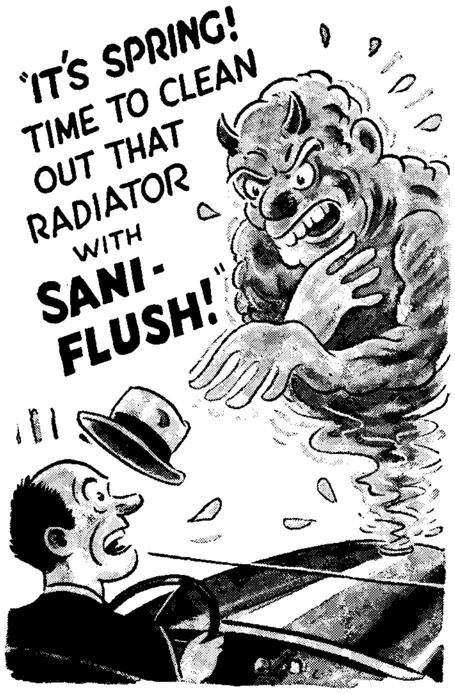
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Club in Fifty-second Street?" he asked while the fresh bottles were being opened.

"Plenty times," said Cuttle.

"Were you there the night of the shooting, back in 1930?"

"I can't say exactly. There was so many shootings in the Juniper Club that they never got the smell of burned powder out of the place between times. I don't *remember* 'em apart."

"I'm talking about the night Arthur Bonner shot a man."

"Nope. I wasn't there. I kind of remember it, though."

"Did you know the man Bonner shot?"

"Probably," said Cuttle into his beer. "Wasn't he a snow peddler? I knew most of those monkeys." He put down his glass abruptly. His mouth tightened a little toward his left ear. "Say, what are you trying to pin on me?" he demanded. "I never saw this guy Bonner until this morning. And even then I didn't know the stiff on the deck was him."

"You thought it was just a Chinese agent with designs on an insured cargo. That it?"

"Listen. I told you this morning that Bonner was killed by accident—or by a bungler. So don't try to give me credit for a botched job."

Larkin laughed. He said: "I seem to have cast aspersions on your professional skill. I apologize. Shall we have some more beer? Steward!"

"Now, listen, Larkin—"

"You've dropped cigar ashes all over your gardenia, Mr. Cuttle. Ruined it, practically. First thing we know you'll be raiding the captain's azaleas for a boutonnière, *and that— Oh, steward.* What's the Japanese for 'Bring two more bottles of beer'?"

"*Beeru-o mo futa-bin motte kite kudasai,*" said the steward.

"Make a note of that, Mr. Cuttle. Another language lesson. All right, steward, two more beers—in any language. And now what about that lesson you were going to give me in questioning suspects, Mr. Cuttle?"

"You go to hell," growled Cuttle, biting off the end of a fresh cigar.

When they had finished the third round of beers, Larkin said:

"Why don't we go below, Gumshoe, and have a look at that Chinese coffin I was talking about last night."

"What for?" Cuttle countered. "You found your stowaway, didn't you?"

"I still want to know how he got aboard," said Larkin, getting up. "It might be good practice for a guy learning to be a detective."

"I'll go with you," Cuttle said.

THEY went down through the steerage. The lower deck was littered with orange peels and shaven-headed children. Most of the adults were sitting on their bunks, eating.

Several enterprising passengers had set themselves up in the catering business and were cooking buckwheat noodles and white, rubbery bean curd over charcoal braziers for sale to their fellow Orientals. Chopsticks clicked against porcelain bowls.

"Smells, don't it?" said Cuttle.

"Sulphur and brimstone and eternal damnation," Larkin said.

"They fumigated the ship at San Pedro," Cuttle explained. "Rats."

Larkin opened the bulkhead door and led the way into the corridor that ran toward the cargo hold. He stopped in front of the last door on the right.

"This is it," he said.

Cuttle pulled the door open, explored the interior with the beam of his flashlight and then stepped in. Larkin followed.

The oblong box from the Shung Wah Chinese-American Mortuary was still on the floor, and the empty coffins were standing against the wall. The door slammed shut with a resounding bang. Cuttle whirled, dropped his flashlight as his right hand plunged under his coat for the left armpit.

Larkin laughed.

"That's just the roll of the ship, Gumshoe," he said. "Not jumpy, are you?"

"I don't trust nobody," Cuttle said.

"Pick up your light," said Larkin, "and let's have a look at this."

Under the glare of the pocket lamp, Larkin slipped his fingers under the top edge of the oblong box. The lid lifted off easily.

"Well, I'll be double damned!" said Cuttle.

There was no corpse, but the interior of the coffin was ingeniously outfitted. The sides, top and bottom were thickly padded, and there were hand grips at the sides so that the occupant could brace himself against rough handling. There were a dozen small air vents, and a system of catches by which the lid could be locked or opened from the inside. Brackets at one end held emergency rations: Two bottles of water, a loaf of stale bread, and a length of sausage.

Larkin ran his hands along all the corners, pinched and probed the padded lining of the pseudo coffin.

"Funny," he said, "but I got the impression that you said Bonner was a morphine addict."

"That's right," said Cuttle.

"Do you think he might have been a reformed addict?"

"Nope," said Cuttle. "Some of that needlework on his arm looked pretty new."

"Did you ever hear of a man using a loaf of bread or a hunk of sausage to shoot himself full of morphine, Cuttle?"

"Nope," said the detective, "and neither did you."

"Then where's the hypodermic needle?"

"I'll bite; where is it?"

"It's not here, obviously. And I didn't see any on the body. Did you?"

"I went through his pockets before they sewed him in canvas," Cuttle said. "There wasn't nothing in 'em."

"I'd like to find that needle, Gumshoe."

"You won't," said Cuttle. "You'll be looking for a needle in a smokestack, but you won't find it. It's probably chucked overboard."

"Who chucked it overboard, Gumshoe?"

"Why, the guy that frisked the body, looking for loose change, before the watchman found it. I still ain't sold on your murder theory, Larkin."

LARKIN frowned. He fished a cigarette from his pocket, let it dangle unlighted from his lips, as he stared pensively into space. Suddenly he slapped Cuttle on the chest.

"Gumshoe, *maybe* you're right!" he exclaimed. "Maybe we're both right! And if we are, there's still a chance of finding the hypodermic. If somebody did go through Bonner's pockets just for the sake of petty larceny, then he's probably hanging onto anything he thinks might bring a few cents at a hock shop. I'll put up a hundred bucks reward on behalf of the Seven Seas Newspaper Alliance for the return of the needle—no questions asked. I'll get the skipper to broadcast the offer in Japanese to the crew and steerage. . . ."

"Think you got something there, do you, Larkin?"

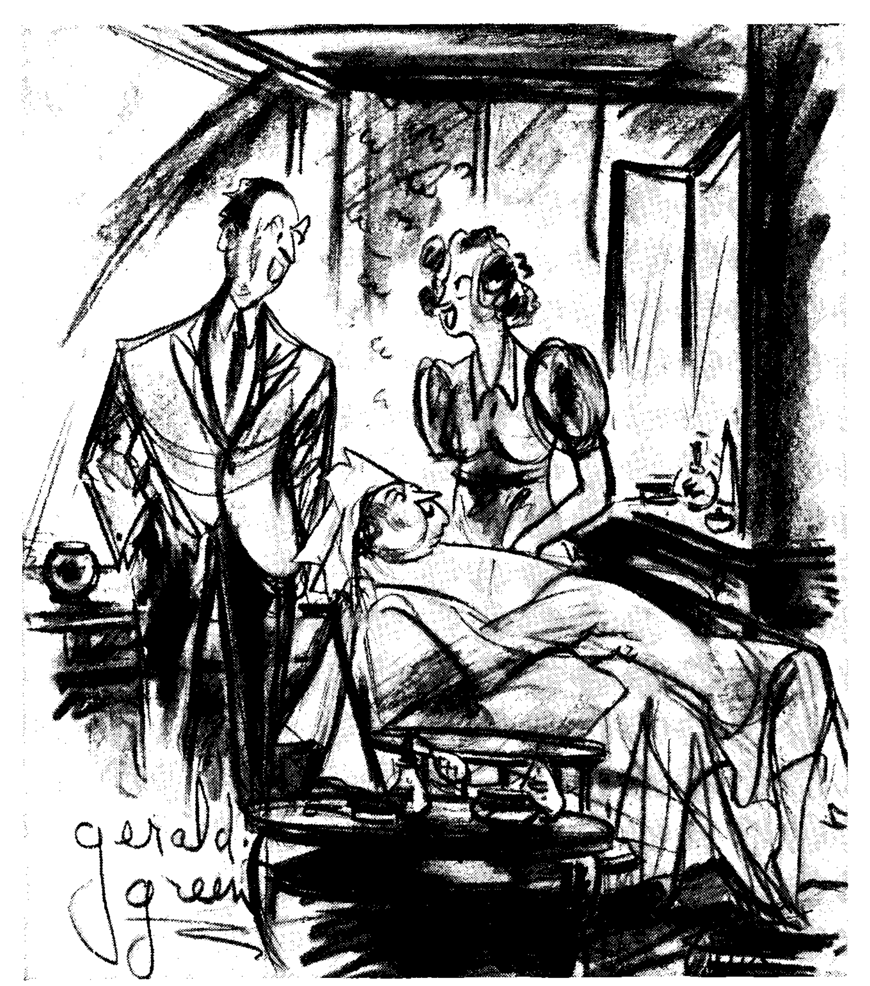
"I'm pretty damned sure."

"Lay you ten to one you can't convince me."

"I won't have to," Larkin said. "I'll let Dr. Bioki *convince* you. Come on, Gumshoe. Let's go up and talk to the doc."

Cuttle grunted skeptically, turned and reached for the doorknob, grunted again . . . with surprise this time. He turned the knob both ways, then rattled it furiously. The door was locked.

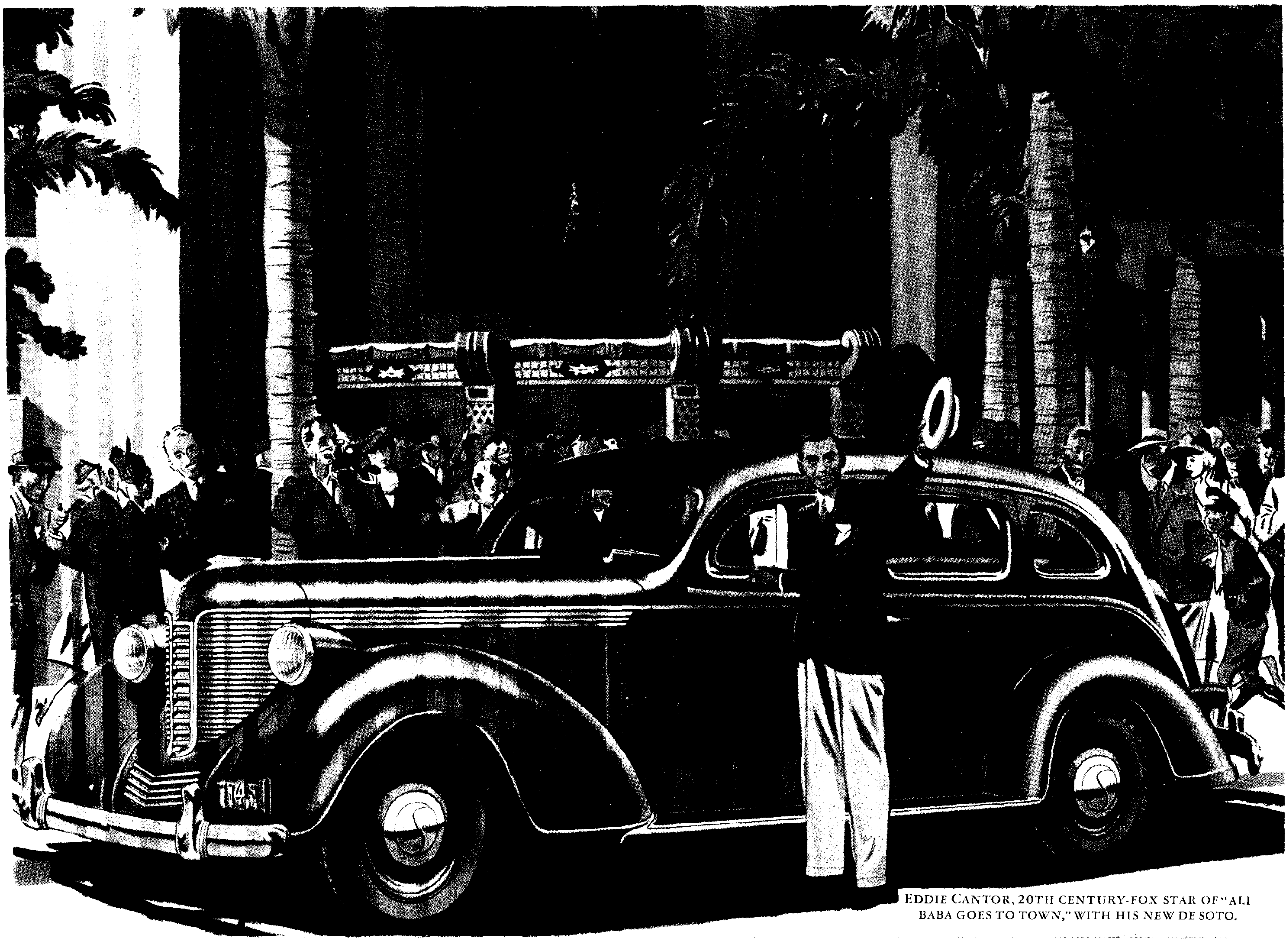
(To be continued next week)



"Careful, Marie. Don't make madam look too young"

GERALD GREEN

[illegible] IN HIS BIG NEW DE SOTO



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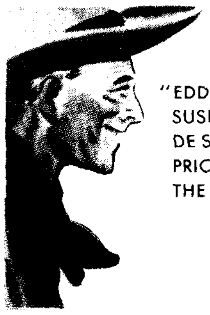

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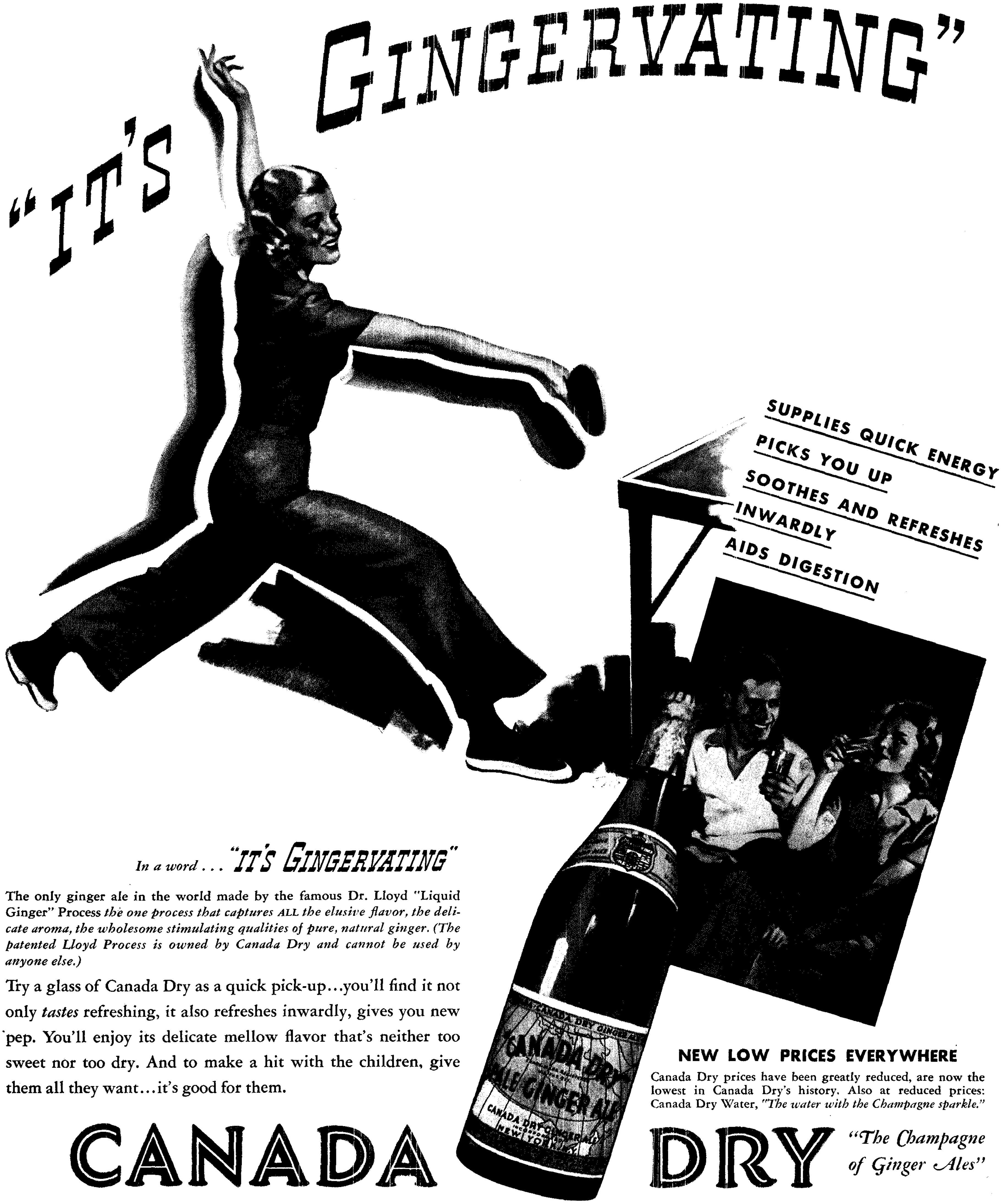
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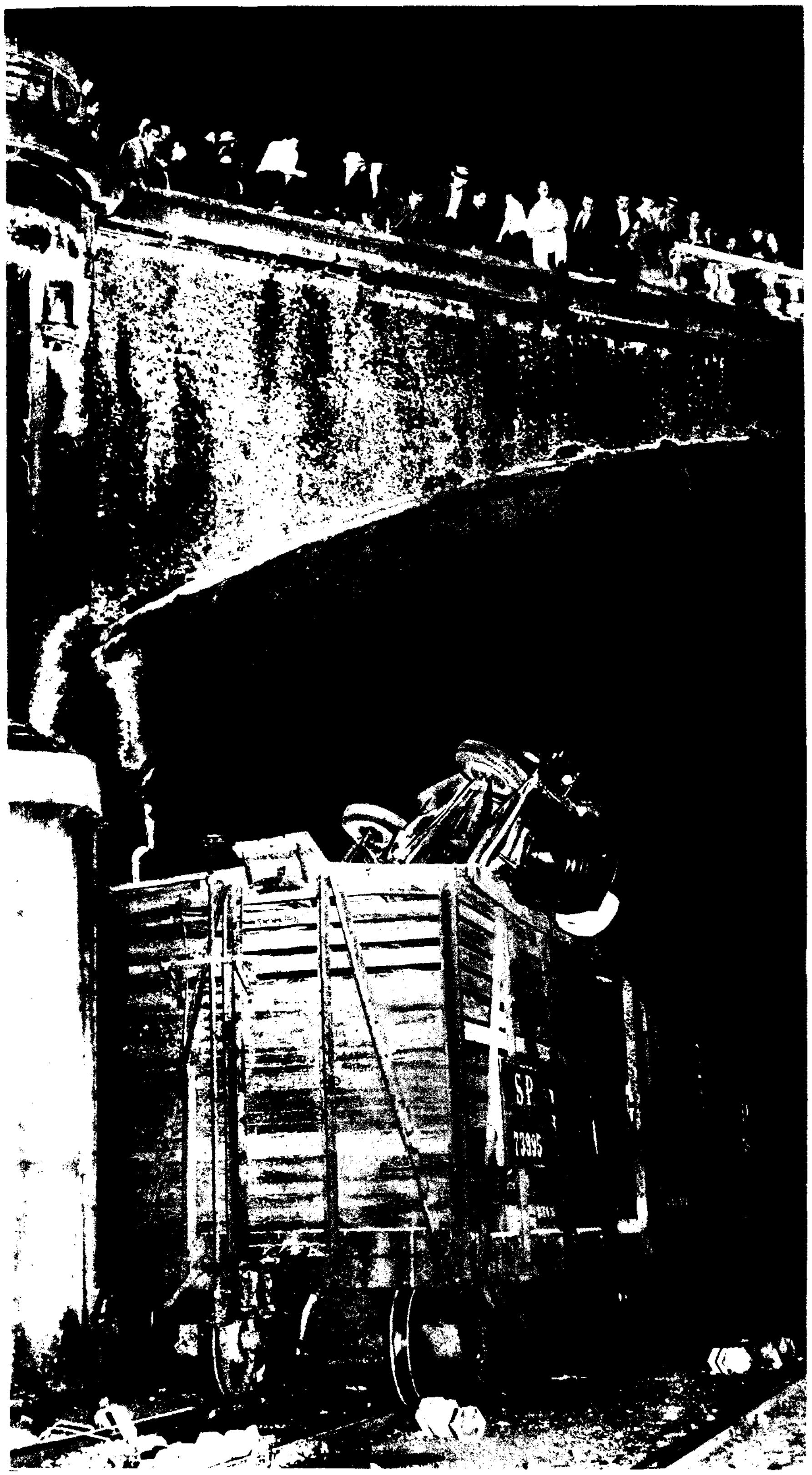
Make Safety Pay

By Denver Lindley

You can't scare people into taking care of themselves on the highway. Why not try offering a reward? The idea originated in Rochester, N. Y., and the detailed plan is presented here for the first time



WIDE WORLD

EBENEZER ALLAN is the man to blame. Or so we were told by one of Rochester's public-spirited citizens. In the year 1789, Mr. Allan, attracted by the steady surge of the Genesee River, built a grist mill some seven miles upstream from the point where the Genesee empties into Lake Ontario. "See for yourself, friend," said the public-spirited citizen, hauling us by the elbow out of the brisk crowds on Main Street and up the steps of the county courthouse. On the second floor he paused and pointed to the wall, and there, sure enough, were the upper and nether millstones from Mr. Allan's mill.

"What do you suppose there was around here then?" he demanded belligerently. "A town? A few houses? No. Not one. Not a thing but Indian Allan and his grist mill."

He waited to let the thought sink in. "So what happened? So farmers began bringing their grain to the mill from up the valley and down the valley and from east and west, straggling up to the mill from all directions. That's how Rochester's industry began. That's what started her on the way to becoming the Flour City. And that's what started her traffic problem.

"See for yourself, friend," he went on, dragging us to a window. "There's Main Street. And what did it used to be? A cowpath. Sure, they've straightened it and widened it out; it's as fine a street now as you can find anywhere. But do you see any streets parallel to it? No. And why not? Because there aren't any. Those farmers came from all directions. Then they straightened out one street and the town grew up along it. We've got a first-rate city here now, but it's still a one-street town. Why wouldn't we have a difficult traffic problem?

"Think it over, friend. Here's a city of upward of 330,000; five railroads come into it; it's a port of entry for airplanes; it has a lake port that some day, when they build the St. Lawrence ship canal, will be a seaport; it has seven hundred and sixty-three different manufacturers whose pay rolls run to 'way over a million a week; and Rochester is laid out along one main street. Of course we have a traffic problem. Have had for years. And of course we're interested in safety. Have been for years. Why, back in 1918 the National Safety Council picked Rochester to try out its safety campaign. Picked Rochester because Rochester was interested in safety and because it was a typical American city.

"Even before that we had a safety council of our own. It's the oldest in the country. Been going consistently since 1914. So what? So last year Rochester ran up an all-time high in deaths due to traffic accidents. Fifty-three. That's not so very bad, but we don't like to see it. Go and see Fremont Chester. He's secretary of our safety council. He'll tell you about it. Go to the police court and watch Judge Gitelman. He's got the right idea. He doesn't fool around with drunken drivers; he socks it to 'em. And you can't buy yourself off. Go and see for yourself, friend."

We knew about Judge Jacob Gitelman, of course. After his election in 1933 he brought to Rochester's police court (where he spends one fifth of his time) an alert and inquiring mind. It was unclouded by precedent, for he had never practiced criminal law. But he did have definite ideas about the way to curb accidents. "There are abundant figures to

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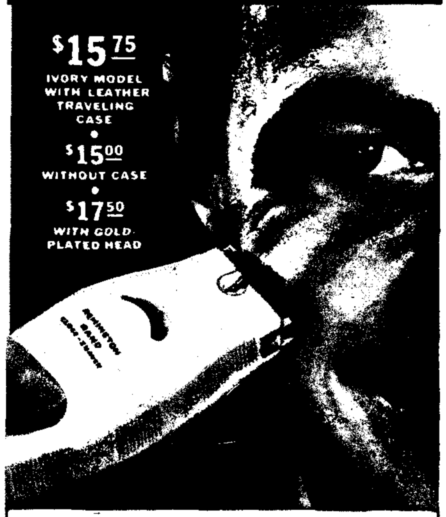
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show," he said, "that a maximum of enforcement means a minimum of accidents. I decided that I was not going to have traffic accidents on my conscience."

The first drunken driver to appear before him was sent, slightly dazed, to the county penitentiary, the Judge remarking mildly: "I will send every drunken driver to jail unless special circumstances warrant doing otherwise."

This speech was greeted by polite applause from right-thinking citizens. They liked the sentiment, but they had heard promises before—though usually before election. The Judge's intentions were good, but pressure would be brought to bear. What could you expect?

A Bombshell in Traffic Court

Police court droned on in its somewhat dingy setting, and then one morning a bombshell exploded. Judge Gitelman had been saving up a surprise. He had waited until he had nine cases of drunken driving. They had all been adjourned for sentence and now he called them all at once. It was a representative group, containing a number of more than averagely reputable citizens. There was a retired minister, a mechanic, a bookkeeper, a carpenter, a trucker, a member of the department of public works. There should also have been a pretty restaurant hostess and a WPA worker, but they did not appear.

The Judge addressed the seven, more in sorrow than in anger. "This," he said, "is becoming an offense perpetrated in the main by respectable people. There is no deterrent for respectable people other than a jail sentence. I am going to send you to Monroe County Penitentiary for a period of nine days." And in Monroe County Penitentiary they were discovered next day by an inquiring local reporter, scrubbing tin plates, peeling potatoes and slicing cabbages for the preparation of sauerkraut.

In due time the WPA worker followed them, but when the pretty hostess was finally brought in on a bench warrant the policemen who were witnesses against her had become confused in their recollection of the event; the defendant went free. The two cops, however, went back to pounding a beat.

There is no trace of vindictiveness in the Judge's attitude. "I regard reckless driving as a matter of carelessness, not a matter of morals. We use the drunken driver to dramatize the situation. And what we are looking for is a deterrent. Even one day in jail will make the decent fellow pause."

For example: One bitter cold April day George Collins jumped into the barge canal and fished out one Tony Cassella, a boy of eight. For this, Mr. Collins received a medal. Subsequently he pleaded guilty to drunken driving. "This merely goes to show," Judge Gitelman remarked, "that a man in his right senses has regard for human life. But a man affected by alcohol doesn't have it. Nor does he know what he is doing. Your past will be taken into consideration. You are hereby sentenced to serve one day in Monroe County Penitentiary."

But before the Judge's one-man campaign had progressed very far he came upon the case of a man who would lose his job if sentenced to the pen for ten days. That was the moment when the week-end sentence was born. The Judge sentenced his man to four weeks, suspending all of it except the first three week ends. The man was to appear voluntarily at the pen on Saturday afternoons and stay there until the evening of the following day. The purpose in making the sentence read four weeks was that if the offender failed to show up on the third Saturday the Judge would still have time to round him up on a bench warrant and make him serve the balance of the time continuously. Thus far there has been no trouble of that sort.

The system worked beautifully. "Makes the punishment fit the crime," explains the Judge. "Keeps them off the road when traffic conditions are worst and inflicts a real punishment in depriving them of their leisure time without working a hardship on their families or increasing the community's unemployed." But it wasn't strictly legal, the New York State Penal Law saying quite clearly that a sentence once begun may not be interrupted. So a bill was introduced in Albany, passed twice and twice vetoed by Governor Lehman, who added that he would prefer to see the plan tried out on a limited scale before it was made state-wide. He may, too, have been thinking of New York City, where it is usually a good idea to jail a man while you have your hands on him or you may never see him again. And so another bill was prepared—and passed and signed—permitting the judges in Rochester to impose week-end sentences in cases where the total sentence is less than sixty days.

Now the other four judges are making use, on occasion, of the week-end sentence, and it is throwing the fear of the law into Rochester drivers. The taxi men with whom we talked were more scared of it than of a straight sentence. "He socks it to you all right," they said. "A hard week's work and solitary on top of it. That's a blinger."

The reason that confinement is solitary is in order that the penitentiary's week-end guests won't demoralize its more permanent visitors. And Judge Gitelman has been able through the new law to keep up his high record of prison sentences. "It's the certainty of the punishment that acts as a deterrent," he says, "not the severity."

The week-end sentence made the press all over the country, but it was the original mass sentence of the seven drunken drivers that first focused Rochester's attention upon the Judge. As has been said, it had the effect of a bombshell, the loudness of the detonation startling even Judge Gitelman. The drys endorsed his action; then the liquor interests sent up a roar of applause; the schoolteachers and taxi companies (whose business sharply increased) joined in. And individuals, of course, by the hundreds. But the really breathtaking development was when The Webster Herald and The Irondequoit Press (both located in stoutly Republican towns) publicly bestowed their blessing upon the Democratic judge.

At the Option of the Motorist

By now he was a public figure, but he didn't stop there. Presently he was confronting uninsured motorists convicted of speeding with a choice of sentences: Seventy-five dollars' fine or put your car in cold storage for sixty days or take out liability insurance (cost, about forty-five dollars) and file your policy in court. He was besieging the insurance companies for rebates to motorists who had no accidents and was urging the state to start rehabilitation camps for chronic alcoholics (who take up fifty per cent of the space in New York's jails).

Clearly a man of ideas, this Judge Gitelman. He was born in New York City thirty-eight years ago. When he was six his family moved to Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where he got his early education. In 1917 he entered the law school at New York University and in 1918 he enlisted in the Naval Reserves. The end of the year found him back in law school, from which he was graduated in 1920. He practiced in New York City until 1923 and then, looking for less

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crowded fields, he moved to Rochester.

The Flower City (they had changed the spelling of the name by this time) seems to have pretty well lived up to his expectations. Gitelman is a Democrat; the city was and had been, time out of mind, stanchly Republican. But the Republicans had grown a trifle careless, a shade overconfident. They had built an interesting and curious subway across the city. It had cost some fifteen million dollars and was designed to keep interurban trolleys out of the way. But the timing was bad; the opening of the subway coincided with the death of the interurban trolleys.

And then there was the County Home for the aged. That only nicked the taxpayers four or five millions, but some citizens felt that the home had more of the air of a de luxe hotel than the austerity that, presumably, befits the old and the poor. Anyway there was talk, protest, discontent. In 1933 there was a Democratic landslide, and young Mr. Gitelman found himself on the bench, with people calling him Your Honor (though his friends still stick to "Jake").

"Well, so long, Melvin. I had a wonderful time. Same time tomorrow?"

SALO

Judge Gitelman had proposed to Collier's a plan, applicable to any state, for decreasing traffic accidents. But first we wanted to find out what Rochester's Safety Council thought about the situation. We left the county courthouse, still under the guidance of our new acquaintance ("No trouble at all to show you the way; we like to be friendly here in Rochester!") and walked up Main Street, past the Four Corners to St. Paul Street ("The windiest corner in the United States," said our friend proudly) and so into the Chamber of Commerce. There we found the Secretary of the Safety Council, Mr. Fremont Chester, and we put our question to him: "What's your principal safety problem here in Rochester?"

"Enforcement," said Mr. Chester promptly. "We have made steady progress in the other two main branches of traffic safety—engineering and education—but we can't get the law enforced against the reckless driver and the drunken driver. The police are willing. A cop likes to do a good job if you give him a chance. Chief Copenhagen is able and honest. Why look here"—he dug into the welter of papers on his desk—"the police themselves furnish us with the figures that show just how lax enforcement is. But who's going to keep on bringing people in just to hear them get a suspended sentence?

"A cop likes to feel that he has City Hall as well as the police force back of him. Otherwise what's the use? You can't get convictions, or if you do the sentence is suspended. Judge Gitelman, now, is fine. He cracks down on them all. But we have four other judges—five city court judges in all. Each spends one fifth of his time in police court. Suppose you are hauled up in front of Judge Gitelman. If you know the ropes you get an adjournment till another judge is on the bench. There's one we call Old Suspended Sentence. You can pick him out at a glance: there are more traffic cases on his docket than on anyone else's.

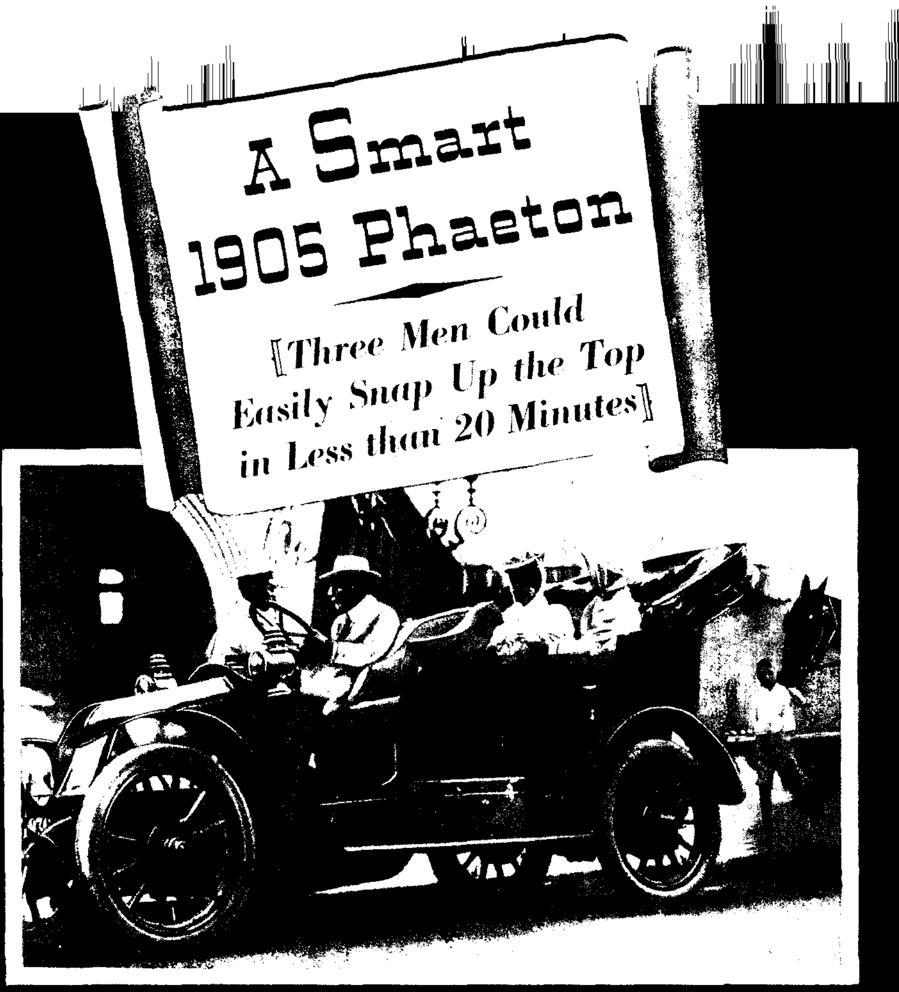
"The reason? It's chiefly political, of course. This is a friendly city, a city of first names. Everybody knows everybody else. And our judges are elected every six years. You might think that when a judge lets a drunken driver off he would lose a lot of votes among our responsible citizens. It doesn't work that way, or hasn't so far. The responsible citizens don't know about it or don't care. What happens is that the judge wins votes from the man he lets off and the man's friends and the friends of the friends. But Judge Gitelman is helping to change that; he is getting the people aroused about enforcement.

The Fight Against Politics

"Of course there are squawks and some bitterness. Outraged privilege hates to see any of its prerogatives go. Some people honestly believe that a first offender has a right to a suspended sentence—as though you gave a man a gun and told him he could have one free shot at his neighbors. But Gitelman is a member of this Safety Council and we are for him. This year is the fiftieth anniversary of the Chamber of Commerce; we'd like to establish a new safety record."

That gave us the background. Here was a city that was doing the best it could (and doing well) against the inertia of a political situation that had been in existence since Queen Liliuokalani of the Sandwich Islands came to town (that was in '98) and probably before. Some citizens were fighting the system and meeting a stiff though largely silent opposition — opposition from politicians and perhaps from some of the residents in the large houses out East Avenue (where they used to have cutter races in the wintertime fifty years ago). That wasn't Rochester alone; that, with appropriate variations, was any American city.

After all, perhaps our public-spirited friend had been letting his patriotism run away with him a bit when he called Rochester a typical American city. It's the sort of city we'd like to consider typical. As a matter of fact, it is richer than most. It is more enterprising. It leads the world in the production of a number of things, including cameras, filing devices and soda-fountain fruits and sirups. It is proud of itself, proud of the fact it has had no bank failures, proud of its university and famous music school, proud of its parks and golf courses and library. It has grappled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long and earnestly with the problem of safety. Its record is good, but it still feels that all is not well.

And the principal reason, as Mr. Chester had pointed out to us and as Mr. Donohue of the A.A.A. subsequently agreed, is the inertia of the courts caused by politics. What's needed is an incentive to overcome it. And here at long last we get to Judge Gitelman's plan. For a while we thought we'd never make it.

The Judge believes that he has found a way of supplying that incentive, an incentive that will foster a desire for safety on the part of both the public and officials and that will translate that desire into active co-operation between them. It sounds like magic, and the advantage of the idea is its simplicity.

The plan, as the Judge explained it to us for the first time, works like this: The incentive is to be money—part of the huge sums collected by the states and by the federal government in gasoline taxes. Last year that amounted to upward of $700,000,000 collected by the states and about $185,000,000 by the federal government—so we are not dealing with peanuts. For years the cities throughout the country have been shouting loudly for a share in these funds. The Judge proposes to give it to them—on the basis of their record for safety. There is a simple logic and fairness in using the money paid by motorists to promote directly their own safety.

A Reward for Safety

In operation the plan would be something like this. We quote the Judge: "Let us take the state of New York as an example. It collected upward of $100,000,000 in 1937 from motorists in registration and license fees and the tax on gasoline. It decides that the sum of fifty cents per person will create an adequate fund, and based on its 1930 census sets aside $6,294,033 for safety promotion. It then says to the cities and towns within its borders: 'Your citizens have been complaining about the high taxes on real estate, which you have sought to relieve by obtaining some of the proceeds of the tax on gasoline. Here is an opportunity to do what you desire. But you must earn whatever you get. Your proportionate share will be paid to you only in the event that you have no greater number of motor-vehicle accidents in which people are killed or injured than you had last year. If you do not improve or at least equal your safety record of last year, you will forfeit the amount set aside for you. This money, together with the amounts from other cities and towns that have forfeited their share in the same manner, will be divided among those cities and towns that better their safety records.' " The Judge has worked out in detail the method of distributing this money but you get the idea.

In order that every taxpayer should understand just where his own interests lie, the Judge would make it mandatory upon every city and town to insert in their tax bills the following: "The state of New York has set aside the sum of $6,294,033 for distribution to those cities and towns that better or equal their safety record of last year. With your co-operation, we can get our share of this fund. Remember—Safety First." Each year after the first the cities and towns would be compelled to insert similar notices, stating specifically whether they had received a share of the funds paid that year.

"If you are seeking traffic safety," says the Judge, "money could not be disbursed on a more certain basis of obtaining it. Every dollar paid will be in return for accomplishment. Safety is paid for only after it is delivered. It is safety on a C.O.D. basis."

The advantages of the plan are obvious. There is already a quantity of information about how to reduce the accident rate. The Judge's system would furnish the motive power to put it into practice. If any city or town discovered that it was losing its share of the cash—and therefore paying higher taxes—through lax enforcement of the law, its taxpayers or its tax league would rush to the court and demand to be told why.

All the data necessary for putting the system into operation are at hand. A bill passed by the state legislature would start the wheels turning. And, of course, any state could do it.

There is a second step in the Judge's plan and it applies to the federal government. Once more we quote: "As in all other matters, the various states have taken different attitudes toward the need of regulating motor vehicles. The result is that we have some states that are classified as standard license states, other as substandard and still others as nonlicense states. Using the consumption of gasoline as a basis, the motor-vehicle death rate of the standard states has decreased 27.3 per cent in the last ten years, while in the same time that of the substandard states has increased 4.5 per cent and that of the nonlicense states has increased 11 per cent. These figures tell more eloquently than words how much can be gained by bringing all states at least up to the standard set by those now classified as such. Here is a real opportunity for the federal government.

Rochester's Judge Jacob Gitelman, crusader for safe driving

"It collects approximately $185,000,000 in gasoline taxes. It could aid the cause of safety most decidedly if from this amount it set aside a fund for distribution to the cities and towns of those states that qualify as standard states."

Judge Gitelman is filled with enthusiasm and conviction and yet, as we have seen even in Rochester, there are obstacles he cannot overcome. His plan looks beyond the city and beyond the state to the nation as a whole. If it will work, it is an important plan—

We were engaged in the World War for a little over a year and a half. During that time 53,381 were killed in action and 190,388 were wounded. In the last seventeen months the same number were killed in the United States in traffic accidents. And in the same period the number of those injured was 1,850,000. Once again we are not dealing with peanuts.

Castle Sinister

Continued from page 22

"Bats," said Tonelli. "Go on and find that tunnel."

John Thorne turned away from the chimney. It had not escaped him that Tonelli had drawn his breath sharply at the sound of the bats. There was no longer any doubt that Tonelli was ill at ease.

"If you come right this way, we'll find it," John Thorne said, and he walked back again beneath the dining room.

Tonelli swore loudly in the darkness. "Are you giving me the run-around?" he asked.

"I'm getting my bearings," John Thorne said. "What's the matter? Are you afraid of the dark?"

"Cracking wise again," said Tonelli. "I ain't forgetting, Thorne."

THE wall at the outer edge of the dining room was of roughly dressed field stone like the other walls, and even before John Thorne examined it he knew that his guess was right.

"It ought to be near here," he said. "Give me that hammer, Gaffney, and hold the lantern."

"No funny business, boys," said Tonelli. "Remember I'm right back here."

John Thorne struck the wall with a hammer and a solid sound came back.

"Move the lantern to the right," Thorne said. "Move it slowly. I want to see those stones."

Gaffney moved slowly with the lantern and half a minute later John Thorne saw what he expected, and he felt no surprise that his guess had been right. There was a rough arch in the cellar wall that had been blocked up carelessly by fieldstones without mortar. An amateur could see that there had been an entrance there once. He struck at the rocks with his sledge. The hollow sound that followed was enough to tell that there was an open space behind them.

"Say," said Gaffney softly, "I got to hand it to you, bud. You're all right in your line."

"That's the old cellar," John Thorne said, "right behind those stones."

"For cripe's sake!" Tonelli roared in anger. "So that's it. Any loony could see that there was a hole there. So that's where Dutchy salted it, and he told me no one could find it. Hell, I could'a' found it myself!"

John Thorne struck with the hammer and the stones shook. He paused and struck again. A heavy round rock fell inward, revealing a gaping hole. Tonelli's voice behind them was vibrant with excitement.

"Set down that lantern," he said sharply, "and help him with them rocks."

Gaffney leaned close to him; their shoulders touched as they tugged at another stone. Gaffney was whispering beneath his breath.

"If that bag's there," Gaffney whispered, "we ain't got a chance. We're through."

John Thorne tugged at the stone without answering and dropped it on the cellar floor; a third stone rolled free inside the opening, revealing a gap large enough for a man's head and shoulders.

"Get the lantern," he said. "I want to look inside."

Mr. Gaffney thrust the hand holding the lantern through the aperture and John Thorne leaned forward.

"Look out," he said loudly. "Give me room." Then he whispered. "Be ready if he goes back to the little room upstairs."

"Cut out your shoving," said Tonelli. "Is anything there, or ain't there?"

The air inside the aperture had an unwholesome, stagnant quality. The flame of the lantern flickered on the wick. Nevertheless, the uncertain light picked out the beginnings of a tunnel, vaulted with brick, running at right angles from the house. At the outer limits of the lantern light a heap of stones and earth showed where the tunnel had caved, leaving only a narrow chamber, perhaps ten feet long and three feet wide, blocked off at one end by the caved-in roof and blocked at the other by the loosely fitted stones. It was the old cellar, there was not a single doubt It was not a bad place to hide something, probably the best place in the house, but for the moment he could see nothing inside; he was aware only of an increasing dizziness and a difficulty in breathing, which caused him to draw his head and shoulders out of the aperture and to take a deep breath of the cleaner air in the cellar.

"What the hell are you doing?" Tonelli called. "Ain't there nothing there?"

"The air," John Thorne gasped, "it's poisonous."

"Nuts," said Tonelli. "Get in there again, wise guy. It's a little black case, see. Don't get funny, get it out, or else—"

"Or else what?" John Thorne asked.

"Or else none of you won't be any use to me, that's all."

John Thorne was not startled. He had been considering the matter even before Gaffney had whispered. It had been a problem that would happen when Tonelli was through with him. If the bag was not in that coal-black niche he would no longer be useful, and if it was the same thing would be true. He did not like to imagine what might happen then. He had tried not to think too far ahead.

"Tonelli," he said.

"Yeah," said Bugs Tonelli.

"THERE'S another place—that room upstairs, it's three feet short. There's a hidden door in that wall upstairs and a passage leading to the cellar. If it isn't in here it's there, Tonelli. I think I can find that hidden door."

"Oh, yeah?" said Tonelli. "Why didn't you tell me that in the first place? Keeping something back, was you, Thorne?"

"I wasn't sure until I came down here," John Thorne said. He was glad that he was speaking the truth, for his words carried their own conviction. "I didn't know until I saw the base of the chimney over there. You can see where the entrance to that passage was bricked up. It's just as plain as that place here. There must be an outlet upstairs and I think I can find it."

"Stick your head inside that hole again," Tonelli said. "See what's in there, Thorne."

"There's nothing—" said Thorne. "Look for yourself."

Tonelli's answer was sneeringly and poisonously prompt.

"You'd like me to get my head in there, wouldn't you? I'll look all right. We'll go upstairs first. You found one place. Let's see you find the other. And if you don't find it—"

"Look here," John Thorne interrupted him, "I'm doing the best I can, Tonelli."

"If you don't find it," Tonelli said, "you three will line up against the wall and go, and I'll look down here myself. Pick up the lantern, Gaffney, and we'll see the wise guy work upstairs. Now walk!"

They walked out of the cellar in single file in silence and John Thorne did not

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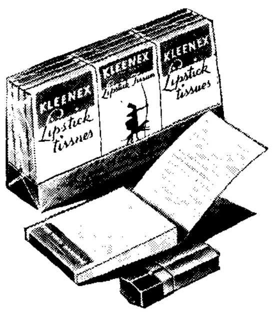

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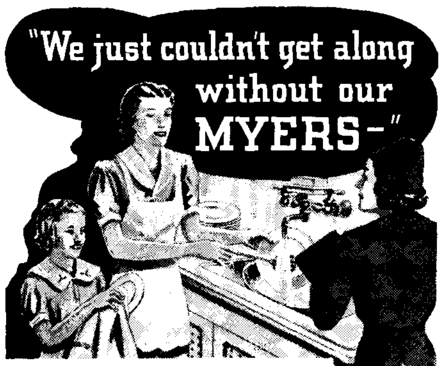
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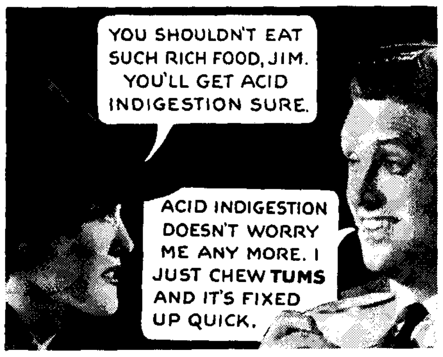
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speak again. Try as he might to think of something else, he could hit upon no other alternative, although he was aware that his plan was feeble and desperate. When they reached Lord Robert's study he walked to the chimney and tapped the paneling carefully. His self-control was leaving him at last and a wave of panic was rising in his mind.

"Well," said Tonelli, "I'm just about all through." And there was a flicker of amusement on Tonelli's bearded face.

"There ought to be a lever somewhere," John Thorne said, "something you could push to give leverage. This wall is pivoted. Do you see it moves a little? There should be something to push."

"You better find it quick," said Tonelli.

John Thorne kept tapping the paneling, working his way toward the window near the fireplace until his hand touched the unevenness near the window.

"I can't find it," he said.

"Is that a fact?" Tonelli was smiling faintly. "Then it's the pay-off. You done a damn' nice job, and the bag is right down cellar, where you saw it. You don't need to tell me. I'll get it by myself. Walk over to the window beside the wise guy, lady." Tonelli stepped a pace backward with his pistol in his hand.

"To the window, lady. Get in the line-up, Gaffney. You go first."

John Thorne kept his hand on the molding by the window and he pushed the molding gently. The whole section of the sunken shelves by the fireplace moved slightly. He was sure he could see it move. Doris Brooke was walking toward him.

"Look here," said John Thorne, "what are you going to do?"

Tonelli spoke jovially, almost reassuringly. "You're going to get yours," he said. The side of his head was turned toward the fireplace and he was smiling. "You ain't sap enough to think I was going to spring you. You know too much. I don't need company."

"Look here," John Thorne began, "you can't—"

"Don't squeal, bud," Tom Gaffney said. "Show him you can take it, bud."

Tonelli's hand was steady. "You first, Gaffney," he said.

"Tonelli," John Thorne cried, "you can't. Look out, Tonelli. Get him, Jacks! Get him!"

And he shoved with his right hand down with all his weight on the molding by the window. There was a creaking noise by the fireplace; the shelves by Tonelli's side were turning. It was what John Thorne had hoped would happen. The sound was sufficiently unexpected to cause Tonelli to turn halfway about. It was the best that John Thorne could have hoped for, the first time that there had been even a chance. He sprang for Tonelli at the same moment, but Mr. Gaffney was quicker. Tonelli must have recovered in a fraction of a second, for he fired just as Gaffney reached him. Then he staggered beneath the impact of Gaffney's body and John Thorne's shoulder struck them both.

TONELLI gave ground, stepping backward until he struck against the opposite wall. His left arm had reached out for a grip at Gaffney's throat. Gaffney had Tonelli's right hand by the wrist, when Tonelli gave a sudden galvanic thrust to his shoulders that threw Gaffney almost clear just as John Thorne hit Tonelli in the face with all his force and weight.

He struck Tonelli again and again. Tonelli's knees were buckling and the pistol had fallen to the floor. He heard Mr. Gaffney's voice, calm and insistent, saying:

"Get back, Thorne."

Before he could answer or correctly understand the meaning, there was an explosion close to his ear. Tonelli's body winced.

"Get back," Mr. Gaffney said.

John Thorne stepped back half deafened with his head still ringing from the shot. Mr. Gaffney was standing in the center of the room. A splotch of blood was staining the left shoulder of his pink shirt. His lips were twisted in that perpetual smile.

"Hey, Tonelli," he said. "You hear me? How do you like it?"

Tonelli's knees were sagging, there was blood on his face where John Thorne had struck him.

"Skip it," gasped Tonelli.

Still smiling, Mr. Gaffney raised Tonelli's pistol carefully, like a marksman in a shooting gallery.

"Easy, Thorne," he said.

He fired as soon as he had finished speaking. He fired again and again, until the room seemed to roar with shots and until the hammer of the pistol clicked on nothing.

Tonelli crumpled to the floor near the fireplace. His arm twitched once and then he was still. The sunken shelves by the fireplace right beside him had turned sideways, revealing a small opening by the chimney. They had made the noise that had made Tonelli turn.

Mr. Gaffney moved toward Tonelli and prodded him with his toe.

"Sorry to shock you, Thorne," he said, "but he had it coming to him, and I want to say just this—you're a damn' good guy in your line."

But John Thorne hardly heard him. Doris Brooke was standing by the window.

"Doris," he began, "I guess you had better get out of this."

She looked at him and tried to smile.

"I don't mind," she said, as though she were a long way off. "I guess I'm used to everything."

Then John Thorne saw that there was someone else in the room. Mr. Jacks was standing in the doorway of Lord Robert's study. Mr. Jacks was mopping his forehead with a dirty handkerchief; his dark suit was spattered with mud.

"Gaffney," Mr. Jacks said, "hand me that gun." Mr. Gaffney whirled about.

"Department of Justice speaking, isn't it?" he said merrily. "They always get their man."

He tossed the empty pistol to Mr. Jacks. Mr. Jacks caught it expertly and wiped it carefully with his soiled handkerchief. He held the gun in his hand and then slipped it in a pocket.

"I'm saving you trouble," he said. "Your prints are off it, Gaffney. I killed Tonelli with his own gun." And Mr. Jacks bent over Tonelli's body.

Mr. Gaffney's face brightened with understanding.

"Sure," he said, "you got him. I never did know how to use a gun, but I know how to be around when I'm needed."

"I was around," said Mr. Jacks mildly. "The trouble was I never had a chance."

Mr. Gaffney snorted.

"Why not be frank?" he suggested. "Tonelli was too wise for you. He knew you were here and he sent down to have you pulled out, and you went. Anybody but the police would have seen through it."

"I'm not as bad as that," said Mr. Jacks. "I was here when Tonelli came. I wanted him here, and he came."

"Well," said John Thorne, "where were you? Not that it makes much difference now."

MR. JACKS answered in a drawling, careful voice:

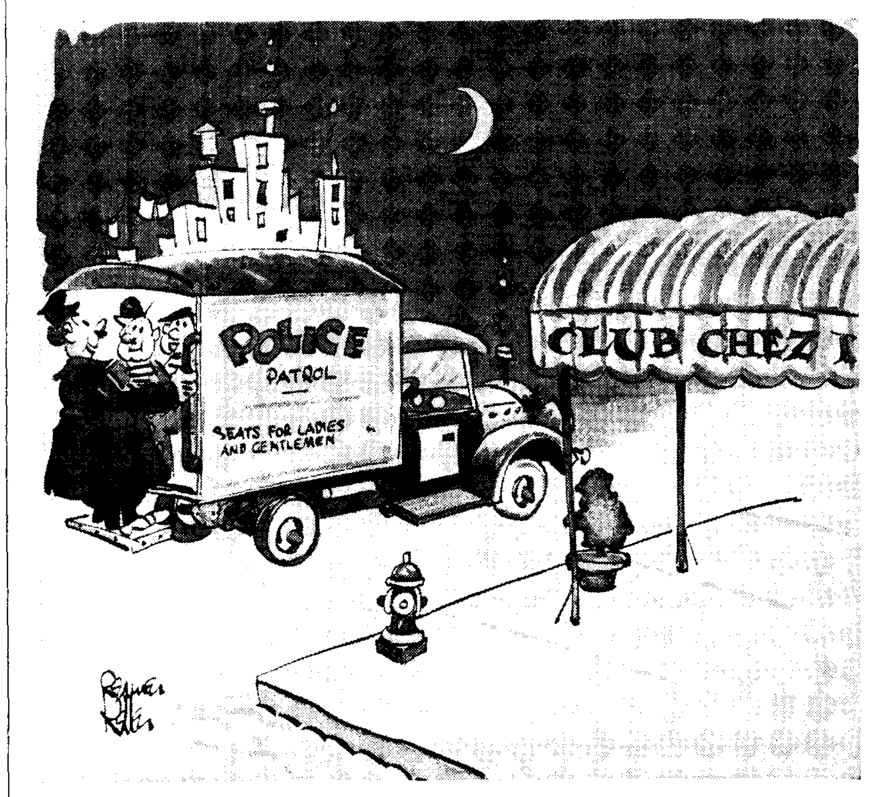
"I got a wire last night that Tonelli was headed for Southdown. It looked good, because he used to live here. Never mind what I did. Never mind how I picked up the other information, either. The word was that you were coming from New York, Gaffney, to get into this house. That's why I came here early and why we had a talk this morning. The word was Tonelli was coming here after you. It was the best place to get him. I got you to send your boys away so Tonelli wouldn't be too careful. Then I sat down to wait. When a fellow came along and said he knew where Tonelli was, that told me something."

"It told you what?" asked Mr. Gaffney. "It told me it was phony."

"It told me," continued Mr. Jacks, "that Tonelli knew I was down here. It told me that he wouldn't come unless he thought that I was gone. Gaffney, you're bleeding like a pig."

"Go on," said Mr. Gaffney. "I want to hear."

"I couldn't tell you that I knew Tonelli had sent that fellow, could I?" in-



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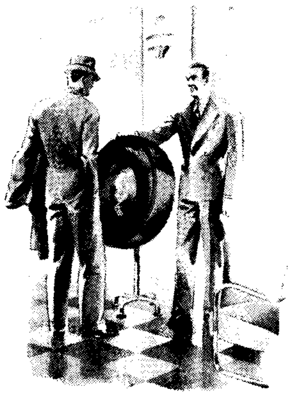

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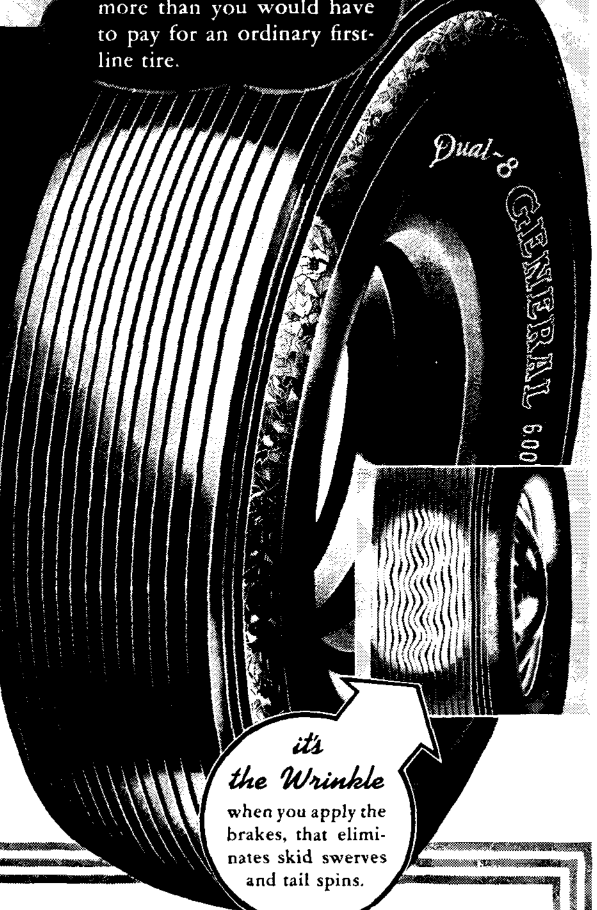

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quired Mr. Jacks. "I still don't know how Tonelli knew there was a justice agent in this house."

"I told Tonelli you were here," John Thorne said.

"Oh," said Mr. Jacks. "Well, I don't blame you. Now I wanted him to come here. This was the best place to get him. There was only one way to do it. He had to see me leave. So I went right where that fellow led me, but I got back quick."

"What happened to Happy?" John Thorne asked.

"His name was Happy, was it?" said Mr. Jacks. "I hope he's happy now. When I left Happy I got back quick. I was afraid Tonelli might come in, but he hadn't, because I sneaked up through the fog and looked in the window. The fog made it easy, and I'm quiet on my feet. I saw you sitting there, Gaffney, smoking a cigarette, and I knew it was all right. You were in the other room and you'd taken a whisky bottle out of a suitcase."

"And I'm going to get out to get it in a minute," Mr. Gaffney said.

"I knew it was all right," said Mr. Jacks, "and I waited, and then Tonelli came. He came with you two. I'd never thought of that. He stuck so close to the young lady—I beg your pardon, ma'am, I didn't get your name."

"It's Brooke," she answered. "Doris Brooke."

"Thank you, ma'am," Mr. Jacks said. "It won't go on the record. He was so near to you, ma'am, that I never had a chance for a shot. I followed you into the house, but I never had a chance. I didn't dare to make a noise. He heard me once when you were in the kitchen. The only opening I had was when he backed away from you, and you boys didn't give me time to take it. But I want to say this, Miss Brooke, you're a mighty brave girl, and I ought to know, because I watched you. If you want a job in Washington, I know where you can get it, Gaffney."

"Yes," said Mr. Gaffney.

"Is she a girl of yours?"

"No," said John Thorne suddenly, "she's a girl of mine."

"Is that a fact?" Mr. Gaffney said.

"Yes," John Thorne answered, "that's a fact."

Mr. Gaffney drew a deep breath.

"Well, I want to say this, Miss Brooke," he said: "I don't know where he come from, but you got a mighty smooth boy. Do you mind if I ask her a favor, Thorne?"

"No," John Thorne said.

"Wonderful," said Mr. Gaffney, "would you mind just stepping into the other room? There's a suitcase in there and there's a bottle of whisky inside it and some iodine and antiseptic bandages. I'd like a drink."

Mr. Gaffney walked toward one of the chairs and sat down.

"I'll go," said Mr. Jacks. "Don't bother, ma'am."

"Please let me," said Doris Brooke. "You see, he's a friend of mine."

"Let her go," said Mr. Gaffney. "I'm not making any play. I just want a word with you she doesn't hear. Go on, Miss Brooke."

MR. GAFFNEY leaned back in his chair when Doris Brooke had left them and spoke with slow solemnity.

"I want both of you to get this straight. The lady's a personal friend but it don't mean a thing, and if you don't believe it, I'll be happy to finish the argument outside. I bought this house for her because there was something in it that I wanted, my own personal property. I wanted time to look for it without being worried. Three hundred and fifty grand in a suitcase, if you want to know."

"Liquor money?" asked Mr. Jacks. "This place was a depot, wasn't it?"

"Absolutely," Mr. Gaffney said. "Deep water right to the back door, and plenty of room for trucks. Dutchy Ziegler salted three fifty grand here when you guys ticketed him to Atlanta—my money. I ran the show and you know it. You get the play?"

"If I hadn't guessed it," said Mr. Jacks, "I wouldn't be here. It's lucky for you I was here, too. You didn't shoot Ziegler. I can prove it."

"And the little lady," Mr. Gaffney said. "I wouldn't have let her in this for a million dollars, if I'd known how it would break. I didn't know Tonelli was after me."

"I got a wire last night he was," said Mr. Jacks.

"Tom." It was Doris Brooke speaking. Neither of the two had noticed that she was back carrying bandages and bottles. "Don't you worry about me. I'm not ashamed of anything. Don't talk, but let me fix your shoulder. And don't you talk to him either, Mr. Jacks," she added acidly. "If you call this a third degree, I don't think much of it, and neither does Mr. Thorne."

The grim lines about Mr. Jacks' mouth and jaw relaxed.

"And to think you made cocktail shakers out of churns," he said. "My God, to think a man like you would do

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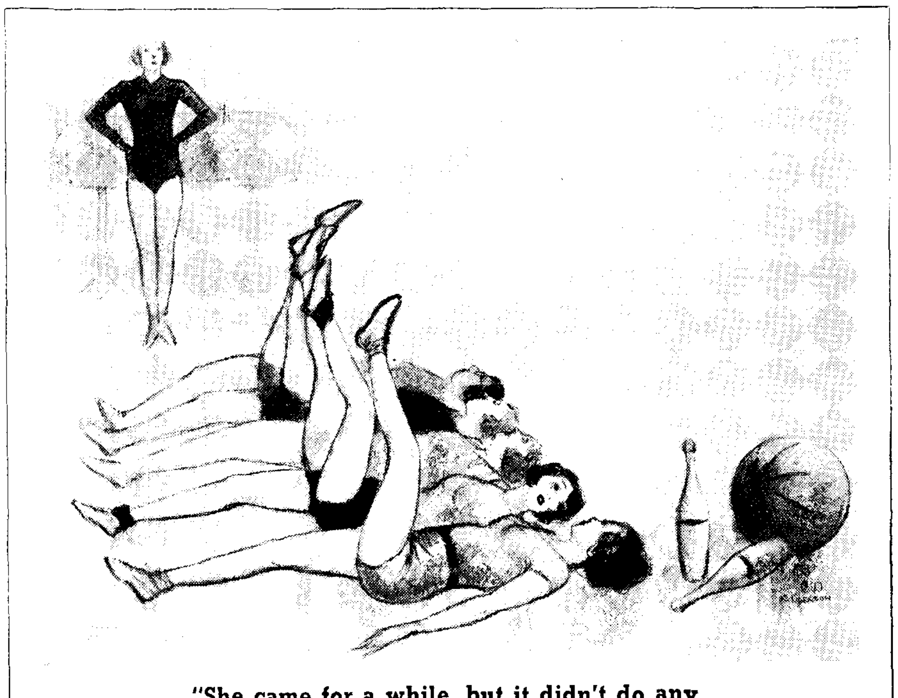

"She came for a while, but it didn't do any good, so now she's improving her mind"

C. W. ANDERSON

a thing like that. And you thought I was an antique dealer, didn't you? Give me the scissors, ma'am. I'll cut away the shirt. This bandage will hold it until you see a doctor."

"I don't want no doctor, I want a lawyer," Mr. Gaffney said.

"Give him a drink out of the bottle, ma'am," said Mr. Jacks. "You don't need a lawyer, Gaffney."

"Huh," said Mr. Gaffney.

"You don't need one. We haven't got anything on you. It's only the internal revenue boys who are interested. There are a few back taxes, Gaffney."

Mr. Gaffney took several swallows of whisky, passed the bottle back and cleared his throat.

"Why the hell didn't you tell me so in the first place?" he demanded.

"Because I gave you credit for having brains, Gaffney," said Mr. Jacks. "I owe you plenty and I'm not forgetting. There won't be anybody in the bureau from the chief down who won't be friendly. You can go straight, if you want to, if your kind ever can."

"Maybe," said Mr. Gaffney, "I'm considering going straight. I've been looking at a race stable and a nice place in Florida."

Mr. Jacks looked at his watch.

"I've got to get busy now," he said. "I'll take your car, if you don't mind, Mr. Thorne, and drive to town if you'll let me. I'll be back as soon as I can, and I'll bring a doctor with me. I guess you better get away before the crowd comes. I take it you don't want publicity."

"No," said Mr. Gaffney fervently. "Never, no publicity."

"All right," said Mr. Jacks. "Then there's only one more detail. Where's the money, Gaffney?"

"Hey," said Mr. Gaffney, "wait a minute. It's my money and I can prove it, except I'd rather not."

"I didn't say it wasn't yours," said Mr. Jacks. "I'm stretching points enough the way it is, but I can't forget the internal revenue agents. They're after you. I'll have to see you count that money."

"Cripes," said Mr. Gaffney. "I forgot about the income tax."

"Where's the money, Gaffney?" asked Mr. Jacks.

"How should I know?" Mr. Gaffney said.

"Now, now," said Mr. Jacks. "That isn't being nice."

"He's telling the truth, Jacks," John Thorne said. "It wasn't down in the cellar."

"It wasn't down in the cellar?" Doris Brooke said. "I thought when you took down the wall—"

"LISTEN, Wonderful," said Mr. Gaffney, "it wasn't down in the cellar. Tonelli guessed it was. He guessed he could go right back and grab it when he cleaned us off, and he didn't want to take no chance doing it down there in the dark. When Thorne gave him a lead to go upstairs he took it. I ain't a sap. I looked in that hole three years ago."

"Oh, you did, did you?" John Thorne said.

"Yes," said Mr. Gaffney, "I did. Dutch Ziegler had planted it somewhere, and he was where he couldn't tell. I went through this house three years ago with two of the sweetest second-story workers in the business. Any one could see that tunnel down in the cellar. The jack wasn't there, and the old dame who owned the house hadn't got it, either. I got word to Ziegler six months before he got out."

"How?" asked Mr. Jacks.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" said Mr. Gaffney. "There's ways. He knew about the tunnel. He hadn't put it there. He was ready to get it as soon as he was sprung. That's why I bought the house. It was worth paying twenty grand for this whole island when there was three hundred and fifty grand in the house. I thought I had myself all covered when it wasn't in my name. You get the idea?"

"Go ahead," said Mr. Jacks.

"The idea was to wait until Ziegler got out, then get him down here and make him talk, see? It's easy to figure that he would like the cash if he could get it. He'd put it away nice, but we'd done business plenty and I figured he knew me."

"Now what about Tonelli?" said Mr. Jacks. "How did he get in?"

Mr. Gaffney sighed.

"I didn't cover every angle, bud. The word was that Tonelli was hiding out in New York. I never thought he'd make a play, because he was too hot. Well, one of the boys met Ziegler at Atlanta and brought him up to me. We had a little talk. He wanted too big a cut, but he understood how things were when I told him it was too much. He said he'd go down with me and the boys and get it. He said it was hid where it was hard to find. 'In the old cellar,' he said, but he wouldn't say any more. That was business, wasn't it? He was to meet me the next night. He was to go down with me and the boys."

"Had he ever been a cabinetmaker?" John Thorne asked him.

"He had," said Mr. Gaffney, "and he was always nosing around this house, tapping at it, looking at it just like you."

"Go on. What happened?" said Mr. Jacks.

"JUST to be safe," said Mr. Gaffney, "I had him tailed that night. The word came he was talking to Tonelli. When he came out on the street—never mind what street—we grabbed him and got him in the car. We didn't sweat him then. We were waiting till we got out here. It seemed to me that Tonelli was too hot to try."

Mr. Gaffney paused and nodded sideways toward John.

"I didn't like it when I saw your car out there. When I run into you I thought maybe you were from Tonelli. See? I never knew Tonelli was outside till I heard the shots. It wasn't nice, but I was going to play it out, and I wasn't going to leave until I'd busted up the house. You were going to help me, bud. I guess Tonelli had the same idea. Somebody must have talked about you downtown."

Mr. Jacks rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"It all checks up," he said. "Yes, that's a real story. I've heard enough of 'em to know." He turned to Doris. "Now what I'm saying next is for your own good, ma'am. You don't fit in this for a single minute, and I want to get it straight." He jerked a careless thumb toward Gaffney. "I suppose you met him in a night club or a speak-easy somewhere, or a race track. His type when it's successful tries to get on further. Didn't you?"

"In a speak-easy," said Doris Brooke.

"And he's got some hold on you," Mr. Jacks went on, "or you wouldn't be here. Now, don't be afraid, because we'll settle this right now. What sort of blackmail was it, ma'am?"

Mr. Gaffney's face grew beet-red and he half rose from his chair, but Doris Brooke was speaking before he could answer, and her own face was scarlet.

"That isn't so," she cried at Mr. Jacks. "If anybody says it's blackmail, it's a lie. Mr. Gaffney loaned—loaned my family fifty thousand dollars, because I asked him when I don't believe anyone else would have in the world. I don't care where Mr. Gaffney comes from or who he is or what he's done. I should be glad to be seen with Mr. Gaffney anywhere, and I'd trust him anywhere."

"Thanks," said Mr. Gaffney softly. "I won't forget that."

"And I don't know who he is, either,"

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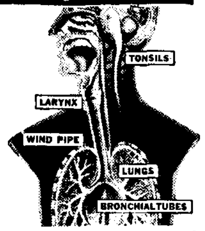

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said John Thorne. "Maybe he should be doing life in Sing Sing, or going to the chair, but you're not going to ride Gaffney, Mr. Jacks, not while I'm around."

"Thanks," said Mr. Gaffney. His voice was husky and his face was still red. "I won't forget that, Thorne."

"And now," said Mr. Jacks, "we'll try to find this money."

He paused and looked beyond Tonelli's body at the gap beside the fireplace where the sunken shelves were turned.

"Nobody's been in here yet. How did you know about this, Thorne?"

"Because I read in the library," John Thorne said wearily. "Some day when there are not dead bodies and gangsters around, I'll be glad to give you all a lecture about this house. It's rather well known in local history. I'll give you one quotation." John Thorne coughed and continued in a dulcet voice.

"Rearing itself up amidst the ever-changing hues of the salt marsh," he said, "lies Smith Island with its fine, square Federalist house and the traces of the gardens laid out by the eccentric who once owned it—a veritable treasure-trove of memory, now embalmed in song and story."

Mr. Jacks looked doubtful, but Mr. Gaffney's expression was more positive.

"Nuts," said Mr. Gaffney, "nuts."

"Do you really think so?" asked John Thorne. "It was written by our friend Mrs. Guffey, Jacks. Did you meet her?"

"Yes," said Mr. Jacks, "I met her."

"I'll always remember that passage," said John Thorne, "because it is so true. I happened to read before I came here that there was a rumor of a secret passage from Lord Robert Budge's study. Of course, I knew there was one when I saw the room was three feet short. Once, when I had nothing better to do, I made a study of priests' holes and secret passages in English manor houses. The system isn't as complicated as it looks. It is usually a matter of weights and a releasing device. I found where it worked, that's all, and that isn't hard, either, if you know what to look for. I was fairly sure the mechanism was in condition, because I saw the shelves begin to move. Probably your friend Ziegler found it out. It's a little out of the ordinary, but these things happen."

Mr. Jacks took a flashlight from his coat pocket.

"All right," he said. "I'm going down there."

"You'll probably find steps by the chimney," said John Thorne. "The exit at the chimney base has been bricked up."

THEY watched Mr. Jacks move sideways into the narrow opening with his light. He was not gone more than half a minute. When he returned he was carrying a small black handbag coated thick with dust.

"Is that it?" Mr. Jacks said.

Mr. Gaffney sighed again.

"It ain't locked," he said. "Set it down here and open it and count 'em. Three hundred and fifty one-grand bills."

Mr. Jacks placed the bag in front of Mr. Gaffney's chair and knelt down and opened it. It seemed to John Thorne as if the bag were filled with nothing but soiled shirts and magazines. Mr. Jacks looked inquiringly at Mr. Gaffney.

"Underneath," said Mr. Gaffney. "Take that truck out. . . ." And he was right. Underneath that litter, in neat packages of ten, was what two men, possibly three, if Mr. Jacks had been frank, had died for that day. They were bills of the old outmoded size, but all of them were crisp and new.

Mr. Jacks counted the packages quickly, like a teller in a bank.

"Gold certificates," he said.

"Yes," said Mr. Gaffney, "they made real money then."

Mr. Jacks jotted down the serial numbers in his notebook.

"We've been wondering where that lot had gone," he said. "We'll have to turn it in, but I can help you with the arrangements. It's all yours, Gaffney, as far as we're concerned."

"There's one thing about you guys," Mr. Gaffney said, "you're honest. Now lots of cops I know—"

Mr. Jacks rose.

"Not me," he said, "it's yours, Gaffney."

"Well, I ain't paying no income tax," said Mr. Gaffney, "till I see my mouthpiece, see. This is capital, not income."

"All right, all right," said Mr. Jacks. "I'm leaving you now. I'm taking that bag, Gaffney, but you'll get it back in Boston. I'll give my word. I want everyone to leave this room, and you better close those shelves first, Thorne. There's no use making that public unless I get orders. Now wait for me till I get back."

"Hey, Jacks, where's my receipt for that money?" Mr. Gaffney asked.

THEY stood in the hallway by the front door, watching Mr. Jacks climb into the automobile.

"It strikes me he isn't such a bad man," John Thorne said.

"As cops go," said Mr. Gaffney, "maybe, bud, but I've never liked 'em."

Nevertheless every passing moment Mr. Gaffney grew more cheerful.

"Say, bud," he said, "do me a favor, will you? Reach and get me my coat, I want a cigarette. Thank you, kindly. All in all, this wasn't a bad job. Say, we might as well be comfortable. Let's get back into the kitchen and cook a pot of Java, what? You know how to work that stove, Wonderful?"

"I'll have to get some wood," said Doris Brooke.

"I'll help you," John Thorne said.

That was his first opportunity to speak with her alone since Tonelli had interrupted them. It occurred to him even then that the woodshed of Lord Robert Budge was hardly a suitable setting in which to tell a girl he loved her.

"Well," he began, and stopped, and she looked up at him and smiled.

"Well," she said, "what are you waiting for? We've got to get that wood."

"I'm waiting to tell you what I think of you," he said.

"Skip it," said Doris Brooke.

"All right," he said. "I'll skip it," and he kissed her. He did not tell her what he thought of her until a long while later, but she did not seem to mind.

"Hey," he heard Gaffney calling from the kitchen, "ain't you going to get that wood?"

"Do you know," said John Thorne, "I've just discovered something."

"Do you mean you love me?" said Doris Brooke. "I'd be disappointed if you didn't."

"We'll take that up later," John Thorne answered, "we'll have lots of time. I'm referring to something that isn't as obvious. I began loving you as soon as you set that dog on me, but something else has happened, too. I don't care, I don't care a continental about security. It's true, it's just come over me, I don't want to be secure."

"Neither do I," said Doris Brooke.

"I haven't got any prospects," John Thorne said. "I'm cutting loose from prospects, but we'll get along somehow."

"Of course we will," said Doris Brooke. "I'm beginning to like American crudes."

"I'm leaving those," said John Thorne. "I'm trying something else."

"Hey," Mr. Gaffney was calling from the kitchen.

The fire was lighted in the stove and little puffs of wood smoke were coming through the cracks. The kitchen was already growing dry and warm. The coffee would be boiling in a minute.

"We got to talk business before that bull comes back," Mr. Gaffney said.

"What business?" John Thorne asked.

"You been on a job, ain't you?" Mr. Gaffney demanded. "It's pay-off time. You got a cut coming to you out of that bag Jacks copped off of me."

"I don't want it," John Thorne said.

"You think it ain't clean money?" Mr. Gaffney spoke with an oily softness. "It's just as clean as any liquor money. Don't you insult me, bud."

"No," John Thorne answered, "I don't want it."

"Say that again," said Mr. Gaffney.

"I don't want it," John Thorne said.

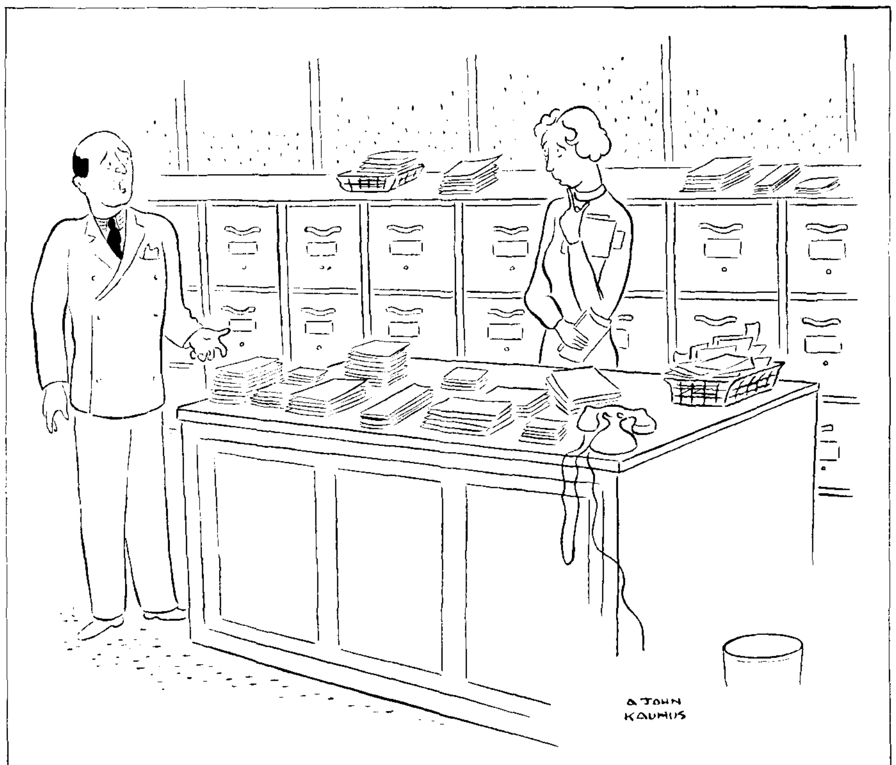
"Wonderful," said Mr. Gaffney, "are you going to marry a guy like that?"

"Yes," said Doris Brooke, "I certainly am."

Mr. Gaffney's face grew bitter.

"Anyway," he said, "you own this island, Wonderful. It's a restful, pleasant place. Maybe you'll ask me up to see you sometime."

THE END



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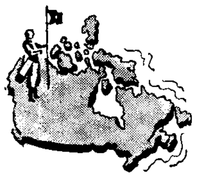

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Los Angeles Open Championship
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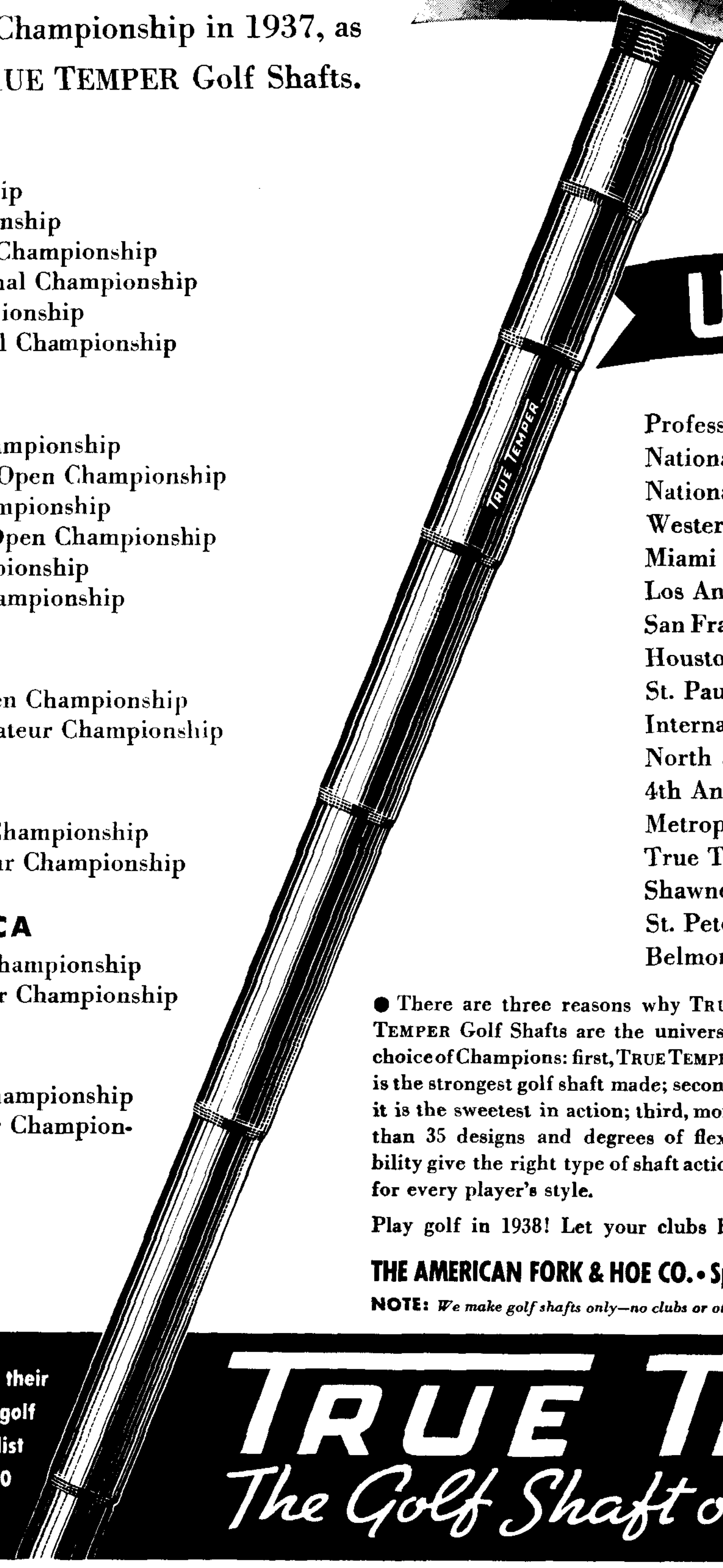

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Fuss and Feathers

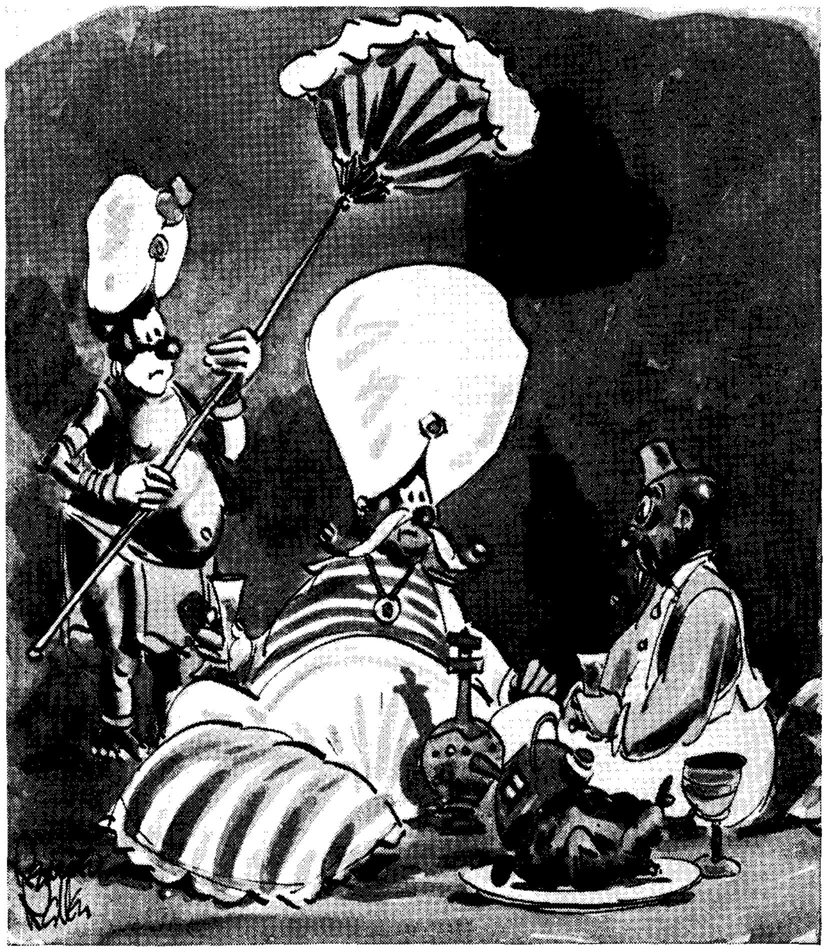
Continued from page 12

example, who can tell you of herds of buffalo stirring dust clouds over Wyoming that could be seen for fifty miles; of lakes fifteen or twenty feet deep, teeming with fish, where today you can observe only a parched and arid farm. There are hunters who recall that in the vicinity of Boston, when they were boys, they could still find moose and bear; that the Connecticut River was noted far and wide as an excellent salmon stream; that elk once roamed the mountains of Virginia. Little more than a generation ago, barges were still moving down the Hudson loaded with passenger pigeons for the New York markets. And in several Southern states there is still a law on the statute books forbidding plantation owners to feed quail to their slaves more often than three times a week—it seems the birds were so plentiful that they were a cheaper diet than potatoes or corn. The law has never been repealed, because of course they don't have slaves any more. Or, for that matter, quail. . . .

But Uncle Sam was never much of a hand for looking at the future. Enjoy it while you can, he used to say, squandering his wild-life inheritance right and left as swiftly and carelessly as a drunken son blowing his entire legacy in a single riotous party. And the sad part is that he hasn't learned his lesson yet. What wild life is left in this country is making a heartbreaking struggle to exist in spite of all the power companies, lumber companies and other private interests—let alone the Reclamation Service, mosquito control, flood control, and similar well-meaning but short-sighted government agencies—which are combining with the politician to finish the job once and for all. The old political swap—fish for votes—still holds good.

Look at the West, for example, where the last remaining home of the mountain sheep and the elk, on federal-owned forest land, is being rented out by the government to private cattlemen, at the imminent risk of destroying the feed on all the hereditary ranges of our fast-disappearing American big game. Look at the East, in the sovereign state of New Hampshire—which boasts the largest legislature in the Union but not necessarily the wisest—where political pressure continues an insane bounty payment of five dollars on the black bear, by all odds the most valuable game animal east of the Rockies. Or look at Alaska, undisputed home of the best fresh-water fishing on the American continent today, where the politically susceptible Commissioner of the United States Bureau of Fisheries in Washington actually condones the payment of a bounty of $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents on trout—eighteen-pound rainbows being speared and netted and their dried tails turned in to the government for pay, all because the salmon canneries have political influence in Washington and the sportsmen of this country have none.

And, last but not least, what of our upland game, the homely quail and partridge and rabbit and deer, the kind of game that Joe Bilks likes to hunt? Unfortunately, it seems, our fast-living Uncle has shown no more foresight here than in any other branch of wild-life conservation. Little by little, step by step, the natural refuges of our small game have been plowed up, flooded for irrigation, sold to urban interests, timbered off, built up for real-estate development; and the dispossessed wild life, Uncle Sam's forgotten step-nephews and step-nieces, have been turned out of house and home and forced to take refuge on private estates and farms. And thus, although game still belongs legally to the states, it is the farmer and private



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landowner who have become, quite involuntarily, the foster-fathers to most of the game in the United States today. Joe Bilks is the rightful father; but the custodian of the homeless waif today is Farmer Brown. And so it is to Farmer Brown that we must turn if we want the answer to the wild-life question.

Meet Farmer Brown. He's not a bad guy, really. He's not half the ogre that Joe Bilks and his fellow hunters, viewing him across barbed-wire fences and behind posting notices, have pictured him. We talked with a number of farmers with posted land, last fall, and we found them invariably friendly, willing to listen to reason, agreeable to let us hunt over their property if we respected certain simple rights. A couple of them suggested a small remuneration; a couple of others—"Lissen, mister, I'm a hunter myself"—were insulted when we offered to pay them. "Only thing is, don't shoot out all the birds in a covey, so they'll be some left for seed for next year."

In the briefest possible terms, game management is nothing more or less than a three-way agreement among the state, the sportsman and the farmer. The state supplies game and stocks it, gives technical information to the landowner, posts the land as a controlled shooting area, assigns wardens to guard against trespass and aids in any necessary vermin control, and in exchange it is able to offer the public more land than it could ever conceivably acquire through any purchase plan. The sportsman, in turn, respects the trespass rights of the landowner, obeys any emergency restrictions authorized by the state and —in most cases—pays sufficient funds to cover the cost of replacing the game that he shoots, and he receives, in exchange, an opportunity to hunt over hitherto restricted land that offers him cover filled with birds, and streams stocked with fish. And the landowner—that old bugaboo, Farmer Brown—learns to consider the sportsman not as a trespasser or enemy but, instead, as a valued customer who comes each year to purchase the surplus game crop that he has raised on his farm. A customer who pays for the crop and goes out and harvests it himself.

And does this farmer-sportsman cooperation really work? Ask Michigan or Connecticut or Pennsylvania or New Jersey or North Carolina or Texas, with an area of nine million acres (three times the area of Connecticut) already under game management, and you will find that in the short time since they instituted their plans their game supply has increased substantially, trespassing and violations have dwindled, sportsmen and farmers are working side by side and local shooting and fishing are approaching the conditions of the good old days. In North Carolina, for example, the dogged persistence and shrewd management of Commissioner John Chalk have already brought that state, in three years, to a point where the supply of bob-white quail is actually the largest it has been since the era of the market hunter.

Bird Tenants Pay Their Rent

Commissioner Chalk has issued a simple but succinct series of Do's and Don'ts. And if you happen to have any property of your own, and if you wish to increase your own wild-life supply by providing better protection, nesting cover and food for your furred and feathered tenants, these suggestions may come in handy:

1. Forget the idea that you can tell a good farmer by how clean he keeps his fence rows. Instead, leave tangled hedgerows between your fields, and thus provide both song and game birds with safety zones and convenient cafeterias of elderberries, wild grapes, Virginia creepers and blackberries. Moreover, when you cut the winter wood supply, make a pile of the branches and tips—rabbits live under them and feed on the birch and maple twigs all winter.

2. When you are cutting hay, equip your mowing machine with a flushing bar. It will scare up ground-nesting birds ahead of the knives, and if you hoist the blade and leave a little patch of cover standing, the birds will return to the nest and finish hatching their brood.

3. Many songbirds like to nest in holes in dead trees or in rotten fence rails. Do not disturb these natural birdhouses. The tenants will pay their rent ten times over in the bugs they eat—a pheasant will destroy three hundred grasshoppers in a single day, and on one Carolina farm the birds are estimated to consume an average of 46,000 weed seeds per acre each twenty-four hours.

4. Provide winter feed by leaving narrow borders of wheat, rye, lespedeza or buckwheat around your fields, with occasional shocks of corn straddling the fences for cover. Throw in a handful of peas with your seed corn when you plant in the spring. Rig up feeding stations, simple shelters of spruce boughs over little wooden platforms, where the birds can come for grain when snow has covered their natural food.

Keep Your Gun Handy

5. Windswept hillsides will hold more song and game birds if you plant windbreaks of hemlock, pine or spruce, combined with a ground cover of bittersweet, honeysuckle or briers. In addition, you will be doing valuable work in preventing soil erosion.

6. Fence the cattle out of your woodlot. Beech thickets, alder and wild apple are more valuable for grouse covers than for cow pastures—and incidentally it helps keep that wild-garlic flavoring out of the milk.

7. Waste fields that only serve to spread obnoxious weed seeds over your farm can be transformed into good game land if you will disk them occasionally and scatter the chaff and surplus seed that otherwise would go to waste.

8. Stop the indiscriminate burning over of fields and woodlots. Guard against brush fires. A few well-spotted fire lanes make control easier, and one or two men can work wonders with a couple of portable water sprayers.

9. Don't drain your swamps. They make invaluable overnight camps for migrating woodcock and waterfowl; and the mud turtles and frogs are tempting delicacies for raccoons.

10. Since over ninety-five per cent of the casualties among songbirds and small upland game are due to predators, keep your gun handy, in season and out, and destroy all prowling house cats—wild life's Public Enemy Number One—as well as crows, harmful varieties of hawks and owls, weasels and red squirrels. Properly used, a shotgun can save more game than it can kill. Don't forget that the average house cat, wandering loose, kills over one hundred birds a year. If you have a cat, keep it home—or not at all.

Will these groups settle their individual differences before it is too late? Will the Audubonists bury their quarrel with the rod-and-gun clubs—and vice versa—in the face of their common enemy, the politician? Will the nature lovers and the sportsmen forget their old familiar bickerings and present, instead, a united front against the private interests and powerful selfish minorities that threaten to wipe out what wild life is left?

Will the outdoor groups possibly—just possibly—realize in time that our national game is going into its last inning, and if we don't show some teamwork soon, the whole contest will be called on account of extinction?

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Grasshopper Dance

Continued from page 13

by his long labor. His hair had one pure streak of white running through it. His eyes were almost green against the leather blackness of his skin. He had a soft, exhausted voice.

"You suppose hell could be as hot as this?"

"The rain will come."

"Nothing will be saved."

"Seed for next year maybe," said Dan Gay.

"I've had too many years of it."

A woman's insistent, high-toned voice came from the house. "Dulaney, I want you."

Dulaney's eyes changed. He said softly: "She's worse."

Dan Gay called: "Bring your fiddle tomorrow night."

"Sure, sure," said Dulaney and went into the house, into the stifling twilight of a room whose shades had been drawn. A woman walked endlessly along the walls, her face pale and odd. Dulaney murmured gently. "It was Dan Gay, hauling wood to the Ford," and touched and stopped her. He took her hands and led her to a chair and sat opposite, in another chair. He kept his voice at a steady and soothing tone. "He's a fine young fellow. A fine young fellow, and a hard worker. The rain's coming, Anna, and it will be nice after a while."

"Trouble *will come to him, Dulaney.*"

"Trouble," he said, "comes to us all. But we can bear it. We can bear it, Anna. It will be cooler, it will be greener. There is nothing to fear." His rough palm moved across her hands and his talk softly fought the silence that frightened her so.

AN HOUR'S slow march brought Dan Gay to the Brecht ranch lying on the rim of Sawyer's coulee. He pulled in again and waited for Clara Brecht to come out to the road. She walked with a long, vigorous swing. She was a big girl, almost as tall as Dan Gay, and it took a man like Ivan Goerisch to put her in proportion. Pleasant and pretty, she looked up at Dan Gay with a kind of eagerness.

"He'll be by tomorrow about eight," said Gay, and grinned.

Clara Brecht said: "He is so quiet for a man."

Dan Gay said: "Never mind, Clara. I'm helpin' out on this and I've got words enough for both of us." And then they were both smiling, both aware of the humor here. He said, "Tch—Fanny, Duke!"

Another mile on, he came to his own fields lying gray and blistered on either side of a creek that long ago had ceased to hold water. One thing alone remained green—that was the garden patch behind the long sod house—kept so by the tedious hours of watering he had put upon it. Elsewhere nothing hopeful met the scanning of his eyes. He turned and put the wagon in motion, disappointment scouring brutally through him. He pulled at his hat again and his mouth grew thinly long and all his features began to resist this day's savageness. Anger lifted his temper and silently he swore at the sun; but none of this came out because he would not let it. Beyond his ranch the road turned gently into Dry Ford, which was a town made up of a few houses and a store set at the joining corners of four homesteads. In front of Jeff McTeague's store he stopped and stood up on his load, and began to drop cordwood in a forming row, his body swaying automatically, without waste of motion, without extra expense of energy.

The sun was a blurred explosion of light in the low west. After it dropped a kind of peace began to creep across the land and the air turned blue and the upward rising heat of the soil increased the pungent odors of dust and parched wood.

Across the road John Flora's nine towheaded girl children played in the dust, their clothes hanging without shape to nervous, sun-blackened bodies. Flora and his wife were inside the house, talking in the loud tone of all homesteaders. A woman said, from the store porch:

"When will you be through, Dan?"

Dan Gay stood still on the wagon, his legs straddling the wood. He said, "Not long," and looked at Persis McTeague, the acute awareness of her presence hurting him more than this hard day. She was twenty-two, with the full freshness of womanhood stirring all the supple lines of her body. Her hair had a gloss-black shining in the subdued atmosphere and her lips were sober and curved and waiting. In a land that so wickedly drew vitality out of people, this girl remained alive, prompted by inner life, governed by some deep rhythm.

He said briefly, "It won't be long," and bent to his work again.

She remained a moment, one arm curved against a porch post, a quicker *breathing swaying and reforming the* round, robust lines of her shoulders as she watched him. His silhouette was clean and sharp against the western light. The muscles of his arms swelled the damp cotton shirt when he lifted and flung down the cordwood; his bronze features remained steady. There was a blackness about this man, a ruggedness and something dangerously stubborn. Observing the clocklike sway of his body, she suddenly lowered her eyes and was ashamed of the faint immodesty of her thinking. She went into the store and on back to the living quarters behind.

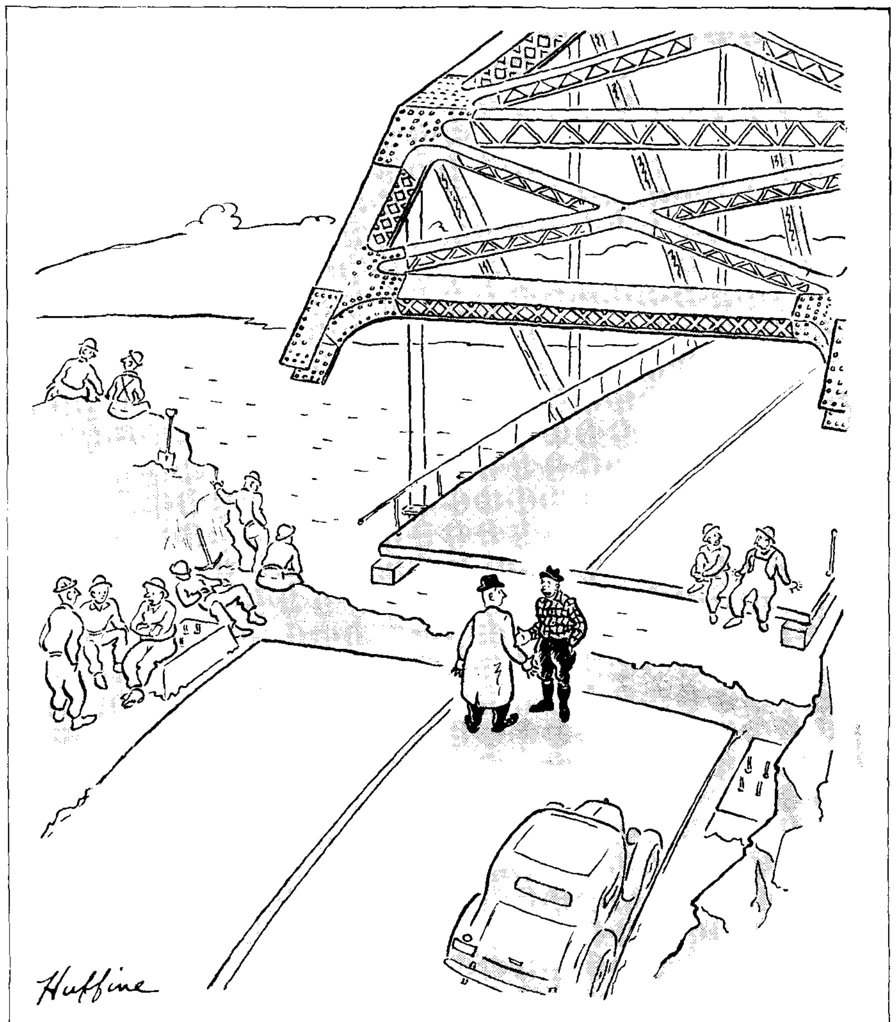
Full twilight curled through Dry Ford and Mrs. Flora stood in the dark doorway of her house and sent a long, full call after her children. "Come in to supper!" The edge of the heat was gone, but the thick and smoky smell of the land remained. Dan Gay finished unloading. He unhitched the team and drove it to water; and later unharnessed and stalled the horses in Jeff McTeague's barn. He washed at the well pump, throwing water on the back of his neck, cupping it in his hands and pushing his face into its coolness. Afterward he went through the kitchen to the lamplit dining room. They sat up to the table when he came—McTeague and McTeague's wife and Persis, and Jack Curran, who was a young man visiting from Chicago.

THIS Jack Curran had a good face and a laughing way. His clothes were Eastern—of a sort Dan Gay had almost forgotten in his five prairie years; and he wore them with ease. There was no resentment in Dan Gay as he listened to Curran talking, only a feeling deeper than regret.

Curran said, in his casual, cheerful manner: "Back home now, I should be taking a swim in the lake."

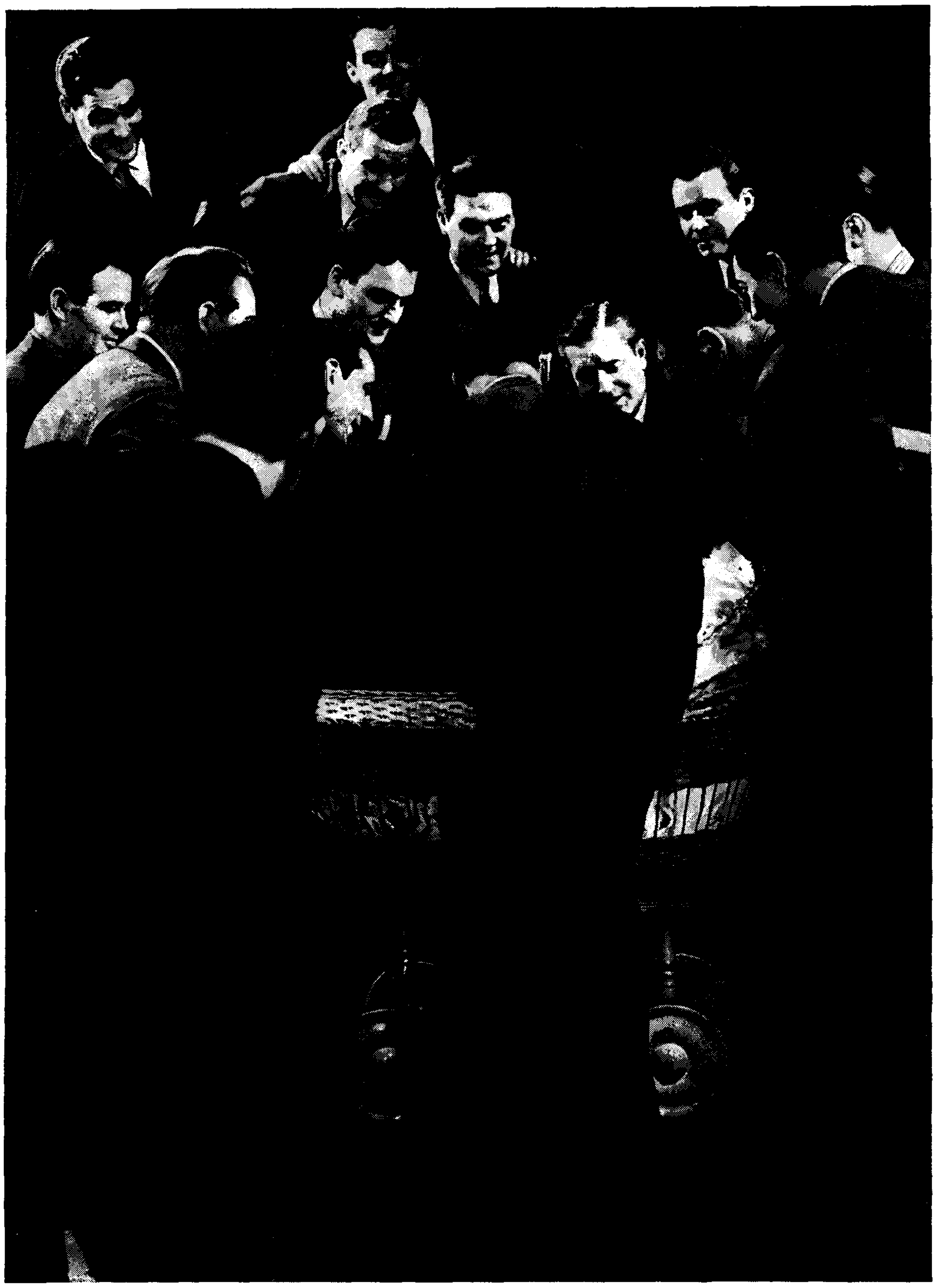
Jeff McTeague said: "You'll soon be out of this dry country, Jack."

"I have not minded it here," Curran murmured and looked across at Persis McTeague with his hope plain enough. It was, Dan Gay understood, the reason for Curran's visit. He was tired, that feeling going deeper into his bones. Dust and heat had lighted a fire inside his eye-



"We're waiting for Hankin—he's gone out to collect a few more taxes"

D. HUFFINE



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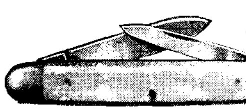
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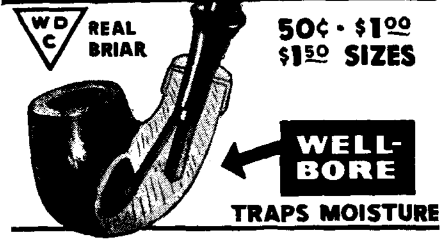

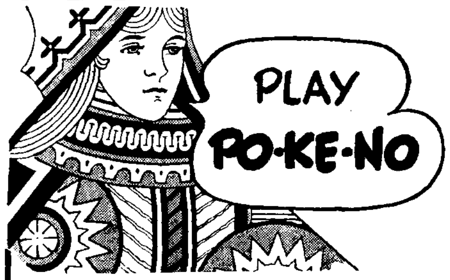

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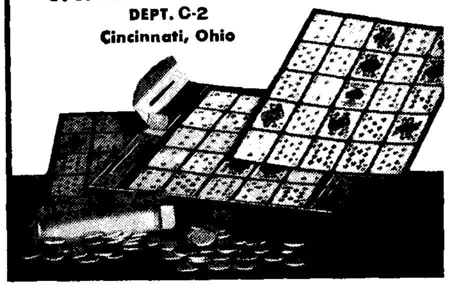


lids and he drank his water with a suppressed greediness. Jeff McTeague studied him with a Scotchman's remote, shrewd interest.

"Tomorrow will be as hot. You'd better let the wood-hauling alone for a few days."

Jack Curran said: "When did it rain last in this country?"

"April," said Jeff McTeague. "April fifteenth." He put his hand up to a small white chin beard and held it there; and his attention divided between the two young men—and passed to his daughter. What he saw there he put in the back of his head.

Jack Curran said: "I admire you people—and I pity you. It is hard for me to understand why you stay."

Dan Gay moved his shoulders faintly. "Long as there's seed left for spring I guess we'll stick. Dulaney's woman is worse than she has been, poor soul."

Jack Curran said: "Dulaney's woman?"

Dan Gay stared at his plate. "She lost a baby three years ago. It changed her."

"Mad," Jeff McTeague stated.

"No," contradicted Dan Gay. "Not mad. Just changed."

There was sound of travel out on the road, and someone came into the store. Night had released the roundabout settlers. Jeff McTeague got up and went forward to wait upon his customer. Mrs. McTeague, as silent as her husband, turned back to the kitchen. Persis followed and got the coffeepot and filled the two men's cups. She put the pot on the table mat and sat down again. She sought Dan Gay's eyes with an interest that faintly changed the color of her face. He was relaxed in his chair, staring at the table, some bold thought pulling a dark mask across his forehead. Jack Curran said gently, "Persis," and brought her glance to him. He was smiling out his hope to her.

She had known him since Iowa childhood, and she knew him well. But there was still an unreality here that had the quality of a dream about it. The gift was hers, for a smile and a nod of her head—release from this land's monotony and cruel ways, from the deep loneliness that hurt so much. Looking through the door Jack Curran held open, she saw a world that was full of luxury. In that world was light and pleasure—and escape from the swift age that came to women here.

She could not help her eyes. They turned again to Dan Gay. She knew then he had seen the unworded offer cross the table from Curran. He understood. Faint fear touched her. She said, "Dan."

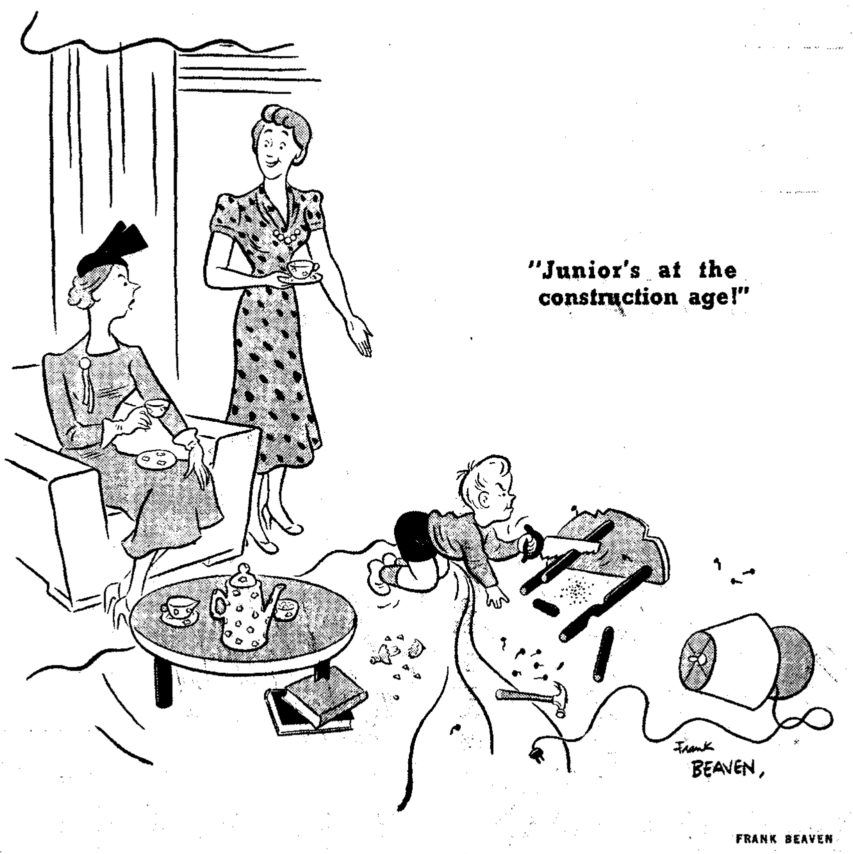
Sudden brawling sounded out on the road. Men's voices lifted through the store, ungentle and wicked, and the stage from Elyria boomed across the plank bridge and stopped with a dry howling of brakes. The voices rose louder. Dan Gay rose and went immediately into the store. Jeff McTeague looked up from his chore at the dry-goods counter. He said dryly: "The Randolph boys are drunk again." Dan Gay continued on to the porch and stood there at one end, half surrounded by a gathering group of homesteaders. Store lights flashed through the door and made a yellow stripe across the porch; behind that yellow stripe stood the two bully Randolph boys, swaying, enjoying the staid silence they had created among the little group of homesteaders. This was their way—to get drunk and seek trouble. Scanning them darkly, Dan Gay saw that the larger brother, Ben, carried a gun on his hip.

BEN RANDOLPH said casually: "What're you hidin' for, Dan?"

The smells of the store were wafted along the porch—the mingling aroma of soap and leather and coffee and dry goods. A man came down the road swinging a lantern. Somewhere precious water dripped into a trough. The crowd drifted quietly, reforming against the store wall, leaving Dan Gay alone. The driver of the Elyria stage sat up on his seat and delayed departure, looking on with an alert interest.

"Talk up to me," suggested Ben Randolph and walked forward. He was within arm's reach. He lifted one big hand, whereupon his brother came up behind him, flat-footed and grinning. Dan Gay's body shifted in the semidark. His voice ran low: "I heard you're looking for somebody to lick."

Ben Randolph was laughing. He said, "Artie, this man's scared," and reached out and caught Dan Gay by the shirt. They were two bulky shapes—and then those shapes became a single



"Junior's at the construction age!"

FRANK BEAVEN

shadow wheeling across the porch. Dan Gay's arms lifted and lowered and echoes squashed against the quiet and Ben Randolph was yelling out his unexpected hurt. His brother Artie wheeled and reached for Dan Gay and was caught in one spinning turn that threw him off the high porch, down under the feet of the stage horses. They were at the end of the porch. Dan Gay's fist reached Ben Randolph on the temple. Ben went down the steps in a crashing sprawl, out into the dim dust. He was on his feet, but Dan Gay rushed him without delay and dropped him again, and reached and got the man's gun and flung it far away.

Artie Randolph fought his way clear of the stage, crying: "I'm comin', Ben!" But John Flora, walking over the road's soundless dust, reached forward with his long arms and seized Artie Randolph with a grip that held him still. Lin Getchell turned out of McTeague's barn, coming unhurriedly on; and McTeague and Curran showed on the store's porch. When Ben Randolph rose to his feet again, all these men were here, with the other homesteaders.

Dan Gay said: "What'll it be, Ben?"

ARTIE grumbled at John Flora, "Let go." John Flora unwrapped his long arms and hovered over Artie Randolph darkly. Ben Randolph pushed the fingers of one hand across his lips. He stared at Dan Gay and at these others, his eyes showing the quick, hot way of his mind. He moved his shoulders together. "Come on, Artie," he called and turned from the scene to the horses waiting near by. Both he and his brother were mounted and turning out of Dry Ford when he made a half-turn in the saddle, crying: "Tomorrow's another night—and we'll see!" Afterward the two of them raced away.

Dan Gay turned and noticed the driver staring down from the stage box. He lifted his arm at the man. "You've had your fun. What're you waiting for?" He went past the store, tasting blood in his mouth. He cut over the road and turned the corner of Flora's house, aiming for his own place a mile away. There was a red moon shining down upon the earth, flushing a crimson shadow against the side of Flora's house. Persis McTeague stood there, a pale, still plaque against the boards.

"Dan."

He wheeled and stopped, his feet braced apart. "Persis," he said, "don't bother me."

"Are you hurt?"

He said irritably: "No."

Her body swayed against the wall. She didn't speak, but her face was clear to him, curious and dreaming and unhappy. He went toward her and saw that she didn't give ground. Her chin lifted as he came on and there was a shining in her eyes. Her breathing ran small and swift. A faint perfume in her hair cut through the thick odors of this full night. He didn't touch her. He stood that way a long time and presently swung off. He said, with some effort: "Dulaney's woman is changed and Mrs. Flora is old and wrinkled before her time. They were young and pretty once. That's what this country does to a woman. Why make Jack Curran wait so long?"

AT THREE-THIRTY in the morning, when he reached Dry Ford to hitch his team, a wind rose up from the southern darkness, small and steady. At six, returning with his first load of wood, the sun laid its harsh flame across the low horizon and heat smoke had begun to filter in. But there was an odd feeling here, something shadowy and sinister rising from the south with the wind. Not quite up to Ivan Goerisch's place, Dan Gay stopped his team. It was a waste of precious time, yet the insistence of his curiosity impelled him to turn and watch the yonder sky. Off there a moving cloud swelled higher and higher and came on, its ragged edges reaching forward and closing out the light of day, throwing grayness along the earth. As far as he might look, to east and west, there was no break, the cloud was that thick and that continuous.

Dan Gay crouched on the wood, his shoulders pushed forward. He had lighted a cigarette, but he held it between his fingers while his face turned thoroughly smooth and his half-closed eyes flashed out the bright light of his rousing attention. One edge of the cloud poured across the low sun and a kind of unnatural twilight dropped upon the earth. The horses swayed nervously against the wagon tongue; he had to check them with the reins. He saw Ivan Goerisch run from the house, throw one look at the sky and race toward the barn. There had been stillness in the land but now a low, dry rustle reached on from that thickening substance in the air—and Dan Gay whirled around on the wood and put his horses in motion. All his forebodings stood realized. Windborne and wind-controlled, a grasshopper horde swarmed through the air.

He had not quite reached Goerisch's when the edge of that living darkness slanted down upon the road and struck like leaden hail. The team yawed from the ruts. He bent the brim of his hat, but nothing could keep the boiling current of grasshoppers from striking against his face, the sharpness of their bodies scratching like needles. There was a sound like that of hail around him and all his clothes were alive with them as they lodged and stuck. He swung his bandanna around and lifted it over his nose and saw, in the unreal twilight, the flittering millions crowd and choke the air. It was at once hard to breathe.

HE LOOKED upon Ivan Goerisch's field with a stunned wonder. This wheat had ceased to be wheat. Each stem was a swollen column of grasshoppers and the whole patch slowly swayed in a kind of terrible motion; and there rose from it the sibilant sound of all those countless bodies striking together and all those hungry jaws stripping wheat head and wheat stalk.

Dan Gay went on down a road carpeted two inches deep with grasshoppers. At Dulaney's place they had lighted a fire and were raking grasshoppers into it and Dulaney's woman stood in her garden patch and beat pans together. Dulaney shouted at him, but Dan Gay only shook his bowed head and pressed on. When he reached his own place he left the horses standing hitched to the load and walked in long strides to the edge of his wheat field.

He had nourished a small hope that he might save part of a sun-scorched crop for seedtime. As soon as his eyes scanned the field that hope died. Looking on with a depthless discouragement, he saw his field slowly melt beneath the dull slate- and copper-colored mass. He thought then of his garden and swung back. He got a rake from the back of the house and went along the garden rows. He raked the hoppers into piles and trod on the piles. They didn't rise and fly away. The blindness of their hunger and the weight of their incredible numbers trapped them. He turned from one row to another and found the first row to be thicker than before. He went up the second row, working fast. But they kept falling out of the sky, on his shoulders and arms, on down into the garden. It was like raking up water. At the end of the second row he looked around him and quit trying.

He threw the rake down, went back to the wagon and drove through the mealy, living storm into Dry Ford. There were some homesteaders stand-

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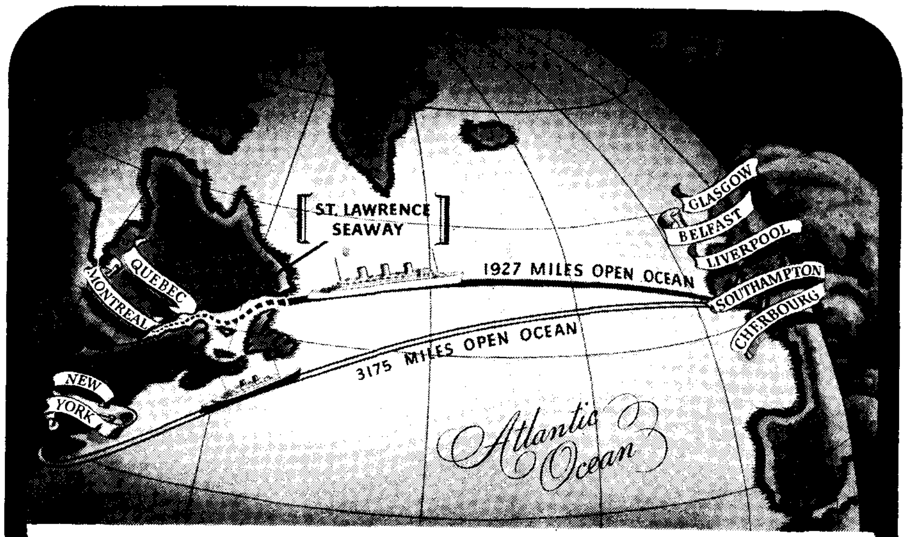

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ing solemnly on the store porch. He looked at them, but he didn't speak and they didn't speak. He backed the wagon against the woodpile and began to unload, his body lifting and swinging automatically, mechanically.

Other people came driving into Dry Ford. Ivan Goerisch came, riding his white plow horse bareback. Dulaney and his wife came in, Dulaney holding to his wife as he got out of the buggy and still holding to her as they went into the store. Mrs. Flora walked across the road. She was crying and the effort made her face red and homely. One of the men struck his hand into his beard and stared at the hopper that he had crushed.

Dan Gay finished unloading and went around to the back of the store; he got himself a drink at the pump and stood there a moment, supporting his weight against the house wall. All of Jeff McTeague's wheat and corn—four hundred acres of it, stretching east toward a hidden sun—was down. Looking into a sky turned semisolid, he thought he saw clearness beyond the pall, but he wasn't sure. He went through the kitchen and dining room into the store. The homesteaders had gathered there; they were silent in this gloomy refuge. Breathing rose and fell with labor, and all their faces, as he saw them, were drawn and defeated. Persis McTeague was in a corner. Her eyes were waiting for him. They met his attention—and held it.

Ivan Goerisch opened his mouth and the heavy breathing momentarily stopped. "It is bad," he said quietly, "for the land to treat a man like this."

Dan Gay saw Jeff McTeague's bright and ironic glance touch the man. There was a remote and weighing speculation on the storekeeper's face. Over near Persis the young man from Chicago stood without much expression; listening and not smiling and plainly puzzled by the land and its people. Dulaney's woman swayed back and forth in the rocker.

An old German from the corner of the district said: "We are now ruined. There is nothing left. Nothing. This winter we go hungry."

Dan Gay bowed over his pipe, listening for honest anger in the German's voice and hearing only helplessness. He lighted his pipe and the flare of the match brought all those heavy, dispirited eyes around to him. He said:

"I remember how this country looked when I came here five years ago. No land in the world is any pleasanter than this land was then."

THE stillness was deep. They were listening. The big German said: "It was then. It is not now."

Dan Gay stared at the German, so patient and so somber. Dulaney's woman called loudly, "Trouble will come again."

"No," said Dan Gay. There was something he wanted to tell them, but it would not shape up in his mind. "No," he repeated, gently insistent. "We're wiped out. Nothing more can happen to us. We can quit worryin'. We can start over—with nothing more to lose. You see?"

It wasn't any good. Brown inexpressiveness lay so still and deep on all their faces. They had been whipped and there wasn't any fight left in them. There wasn't any hope left in them. He considered this, knowing he had nothing more to say, feeling beaten himself, yet stubborn and still willing to fight. And at this point he remembered the Randolph boys.

"Dulaney," he said, "don't forget to bring your fiddle to the dance tonight," and turned out.

McTeague's sharp voice caught him. "Where you going?"

"Back for another load. I don't figure the grasshoppers ate up the cordwood." He went back to his wagon, his head tipped against the falling hoppers.

At eight o'clock he walked down the road to Dry Ford in his blue serge suit and white shirt, feeling the unaccustomed stiffness of these clothes keenly, his shoes sinking soundlessly into the deep yellow dust. The wind had died and the air was clear, with a round moon throwing its stained light across a ruined land. Now and then the rasp of hoppers came to him from where they lay heavy and becalmed and half a yard deep in the ditches, in every furrow and coulee, and would remain so until another wind lifted them and carried them away. Over the quiet air he heard Herb Lazinka's guitar and the fiddle of Emero Dulaney carrying a waltz tune in Jeff McTeague's store.

Horses and rigs lay banked along the wide road running through the settlement and men stood in the soft shadows of the evening, their voices heavy and short with discouragement, with a low anger that could find no outlet.

HE SAW Persis McTeague come to the store's doorway and he went directly to her. Her face lifted and she smiled faintly at him and grew sober, as though afraid of what he might say. But a slow flame burned up its recklessness in him and he drew her back into the room and took her arm for the waltz.

McTeague had moved his center counter aside, and this made the dance floor. Homesteaders moved in and out of the doorway, and women sat in the corners, and a baby kept crying with a wound-up regularity. Ivan Goerisch went around the floor with Clara Brecht, casting his vast shadows before him, his pink cheeks constrained with the labor of dancing. But otherwise the hand of disaster lay over these people. It held them down; it even dragged at the music.

Persis said: "They've been whipped, Dan. So badly whipped."

He said: "Why do you stay here, Persis?"

She stepped back from him and her eyes were round and angry. "You are a fool, Dan. You—"

A man ran along the porch and put his head into the room. "Watch out. It's the Randolph boys." The sound of fast-traveling horses came quick and rough-paced along the night and Dan Gay, turning at once out of the store's room, heard Ben Randolph's long, loud crying: "Hey, Dan! Hey!" There were, Dan Gay saw, about a dozen wild young fellows from Grass Flats in this party. They came up at a gallop and hauled in by the porch, the silver dust rising all around; and then they were massed in the street, with Ben Randolph saying in his ragged, insolent voice, "Hey, Dan. I said we'd see, didn't I? Sure. Now we'll see."

Ivan Goerisch came out of the store. He said, "What is this?" and looked at the Randolph crowd with his blond head thrown back. Other men were coming around Dan Gay and Ivan, and Dan Gay could feel something here, something rising in these stolid and patient homesteaders who had taken so much punishment this day, something as definite as cool wind on his cheeks. Looking back, he saw Ivan Goerisch's blue eyes shining, and then he stepped down from the porch. Ben Randolph said, so softly: "That's nice," and came on at a run. He reached Dan Gay's chest with his big fist, knocking Dan Gay backward. Dan felt Ivan Goerisch's big hand steady him and throw him forward into Randolph; and then he had Randolph around the chest—Dan Gay did—throwing him backward, and Ivan Goerisch had rushed toward the Grass Flats crowd, and the other homesteaders were running in, and voices began to pitch up, wild and pleased and passionate, and short, dull echoes rose as fist met flesh.

Dan Gay got his arms loose and hit Ben Randolph above the eyes. He drove against Randolph, carrying the man through this wild-turning crowd, hitting him and throwing him off his feet. Somebody ran out of the confusion and clipped Dan Gay on the back of the head and dropped him into the boiling dust. Dan Gay's brain roared and light burst brightly behind his eyeballs. He lay on one elbow, weakly pushing his other hand up to fend away legs and knees and lifted boots turning around him. He had lost Ben Randolph. Down in this melee, he saw nothing for a moment and had no time for anything except keeping himself from being trampled deeper into the dust. This was a hard, fast fight and the going was pretty savage. Somebody fell directly across him, bitterly swearing, and clawed up to the surface again. Dan Gay felt his head clearing and got up and was carried along between two pairs of battling men. Suddenly he saw Ben Randolph run at the broad back of Ivan Goerisch and make one huge jump onto the big man's shoulders. Dan Gay went on through the crush at a fast gait and seized Ben Randolph's legs, dragging him free. Ben Randolph yelled, "Let go—let go!" He had his face in the dust and his hands, working fast, couldn't keep him off the ground. Dan Gay dragged him unrelentingly through a crowd that had begun to break up. John Flora howled, "Run, damn your hides, run!" The Grass Flats crowd drifted backward, hard-breathing and badly used. Ivan Goerisch rammed through them and his voice was easy and soft, even while his big fists reached after them. Dan Gay threw Ben Randolph's legs free and watched the man crawl along the earth, half strangled from dust. Shadows streamed toward the near-by horses; shadows went up to the saddles. Artie Randolph yelled, "Ben, Ben," and found his brother and helped him to his feet. All this took a short moment and afterward the Grass Flats boys went racing down the road, leaving their deep-called defiance behind.

DAN GAY stood back from the grouped homesteaders, conscious of his own bruises; yet he listened to these men with a long care. They were silent for a little while, as though shaking themselves together. He saw Ivan Goerisch's great shape swing around and he saw the blond head tip and rise. Ivan said, "Dan—now that was some fun, hey?" And suddenly his laughter spilled into the quietness of Dry Ford, and then all these men were walking back to McTeague's store and Dan Gay, coming behind, could see the pleased look on their brown cheeks; he could see the cracking of that starved, desperate hopelessness.

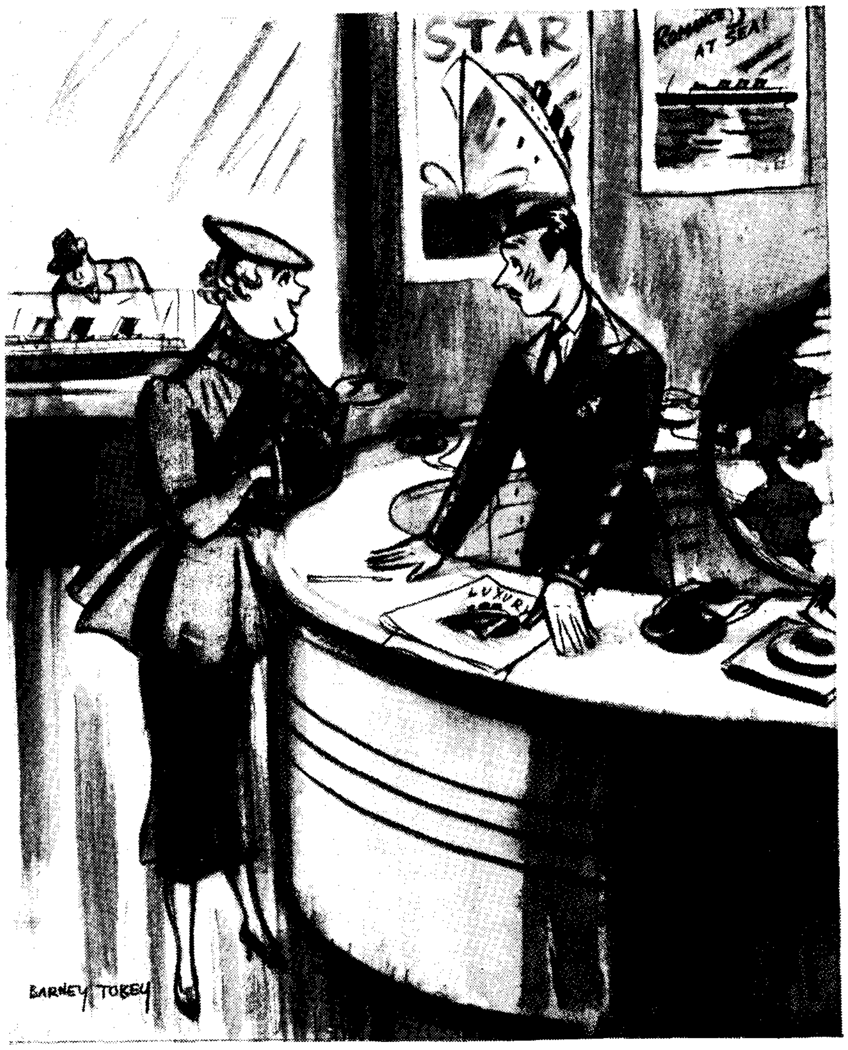
At once the fiddle and guitar swung into a fast tune and homesteaders were going into McTeague's eagerly. Coming up to the porch, Dan Gay found Persis waiting.

She said: "What are you laughing about?"

He hadn't realized he was until then. There was an ease in him, a coolness and a sense of well-being, as though trouble had never come. He looked at her, smiling. "Persis, it can never be so bad that we can't laugh."

Her eyes were watching him with a serious, intent regard, and he saw that she was puzzled. He said, "Well, we've all been licked for so long that we forgot what a good fight was like. So we had it and now everybody's cheerful again. Persis—"

She looked behind her and saw Jack Curran in the doorway. Yet she felt for the Easterner only a kind of vague sorrow, a sweet pity, and soon dismissed him from her mind. For Dan Gay held her shoulders and the long waiting was over, and inside the music got stronger and faster and people were calling.



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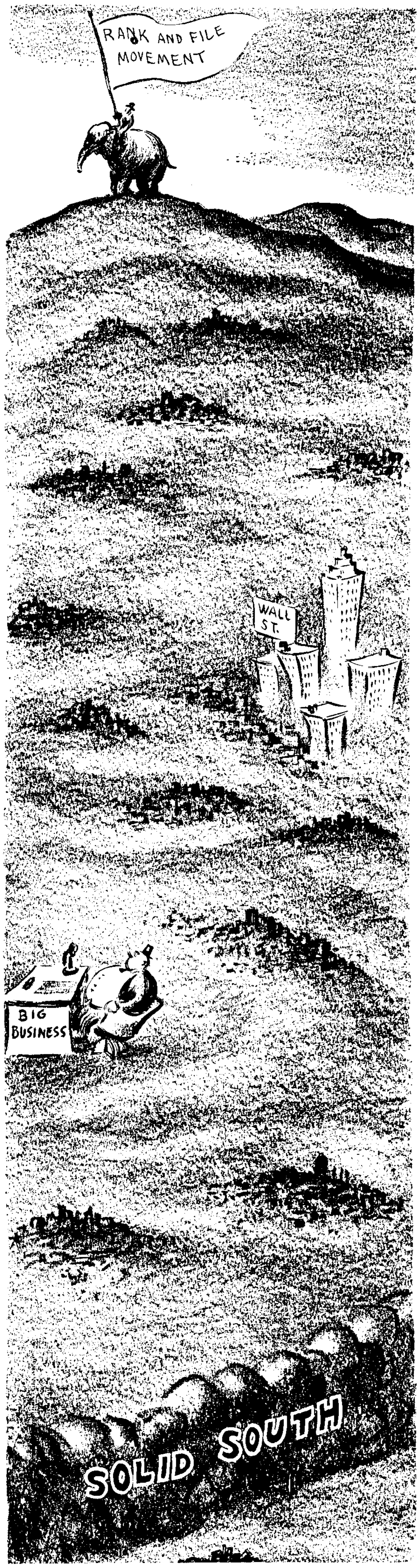

Plans for a Party

GEORGE D. AIKEN of Vermont earned his right to say what he pleases. A Republican who gets elected in a year of huge Democratic majorities has something. George Aiken and only five other Republicans who wanted to be governors in all the forty-eight states survived the last Democratic deluge. So when Governor Aiken reveals his secret of success, he has rapt attention. His hearers outside New England may not like the implications of his words, but they can't help listening.

Democrats and Republicans, alike, already are craning their necks toward the next elections. This year we choose a lot of new congressmen. The way we behave now will give the politicians some notion of what sort of bait to try on us two years hence when we pick out a President.

Governor Aiken is not rich. By his own testimony he never earned as much as $5,000 in any one year until he was elected governor. Half of his first year's salary went to pay his debts. He has said that he never owned a share in any corporation. He never worked for a large industrial enterprise. He was never associated with labor. The great questions that have absorbed the energies of labor leaders and the managers of large business enterprises are outside the range of his experience.

He is the spokesman of what he calls the rank and file. He is a true Yankee, but very different from Calvin Coolidge, the only Vermonter ever elected President. Coolidge, the small city lawyer, became the leader of conservative industry. George D. Aiken's strength comes from other groups.

Governor Aiken says bluntly that "today the Republican party attracts neither the farmer nor the industrial worker." He makes no effort to be tactful or conciliatory to his party leaders. He admits that "before 1933 the Republican Administration in Washington was silent too long over the abuses in Wall Street" and too long did Washington neglect to give serious "study to the farmers' plight. Too long did Washington through a pious eye sway from the unfair treatment of labor in many industries."

He has no apparent sympathy with those Republicans who have raised the states' rights issue. Again he asserts plainly, "the rank and file of the Republican party is not opposed to federal leadership. The country needs it. We want it. We cannot tolerate Republican lip service to the slogan of states' rights simply to cover up abuses which backward states or backward big business refuse to exterminate."

The Vermonter is not the only politician who is trying to draw the battle lines for the next great national campaign. Glenn Frank, former president of the University of Wisconsin, is the chairman of a huge committee created to draw up a Republican program. Governor Aiken thinks there are too many representatives of the great industrial states on Glenn Frank's committee.

Republicans, like Democrats, are divided into antagonistic factions. The chief opposition to the New Deal measures during the past fourteen months has come from Democrats. Some of the Southern Democrats are admitted conservatives. Others representing both South and West were counted as liberals until they fought items in the New Deal program.

On the other hand, conservative Republicans, such as young Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, have supported such New Deal proposals as the Wages and Hours bill. Senator Lodge frankly favored this measure to aid New England manufacturers in their competition with the South. Radicals and conservatives can find different reasons for favoring the same proposals.

In a period of change it is extraordinarily difficult to divide fifty million American voters into two neat and compact parties. The voters of many Southern states have to be tagged as Democrats because of things that happened seventy years ago. Western and Northern voters change their labels with less effort but conflicting interests are hard to reconcile.

What George D. Aiken points out is the very obvious fact that farmers and industrial workers and their natural allies are little men and the little men are the vast majority who elect all officials, including Presidents.

In the last two elections the rank and file was enthusiastically Democratic. In the three elections between Woodrow Wilson and Franklin D. Roosevelt the majorities were strongly Republican. Ranks and files, little men and big men alike, respond to the temper of their times.

It is utterly certain, however, that the party that makes gains in 1938, or wins in 1940, will have to win the allegiance of a majority of the rank and file in the Eastern and Western states. The Southern states will continue, for a while at any rate, to be predominantly Democratic. Only in the North and West are great changes practicable.

Any political party able to express the hopes and thoughts of the great mass of Americans is sure of reward. Governor Aiken says that Republican leaders do not know the rank and file and that the Democrats have lost contact. So he talks of a third party that might supplant both Republicans and Democrats.

This is a large order. The Populists failed. Theodore Roosevelt's Progressives soon scattered. The elder LaFollette's Farmer-Labor party was stillborn. John L. Lewis' American Labor party has still to prove its power outside of New York and a few other important industrial centers.

But if both Republicans and Democrats neglect to utter what is in the minds and hearts of the masses, then surely a new party will have the first real opportunity for success since 1860. For beyond all question, the great decisions to be made in this country will express the will of the rank and file. In a democracy, equipped as ours is with newspapers, magazines and radio, no other judgment is possible.

Governor Aiken's advice may be unpalatable to Republicans and Democrats alike, but there is sense in the Vermont Yankee. Those who want the support of the rank and file will do well to find out what the masses want.

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